A. N. C.

FEBRUARY

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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GILBERT SEEHAUSEN

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FEBRUARY

NOW ISSUED EVERY MONTH

PRICE FIFTY CENTS

ROBERT GOODMAN

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ON ONE THING THEY AGREE

Suits and topcoats for town and country wear . . . polo coats, raglans, the swagger Balmacaan . . . full dress suits, business suits and tropical clothing . . . ¶ Differ they may, in materials and styles . . . but upon one common note of smartness and serviceability they *agree* . . . *Skinner's Silk Linings.*

Skinner's Linings

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

ESQUIRE
January 15, 1934

ESQUIRE is published monthly by the Esquire Publishing Company, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Oct. 9th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Advertising offices, 40 East 34th Street, New York, New York. Subscriptions for the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, $5.00 a year in advance; in Canada, $1.00 a year extra postage.

Vol. 1 No. 3
Whole No. 3

★ TWO GREAT WHISKIES ★

PAUL JONES
Antique WHISKEY
AN ALCOHOLIC STIMULANT MADE FROM THE FERMENTED MASH OF GRAIN
Paul Jones ★★★★ WHISKEY
Antique WHISKEY

FRANKFORT KY MD DISTILLERIES

IT IS nearly seventy years since Colonel Paul Jones mixed his first mash and fired his first still.

To the whiskey he gave his own name—and the name, too, of the fighting first admiral of the American navy. This is the whiskey the old "Paul Jones" square-dance was named for. This is the whiskey you may buy today, smooth and mellow and fragrant as ever.

Worthy to stand beside Paul Jones is Antique, known during prohibition as the finest of all medicinal whiskies.

Both are products of Frankfort Distilleries, America's largest independent distilling organization. The oldest brand of this Company, Paul Jones, was started in 1865. Even during prohibition, the Company continued to operate, under one of the seven medicinal licenses granted by the government.

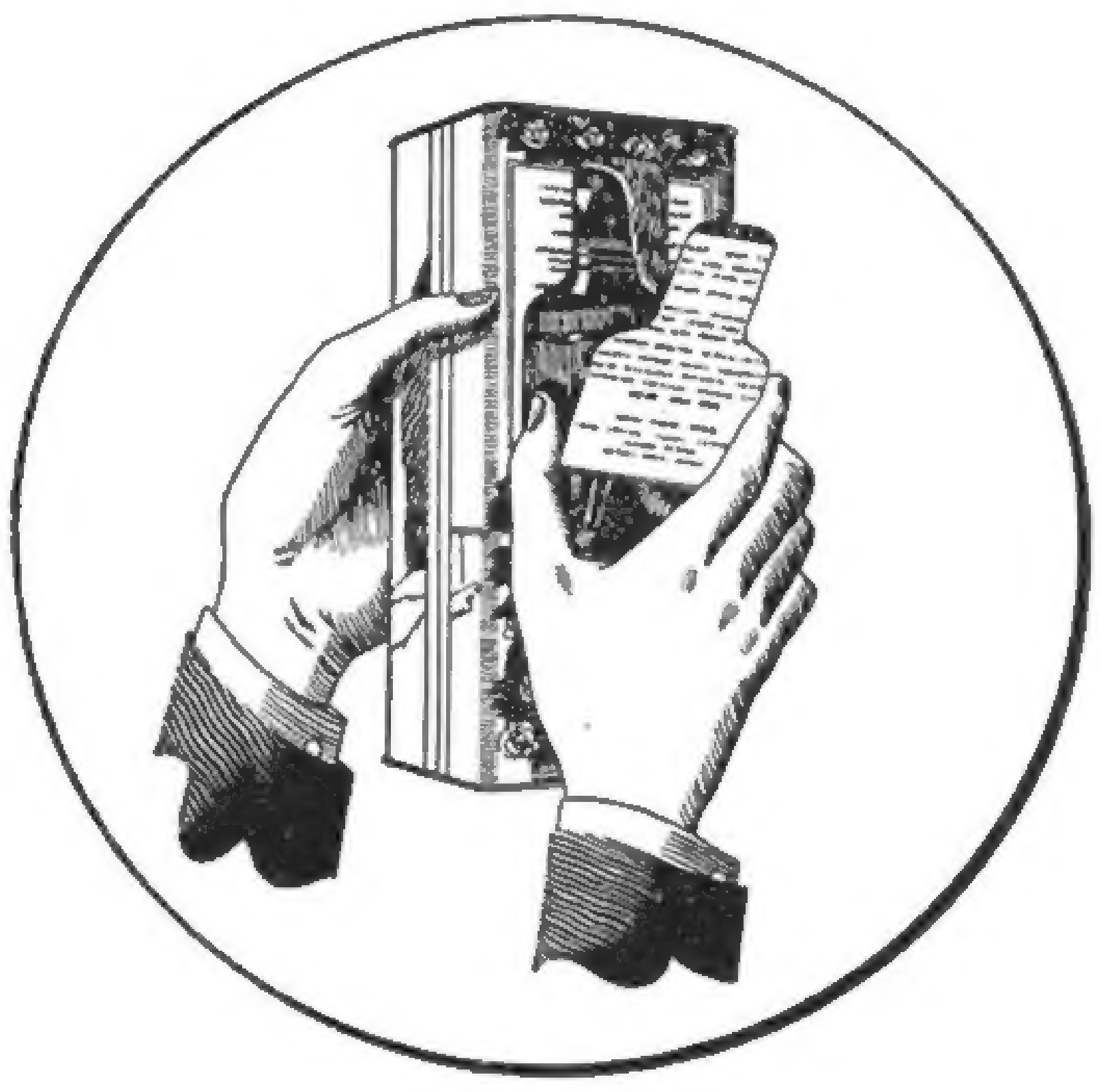
The exclusive Frankfort Pack safeguards the quality

The Frankfort whiskies shown here come to you sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack—a tin-top-and-bottom carton that makes tampering or adulteration impossible. This carton, used *only by Frankfort,* is your assurance that the whiskey you buy is the same fine, pure liquor that was placed in the bottle by the distiller at his bottling plant.

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

In addition to Paul Jones and Antique, Frankfort offers these other superb whiskies: Four Roses, Broad Ripple, Meadville, Mattingly & Moore, Old Baker and Old Oscar Pepper.

All of these whiskies are bottled only in full measure packages. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville, Baltimore.



Where Appearance Counts the Most . . .

TALON·TAILORED* TROUSERS

WITH THE THIN, SMOOTH, CONTINUOUS, SEAM·LIKE CLOSURE

In those formal evening hours, when men are on parade, when a flaw in tailoring is as deplorable as a breach of etiquette . . . the unsightliness of the button closure in trousers has no rightful place.

Men have accepted it, with all its wrinkled, gaping ugliness, because they have known no other method of closing the trousers.

A little special Talon fastener for trousers gives you assurance of complete sartorial distinction always. For this new trouser Talon Slide Fastener makes possible a closure smooth, continuous, thin, and as inconspicuous as a seam.

Thousands of men, today, are wearing suits with Talon-Tailored Trousers. They have found not only a new tailoring refinement but new convenience and security as well.

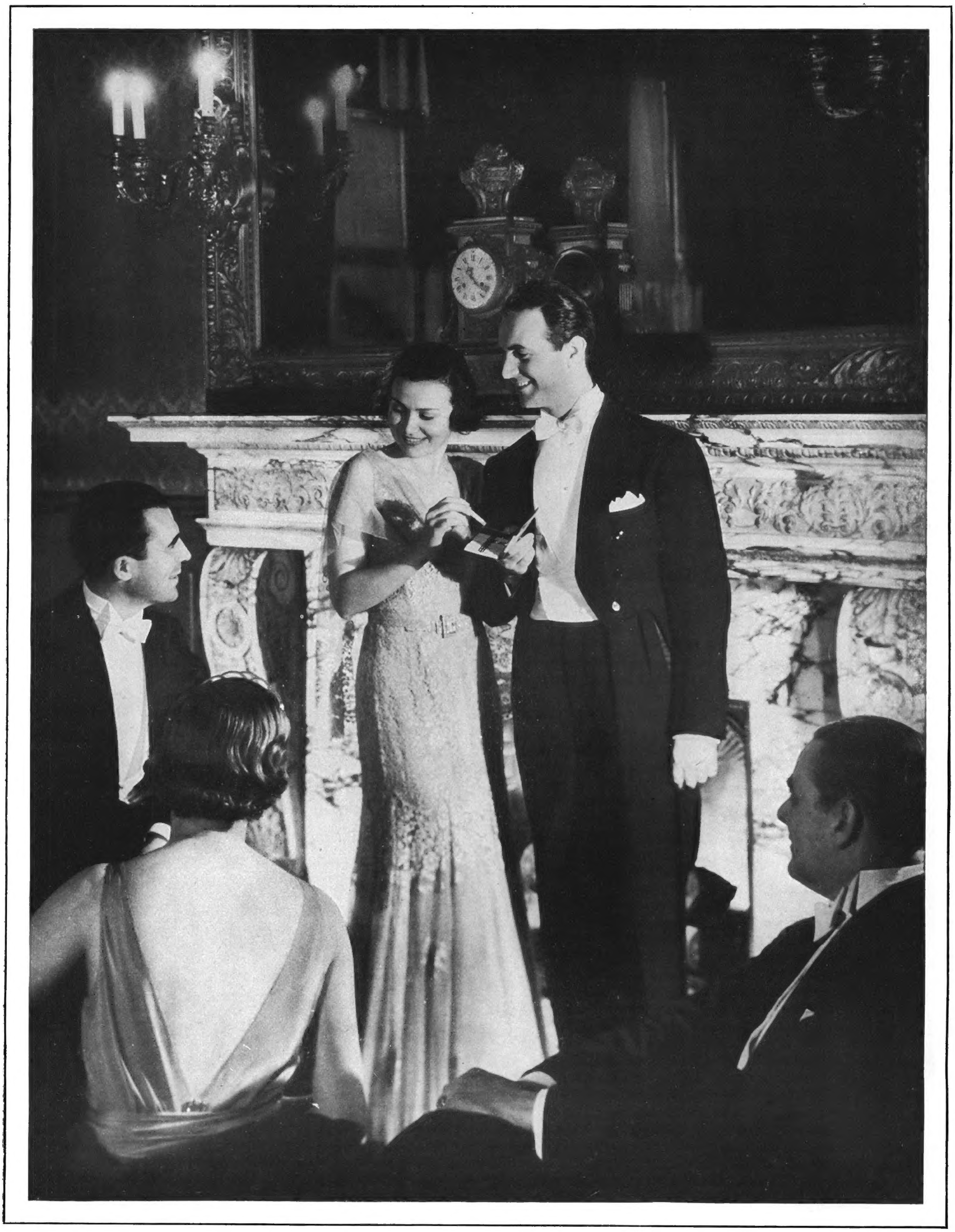
Judge for yourself. Just try on, at your leading store, a suit with Talon-Tailored Trousers.

* Why TALON means NEW Distinction in Trousers

1 Talon trouser fastener is a special slide fastener made expressly for trouser use . . . very small and extremely flexible.
2 Talon is absolutely invisible when the fly is closed.
3 Talon scientifically applied—cannot catch in underclothing.
4 Talon creates continuous closure so smooth and *thin* only a fine line indicates the opening.
5 Talon eliminates ugliness of the button fly. Side wrinkles and gaps between buttons are gone.
6 The old button-hole fly is entirely omitted—eliminating the traditional bulkiness of fly tailoring.
7 Talon excludes the possibility of unintentional and embarrassing disarray.
8 Talon, when in use, does not require the undoing of the top button of the trousers. It moves smoothly and easily from just below the waist-fastening, to the bottom of the fly.
9 Talon is the slide fastener that is not harmed by dry cleaning or pressing.
10 Talon, unlike the old buttons and button-holes, gives perfect, unchanging service far beyond the life of a suit.

THE NAME IS ON THE SLIDER

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PA. • NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE



THERE IS ONLY ONE SLIDE FASTENER SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR MEN'S CLOTHING • ITS CORRECT NAME IS TALON
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The little boy who ate candy before his supper

STILL SERVES SWEET COCKTAILS

ITALY
MARTINI & ROSSI
DRY
MARTINI
VERMOUTH
SECCO
DELLA S.A.
MARTINI & ROSSI
TORINO

Tray, glasses, bitters bottle from Saks-Fifth Ave; decanter from B. Altman & Co.; shaker with red stripes from Bergdorf Goodman Co. In glasses — a Manhattan: 1 part rye or Irish whiskey, 1 part Martini & Rossi (½ Italy, ½ Dry), bitters, maraschino cherry.

● Roscoe, the playful little rascal (we'd like to break his leg), got so accustomed to having his appetite spoiled that he never outgrew it. He and his kind flourished during prohibition. The havoc they wrought on our digestions with their sweet, sickish, fruit-juice concoctions makes us shudder to think about. But luckily most of the Roscoes are learning the Fundamentals: that a cocktail was invented to *stimulate* the appetite —not dull it as sweet cocktails do. And they are going back to civilized drinks—made of vermouth—Martinis, Manhattans and the rest, which fill a cocktail's true purpose in life.

If you know one of the dilatory Roscoes, tell him about Martini & Rossi vermouth, the standard cocktail ingredient all over the world. Tell him that Martinis are made with Martini Vermouth. Add that he will need both kinds—Italy and Dry [Green Label]—and that his grocer or druggist has them. And if he is really a friend of yours, urge him to act quickly—before some long suffering guest becomes a Turned Worm.

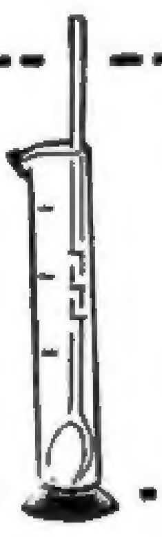
●

TRY VERMOUTH STRAIGHT, AS AN APÉRITIF.

MARTINI
AND ROSSI
VERMOUTH

Imported and Guaranteed by W. A. TAYLOR & CO.

The Automatic Bartender is a fool-proof cocktail mixer. Makes 6 most famous: Martini, Manhattan, Bronx, Dacquiri etc., *to correct recipes*. Proportions on side. You *can't* make a mistake. In stores, would cost $3.50 to $4. Special price by mail, $1.50. Use coupon.



W. A. TAYLOR & CO., 15R Laight Street, New York City. Please send me free your new booklet of revised recipes—"6 Civilized Cocktails—6 Simple Canapés." ☐ Here is $1.50 ($1.75 west of Miss.) for which please send me the Automatic Bartender, complete with Swizzle Stick. ☐ Write name and address in the margin.

This advertisement is not intended to offer Martini and Rossi Vermouth for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

IENCE

times, found how to build a
contribute a discovery to the car of today.
history—in fact CIVILIZATION

Charles F. Kettering

SPEED AND

How Motorists Voted

questionnaire, "The Proving Ground of Public Opinion", ners were invited to "vote" for the general character that they considered most important. Here's how the llot" stands at the time this book goes to press:

1ST. "DEPENDABILITY"

2ND. "OPERAT

3RD.

"AUTOMOBILE SPRING FEVER"

When clothes are wet, the wind will dry them; when a room is full of smoke, a draft will clear the air.

But what's this got

A Car in a Glass Case

$1500

Suppose that ten years ago a brand new mode sealed up in a glass case—this case was sealed so nothing could happen to the car since the today, in perfect condition, no dus In 1923 the price of thi you give for it

New Measuring Sticks of Value

It was the original purpose of CLOTHING to cover one's body and protect it—but now that all clothes will do this, garments are no longer bought entirely from this standpoint—we consider details of comfort, durability and style. "Does it fit around "Will it hold its shape?" have freedom of move

omobile? very com few years were not ook it as but when nounced ing used winter, ists and egan to which anding

ically in the diagrams bel

6 CYLINDER

LOW LIST PRIC

The best is not necessarily the nsive—nor is the cheapest al onomical."

fact that the people PENDABILITY NG ECONO

OPERATING ECONOMY

Owners responding to our question Ground of Public Opinion" mentione the general subject of economy g directly on operatin plained on the op

not the invention of any one man—but a tion of many inven though scarcely ld—the TR the auto-

But the comments went beyond the broad generalities: —" — reduce bou eats", " — mellow-sounding doors", " — make cars easier to age space", " — Chromium visible from

An Engine Works Something Like a Bicycle

e connecting rod and crank ft arm correspond to the 's feet working the pedals. engine uses gasoline as a The boy gets his power such things as spinach, ts and meal.

GASOLINE

YOU took a short piece of cast iron oothed off the inside, closed it up a plunger in the other en

OPERATING ECONOMY

the items that are most important from y

☑ Check off

☐ ACCESSIBI Saves time tenance

☐ AIR C Remov plugs

☐ ASH Saf

☐

☐ INSTRUMENTS Accurate instrumen maintenance.

RIOR SUN V

DEPENDABILITY

1934 1935 1936

A woman driver points out:

"The modern car is really a kind of SERVANT and perhaps there is no better way to sum up what I see from my car than to consider what one a servant. We expect a ser efficient, amiable adapt th willing

Over on p are some i on what g Scenes" to culty that m purposes to maximu

APPEARANCE

t is not a thing separate and apart; art way of doing things." —Elber

stylists point out that in or car design it is impor to distinguish between "Fad." "Freak." "Indi

All of this empha manufacturer's oblig protect his custo avoiding the passing at the same time provi ucts that embody ad

EASE OF C

Every mile, yes, every minute of requires the operator to make so upon these decisions and the they are executed frequently depe driver and the passengers—as w other motorists.

A good driver do stinctivel

"Plan Your Purchase in Advance"

NOTES AS TO MY PREFERENCES

FEATURE

Pedals

Radiator Front

Radio Aerial

Rear View Mirror

The Most Important Purchase In a Lifetime

This is an era of careful buying. It is popular to be a "Goo Buyer."

People are inclined to make their purchases with g deliberation than in the past. The higher the price of th the greater the deliberation.

Next to the home and the insurance policy, the ably the most important purchase tha s in a lifetime. Few consumer prod ed few modern necessities play t in one's daily life. tell us that the viewing

COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE

ere was a time when peopl lls—in other

"The Mathematician's Paradise"

ncer were writing this book, he c temptation to devote at least te designing of a "gear tooth"

Now, if an hardly came used the that he has to work signing a crankshaf easily mistake the Einstein's origi

"Tremendous Trifles"

"Fewer keys."

"Easy steering—free from vibration."

"Sympathetic Service"

"3-spoke steering wheel for better view of instruments."

"Make cars easier to

"Reduce drafts."

"Accessible tire valves."

"Improve riding qualities."

"Better ventilation."

"Arm Rest for Driver"

"Lots of for foot

"Make doors easy to open and close."

"Spo should n

"Mellow-sounding Doors"

"Screen the ventilators—don't want bees as passengers."

"Sun visor

"Readily visible inst

"Adjustable front seat."

"Safety glass that won't discolor."

"Smoother Riding

"Redu from d

"Relaxed Riding

"Pockets—lar and plent

"Easy gear shiftin

Your Automobile Engine is a Chemical Factory

This comes out of it

This goes into the engine

AIR

oint of the chemist, the The "raw materia the "finished p and carbon p that po

SMOOT

Smoothness bears a close rela closely connected with eco owners pointed out "a smoot

The railroad train, in contrast to the motor car, travels over a carefully constructed steel track which is cushioned on wooden cross ties. This track is really a part of the railway train mechanism. The automobile, on the other hand, ntend with all kinds of And

SAFETY

When you take your position behind modern motor car, you have at y power than was available human being in the world YEARS AGO.

This modern instru INDIVIDUAL P be made to se useful purp a meno of

THE "4-CYCLE" ENGINE WORKS SOMETHING LIKE A CANNO

(1) LOADING

(2) RAMMING

(3) FIRING

(1) take or troke

(2) Compression Stroke

(3) Explosion or Power Stroke

Intake Closed

Exhaust Closed

CONOMY

from your sta

vantage of

Piston mo

AUTOBUTYLICUM

"THE AUTOMOBILE BUYER'S GUIDE", from which these specimen pages are reproduced, is based on our extensive surveys among the owners of all makes of cars. In other words, it is a sequel to our recent questionnaire, "The Proving Ground of Public Opinion".

It tells YOU what motorists told US. It will bring you up-to-date on new features of design. It will help you in planning for your next car.

Send for FREE copy.

The Automobile BUYER'S GUIDE

CUSTOMER RESEARCH STAFF
GENERAL MOTORS, DETROIT.

Please send me, without obligation, free copy of your new 80-page, non-advertising book "*The Automobile Buyer's Guide*" reflecting the views of 211,000 motorists responding to your consumer surveys and containing interesting data on advances in automotive design.

E

Name________________________ PLEASE PRINT

Address________________________

City________________________ State____________

I own a________________________ MAKE OF CAR

HOUSE OF
Estevez
SINCE 1857

The SHERRY HOUR . . .

FAREWELL to the cocktail habit! The aperitif has migrated to America, and now the smart set has made the Continental "Sherry Hour" a national habit.

Try Sherry to replace your customary cocktail. You'll realize then what an *appetizer* is! Sherry.....Estevez Sherry to be more precise....is man's nearest approach to mythical nectar. This bottled, topaz-tinted blood of the grape, with time mellowed smoothness, transforms the hours of five to seven P. M. into the most gloriously golden moments of the day.

The velvet subtlety of Estevez Sherry acts as tonic, and promoter of real appetite. This is the drink literally fit for kings. So fit, in fact, that Estevez Sherry graces the tables of Alfonso, ex-king of Spain, Members of the House of Lords, and His Discerning Holiness, the Pope at Rome!

For many generations the House of Estevez has maintained its own vineyards in the famous Douro Valley. Its affiliate, F. Javier Jimenez, has vineyards at Puerto de Santa Maria, Spain. Epicures and gourmets from Bombay to Buenos Aires esteem Estevez vintages with a feeling akin to reverence. Experience has taught *them* that the age-old backgrounds of these wines coupled with a self-imposed ancestral obligation of the House of Estevez, guarantees unvarying excellence in the full bouquet, the rich flavor and the honest body found only in the choicest vintages.

Imported Sherries and other Estevez Imported vintages are now available for your "Sherry Hour."

THE CONNOISSEUR'S LIST OF IMPORTED ESTEVEZ WINES

PORT WINES . . Estevez, Oporto, Portugal
Bin 77
Extra Old Tawny
Georgian . . . Albertian

SHERRY WINES
J. Javier Jimenez, Pt. Santa Maria, Spain
Fino Coquin . . . Grand Solero 1822
Amontillado 1890 . . . Old Solera, dry
XXX Sweet Brown — and many other Amontilladoes, Vino de Pastos, Pedro Jimenez Olorosos and Amorosos

Estevez wines are bottled at the wineries in Europe and untouched till you uncork them. To serve the wines listed above, decant two hours before pouring, *temperature of 5 degrees below temperature of room.*

SHERRY IS AN EXCELLENT DRINK AT *ALL TIMES* . . .

ESTEVEZ VINTAGES
BY ROYAL WARRANT
Appointed to
Alfonso, the Ex-King of Spain
Members of the House of Lords
His Holiness, the Pope at Rome

House of Estevez

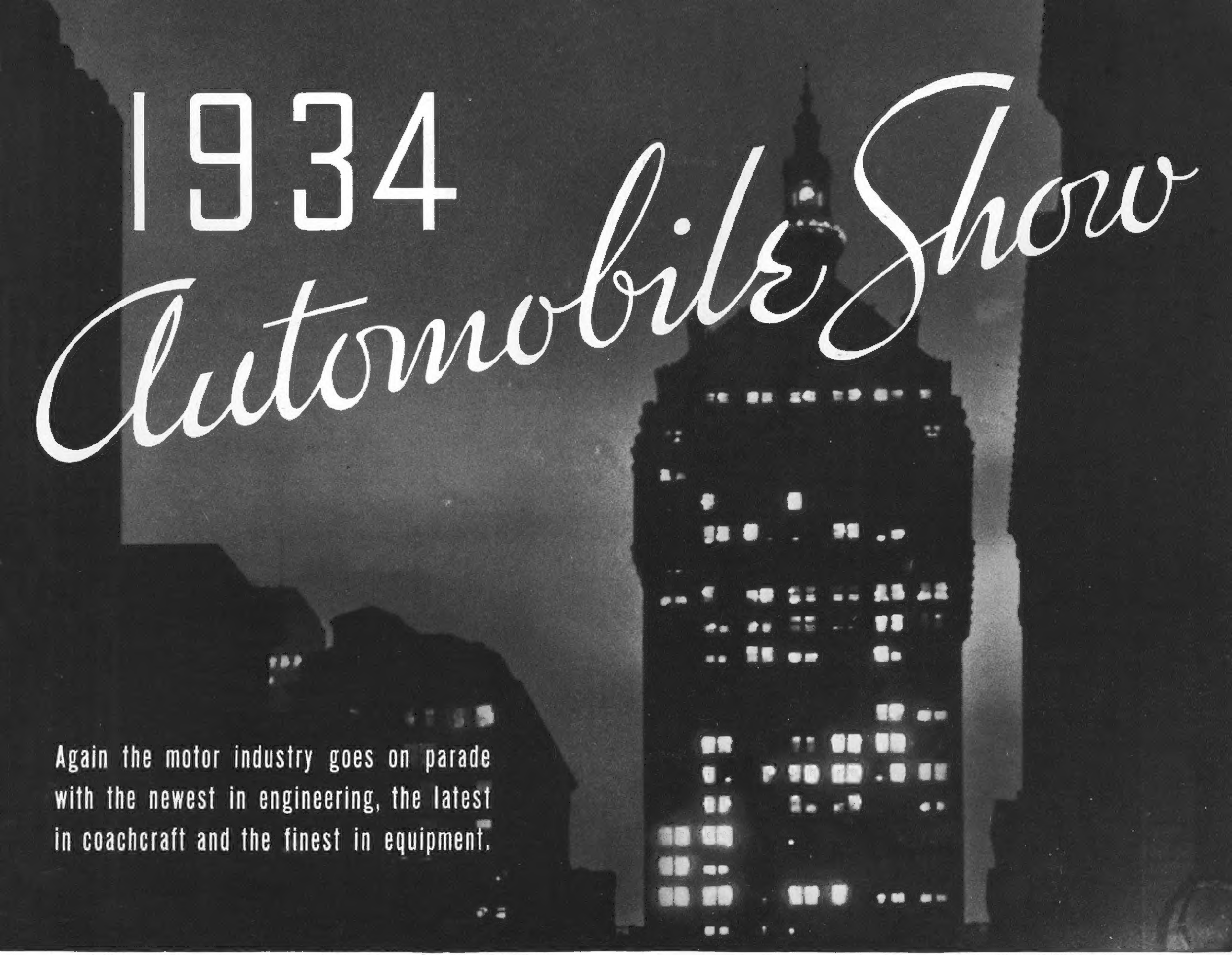
BIN 77
BIN 77
RARE OLD TAWNY
PORT
ESTEVEZ
EXTRA DRY
SHERRY
Fino Coquin
F. JAVIER JIMENEZ
Puerto Sta.

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PURVEYORS OF FINE VINTAGES SINCE 1857

CLEVELAND, OHIO - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS - SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. - EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK - LONDON, ENGLAND - OPORTO, PORTUGAL - PT. SANTA MARIA, SPAIN

This advertisement is not intended to offer Estevez Wines for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

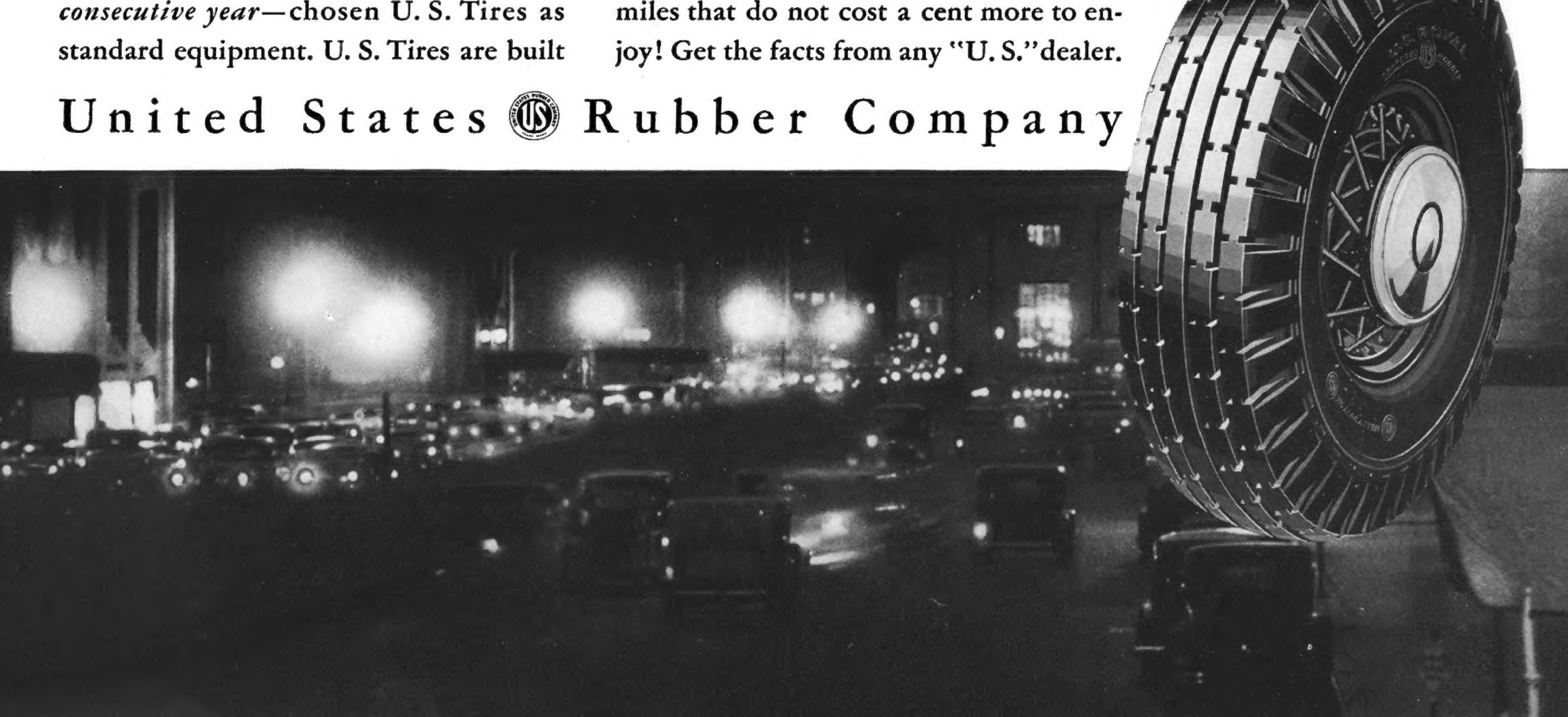


1934 Automobile Show

Again the motor industry goes on parade with the newest in engineering, the latest in coachcraft and the finest in equipment.

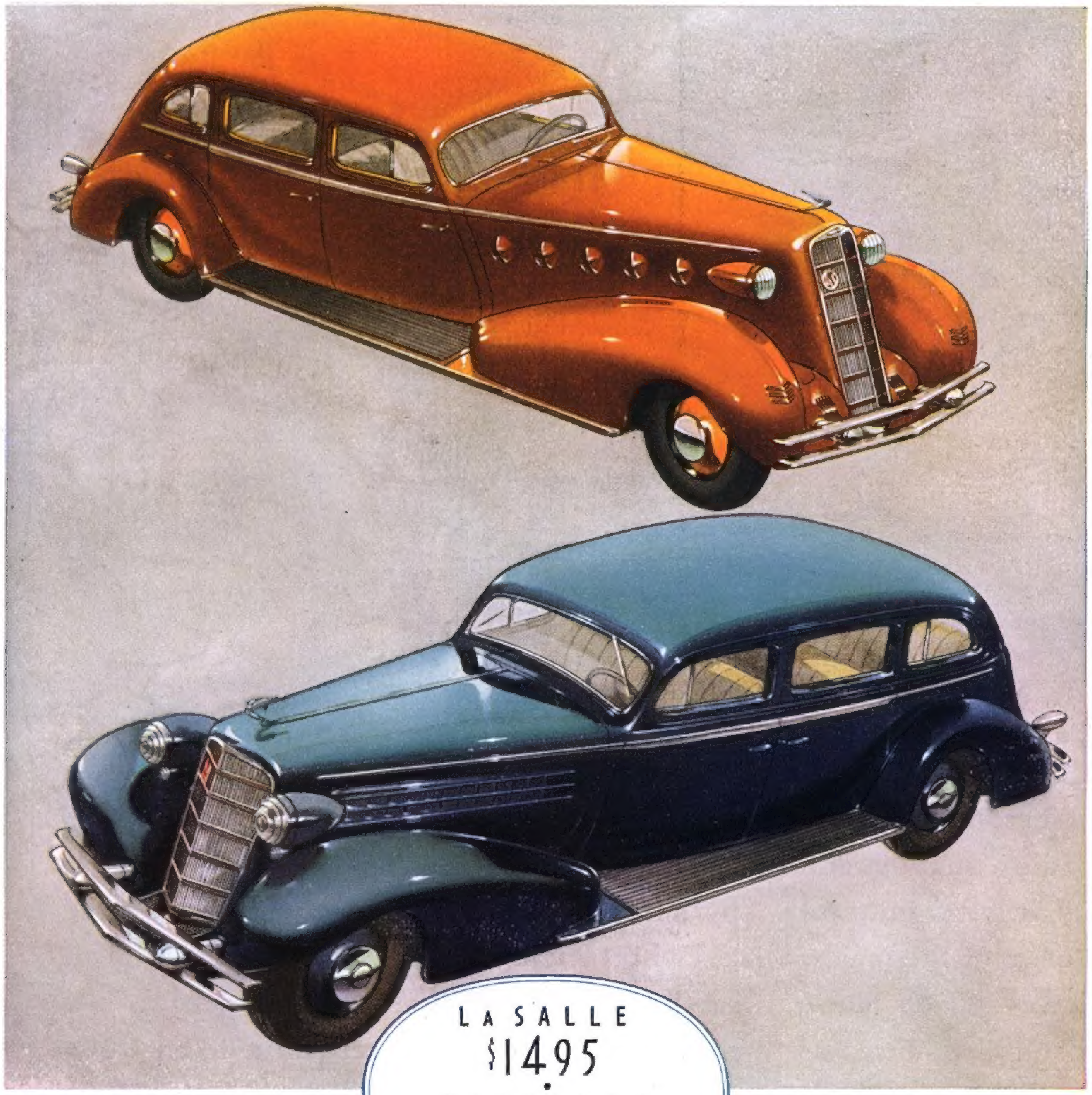
WITH the trend of automotive design toward higher road speeds, better control, easier riding qualities and greater all-round safety, it is a significant fact that the manufacturers of the majority of American cars have—*for the fourth consecutive year*—chosen U. S. Tires as standard equipment. U. S. Tires are built of Tempered Rubber, the toughest, strongest, longest-lasting tire rubber ever known — proved time and time again, by actual test, to preserve the positive cogwheel traction of U. S. Tires for Thousands of more miles . . . *extra* miles, *safer* miles that do not cost a cent more to enjoy! Get the facts from any "U. S." dealer.

United States Rubber Company



ANNOUNCING

Three Magnificent New Cadillacs and a Sensational New La Salle



LA SALLE
$1495
•
CADILLAC
$2395
AND UP F.O.B. DETROIT, MICHIGAN

America, you—above all other nations—know how priceless is style. For nothing can be desirable that is anywise out-of-date. . . . That's why we present—so confidently—the new Cadillacs and La Salles. Styled completely in the vogue of tomorrow, so original and fresh and beautiful that they put years between yesterday and today—they are the most delightful and fascinating cars you have ever seen. . . . There is a new Cadillac V-8, a new V-12, and a new V-16. Likewise, a sensational new La Salle, with bodies *exclusively* by Fleetwood. Prices are *substantially* lowered—with La Salle almost a *thousand dollars* below last year's price. . . . *This* year, by *all* means, choose a car by Cadillac!

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Edited by
Arnold Gingrich

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the new clothes and accessories, in sketches .... *by* Fellows, Hurd, Sharp, Peters and Oxner, beginning on 63

John Groth, *Art Director*

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

As for unfinished business Well, gradually we're getting this thing in the groove—or are we? At any rate, we're catching up on your criticisms. Our biggest give-inny gesture this month is the use of large type in the carry-over sections. We fought that for two months—but there were too many of you on the other end of the tugging rope, so we had to give in. It cut down our wordage total by about five pages, but you were so blooming insistent on it, we knew when we were licked. To help make the room, we cut down on the space for The Sound and the Fury and the Backstage sections. That's getting back at you, hey? Next, we've fixed up the binding weakness that raised so many blood pressures. Now one more move by our side, and then you'll have to think up something new to yell about. Yes, the page numbers will go up to the top, maybe next month. Not that we see any sense to it, yet.

As for reader correspondence If this magazine pleases you on every page, all the way through, there's something wrong with it, and with you too. We're trying to appeal to a variety of tastes—all men some of the time, not some men all the time—and hoping, by making it a man's size magazine, to give everyone his money's worth, even after discounting the many pages that can't help but fail to be to his particular taste. A lot of deacons read this magazine, and some of you guys could well take a half day off to learn for yourselves, by first hand observation, that it is not only possible but even fairly common to combine the status of being a deacon with that of being a real man. And on the other hand, bear in mind, deacons, that a lot of good citizens read this magazine who would still holler "softies!" if we turned the color pages over to reproductions of the Pompeiian Wall Paintings and divided up the text between Kraft-Ebbing and Fanny Hill. The squawks we get from both sides constitute our chief guide to what this magazine must be to do its job right and its job, lest either you or we forget, is to be a general magazine for men. If it's good, the credit is all to you, you who take the trouble to tell us what you think. But if the majority of its contents fail to please you, then it goes to prove nothing but that the wrong fellows wrote in! Either way, you've only yourselves to praise or blame. Meanwhile, our pride and joy is the crustiness of our outspoken and loud-speaking, cantankerous and caustic public—there we go, reader, calling *you* names, which proves that there still is one new twist left in the old gag of man bites dog.

As for "A Good Job Gone" Last month we asked your opinion of a story by Langston Hughes. That's all. We didn't, as some of you gathered, propose to run an article suggesting immediate, compulsory and universal miscegenation. We didn't even suggest a resumption of the Civil War. So the violence of both the Yeas and the Nays is amazing and makes us wonder, among other things, who ever started the legend about the ease of the editor's chair. As this is written, ten days after the appearance of the January issue, the number of votes received daily is still increasing, so we can't begin to guess how it will turn out. We appreciate every vote, but whichever way it goes, may we remind some of you that the sun will still shine, the grass still sprout, whether or not we print one story in particular, out of a hundred and fifty or so that we print yearly? Ushers at the old melodramas sometimes had to ask over-responsive customers to put their six-shooters away during the villain's big scene, and at the movies, young children must be reminded, now and then at hectic moments, that "it's only a story."

As for reader interest The high point was registered, we think, by the man in Detroit, who long-distanced, on Christmas Eve, ten gift subscriptions to our office in Chicago, doing the job up brown by dictating a different telegram to go to each of the ten recipients as greeting and announcement of the gifts. Or maybe we're wrong in calling that the high point of interest in Esquire. Maybe it was simply the zenith of Christmas shopping efficiency.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

SCANDAL FOR OKLAHOMA

Just to get my hands on that big, slick, heavy magazine of yours gave me a thrill, but when I turned the pages—I gasped in envy. Page after page in full color—swanky arrangements—swell copy—big names! Ah! If only I could put out a magazine like that! But just let me tip you off—

Don't waste page after precious page on a full page cut in beautiful colors, underlined by a pointless gag! Why, I wouldn't even print some of those in my rag. And, by the way—that's something. You'll do well to look over some of these college humorists and cartoonists. But this E. Simms Campbell is O.K., and don't let racial prejudices keep you from publishing that story, "A Good Job Gone." You may lose a few friends in Texas, but to people who are more broad-minded, it will be a real treat to read something like that.

Keep on giving people what they like and you'll keep going. They like scandal, down here!

Sincerely yours,
Eldon Frye, *Editor*

The Whirlwind
Norman, Oklahoma

ADVERTISERS, PLEASE NOTE

My reason for writing was to tell you what I think as per your request on p. 15 of the present (January) issue.

I don't think I'm a crank. I believe this is the second time in my life that I ever wrote to magazine, radio station, etc., etc., *but*—I feel so strongly that I feel impelled to write and give a plain, average man's reaction to your request.

First—you ask if you should publish a certain story—hell's bells, man, if you're the average "regular guy" you should be to run a man's magazine, you're the gauge that decides. Surely, you want to assure the success of the magazine—well then make it that rarest of things—a MAN'S magazine.

Judging from some of the blasts that appear in the 'Get yourself in print" section of Time magazine, there are a lot of people whose tender sensibilities are shocked at some very peculiar things—but I still don't believe that they represent the big bulk of the U. S. If they did, the 18th amendment would never have been repealed. Hell—yes, give us the story. I'm all agog. . . .

And ads—you have ads that have already sold merchandise for your advertisers—but you have two that I don't like in this issue. Rolls Razor on p. 150—*Nuts*—if it's a man's magazine why appeal to a woman to buy? And the same goes for Paris garters on p. 153. Surely, I agree that women look at Esquire. They're crazy about it. My wife is—but after all she sees it after I've looked at it and d——d if I don't resent any intrusion like that.

Wishing you every success,

Yours very truly,
Tacoma, Washington L. V. Halbrook

"VOICE OF EXPERIENCE"

Your recent issue, January, is a splendid one; however I do object to your Gilbert Seldes article in which he classifies "Voice of Experience," as a broadcast for the "love-lorn."

The gentleman, "Experience," and he is that, does not give advice to the lovelorn but deals with physio-philosophy. When one listens to his talks one can easily tell he either is or has been a social service worker and a great humanitarian.

The appeals that are made to him from the lowly and destitute, that he helps with real aid, *money*, of cases that are not always reached by *organized* charity, couldn't be classified as fan mail, and it isn't fitting of Mr. Seldes to belittle such noble work, and I know if he understood, neither he, nor any right thinking person, would speak so lightly of such work.

I'm not a member of any church or religious organization, but I've a moral philosophy of my own, that is to "live and let live." Life after all is merely a question of growth, some people progress materially, others spiritually.

By all means print the story by Langston Hughes; most people are tolerant, and genius should be recognized in any race. We all have the same Creator, but we are not all creative. Yep—I'm white but I appreciate talent where I find it.

Anyway, your magazine's splendid, and best wishes for its success.

Respectfully,
St. Louis, Mo. L. Vincent Miller

SOME LIKE IT COLD

It may just be that old age is creeping on me—but three things occurred to me after skimming through the work:

First—That it must have been a lot of work.

Second—That the air is so full of a number of things that—

Third—A nice clean shower would clear things up mightily!

Men, as I have observed the species, in some, well never mind the number of, years, are not intrigued so much by wit, as by humor, romance, and pathos.

Your magazine is so brilliant, so scintillating, so glittering, that it reminded me of the old darkey's prayer for groceries. You remember: He prayed—"Oh Lord, send me a bah'l o' flour, a bah'l o' pork, a bah'l o' lasses, a bah'l o' salt, a bah'l o' pepper. No, no—'Scuse me Lord—dat's too much pepper!"

As for the high-yellow story, by all means print it. Being addressed to an adult male audience, it can hardly fail to please the junior miss.

Yours truly,
Minatare, Nebr. Evangeline S. McAllister
(The Sage Hen)

SOME LIKE IT HOT

Isn't there something you can do to give Esquire proper wrapping? I believe, if the magazine were rolled in the wrapper or inserted in an envelope, it would be better preserved in transit.

I believe the second issue of Esquire has suffered by the carrying out of suggestions, as contained in the pages on comment and criticism, by readers that the first issue was too risque and too sexy. Personally, I disagree with such critics and I believe the majority of your readers would appreciate a little dash of spice. After all, the magazine is for *men* and not for women and children. I do hope you will not take too much to heart the opinion of one of your readers that the magazine is not safe with the children about. Again, please don't try to appeal to the women so much, as such a course will eventually lead to your attempting to cater to them, both through the contents and advertising pages of the magazine. If women bought the first issue of Esquire, they liked it for what it contained and therefore the masculine aspect should not be changed.

By all means go ahead and print the story you mentioned as available for publication. If it is a story that is different from the usual run of magazine stories, then thank God for it! I hope it's as good as is promised.

To sum it all up, I enjoy the magazine immensely and find it interesting, instructive, and amusing. I like it too much to see it harmed and restricted by crabby Comstockian critics and in sending in my suggestions, I do so more in the spirit of helpfulness than in the desire to criticize.

Wishing you every success and assuring you of a constant subscriber, I am

Very truly yours,
New York, N. Y. Rudolph Ellis

ONE STENTORIAN "NAY"

About "A Good Job Gone"—I shout a god-damning, stentorian NAY!

Even if it were time for Esquire to "change his luck," this is not the way.

His readers might do it, or might want to, but it would be poor taste to talk about it.

Very truly,
Ardmore, Penn. William F. Quinn

TWO RESOUNDING "YEAS"

As editor of a man's magazine you probably could get along damn nicely without having women butting in, *but* they've been famous for doing just that for years. What I'm trying so poorly to express is that my husband and I want to utter a couple of resounding "yeas" regarding the publishing of that story by Langston Hughes that you wrote about in the January Esquire. It is about time that articles portraying the truth about various stratas of life right here in our own New York City and plenty of other large cities were published by some interesting, liberal-minded magazine.

Hoping to see the Hughes story in Esquire before long and also wanting to state that we think Esquire is swell—I am—

Respectfully yours,
Westport, Conn. Mrs. J. Mason

LONG ISLAND *vs.* LOS ANGELES

Please rush that Three Character story by Langston Hughes, and let Mr. G. G. G. who writes you from Los Angeles keep Esquire out of the children's reach the same as mamma does with the Lysol.

Why in the name of common sense must the one track ladies and the innocent babies be tied up with a magazine that you are getting out for the male exclusively? Forget about the children seeing Esquire; there are a lot of other things in this world that we parents should shield our offspring from, but it seems that somebody's kid knows all about the taboo subject and we are defeated in our precautions.

Esquire can be laid aside in a safe place if we do not want the kids to see it.

Very truly yours,
Long Island City, N. Y. John A. Gorman

A LIFT FROM VOLTAIRE

What the hell's the idea of asking for balloting on whether this or that type of story is suitable for a he-man's magazine! Are you going the way of all the rest of the publications or are you going to print stories for their artistic value regardless of what the morals are? By all means shoot through the "high yaller" story and others of its kind; provided, of course, you are satisfied with their literary value. You're supposed to be putting out a man's publication (and so far you're doing a great job!), not a boy scout code of ethics and morals. We've read all about those and we already know the answers. In case we should forget the answers, we can pick up any ordinary magazine and refresh our minds about Jack Dalton and the villain, the mortgage, and so on far into the night.

Kindly understand, I may not like your story after it is printed but as Voltaire so aptly stated: "I may disapprove of what you say but will defend to the death your right to say it."

That's the spirit we want in Esquire. Let the effete males continue to read Liberty and such moronistic publications.

Yours for great success,
Cambridge, Mass. Frank R. Sauliere

WANTED: TWO MORE SUBSCRIBERS

About a month ago I parted with the $5.00 for subscription to Esquire. The first issue was nothing to rave about editorially but contained wonderful art work.

The second issue arrived yesterday and I find you are contemplating publishing a story about a love affair between a white man and a Negro gal.

I'm as open-minded as a Republican presidential candidate but I don't believe I care to swallow this. So please cancel my sub., and for the rest of the time send it to some Harlem night club.

Don't feel bad about this for I am sure the stand I am taking will not deter you from putting out a real magazine. I have had subscriptions cancelled on me by some nut like myself who is always telling someone else how to run his business.

I just toss the letter into the waste basket and try to get two more subscribers for the one lost.

Yours very truly,
Uncle Jake Sport News Oswin K. King
Dallas, Texas

CITATION FROM OKLAHOMA HISTORY

If you think the interests of both whites and blacks would be furthered by printing Langston Hughes' story be sure to publish it.

The World War gave negroes delusions of equality and strength that culminated in a race riot in this town and it took the city incinerator days to burn the black bodies. No one will ever know how many were mowed down.

One story may not start the conflagration but sooner or later one might. Not every careless match touches off a forest fire but one can and does frequently light a sage-brush and ends in a conflagration that lays waste to life and property.

Don't you think having the only nigger in Congress is enough of an embarrassment to the administration without Chicago starting something that it may cost men and millions to stop.

It does not take brains or bravery to get into trouble, but it takes a big bunch of both to keep out.

Yours truly,
Tulsa, Okla. Roy W. Dunlap

FOUL BLOW FROM PHILLY

Through the solicitation of Jacob Reed's Sons, 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., I subscribed to your Magazine. My average purchases from Jacob Reed's Sons amount to approximately $1000 per year, and if you print the story by the negro author, Langston Hughes, I shall not only cancel my subscription to your magazine, but shall discontinue any further business with Jacob Reed's Sons, due to the fact that they recommended your magazine. I shall also make an attempt to persuade several of my friends to do likewise.

This letter answers your question as to what I think of negroes and negro authors in particular.

Yours very truly,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Leonard F. Allen

P.S.—Carbon copy to Jacob Reed's Sons

Fine Socks by
John Smith
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STO
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Prelude to Pleasure

Those who instinctively appreciate the better things are quick to recognize the quality of DIXIE BELLE DRY GIN. Its gracious smoothness, exquisite bouquet, superb dryness have won immediate acceptance with super-critical tastes. Triple distilled, not simply mixed, DIXIE BELLE lends a note of authority to your cocktails and highballs. One taste and you *know* you have a really choice dry gin . . . For your protection, when buying liquors, look for the "Distilled by Continental" seal. It is your guarantee of highest quality.

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The highest tribute that any whisky can be paid is the constant approval of those who know. McCallum's Perfection has been the favorite Scots Whisky of Gentlemen the world over since 1807.

McCallum's Scots Whisky is distilled, aged and bottled in Scotland. Its purity flavor and unvarying high quality are inimitable.

D & J McCallum LIMITED
EDINBURGH (FOUNDED 1807) LONDON
Importers and Agents—
TOWER WINES & SPIRITS CORPORATION
NEW BRUNSWICK N.J., U.S.A.

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Distilled and Bottled in Scotland.
McCallum's
Perfection
BLEND
Scots Whisky
D & J McCallum
LIMITED
EDINBURGH (FOUNDED 1807) LONDON
Importers & Agents—TOWER WINES & SPIRITS CORPORATION—NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J., U.S.A.
Permit No. 79.

This advertisement is not intended to offer McCallum whisky for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Discovery of the month is the author of *The Man in the Black Hat* on page 51, **Michael Fessier.** This is his first published story. He is 28, lives in Sausalito, California, and is the editor of the San Rafael Independent. He once did a little semi-pro ball playing and boxing ($2 and feed) and says he was distinctly mediocre at both—engages in no sports now and does nothing, in fact, requiring physical energy—quite a slug, to hear him tell it. His odd combination of names is explained by his mother's being Irish, his father French. His second story, scheduled for an early issue, is *I Died Last Year.*

Michael Fessier

Ring Lardner was expected to be one of the original contributors to Esquire. Two weeks before his death he wrote expressing his regret at being unable to make the deadline for the first issue and his pleasure at learning that one of his sons "would bat for the old man in this event." Now he comes to bat himself; perhaps not for the last time, as there may be unpublished stories of his that we don't happen to know about; but we do know that *Greek Tragedy,* on page 18, is the last story he wrote.

●

Ernest Hemingway is in Africa.

●

Stewart Edward White is the author of many books and is a man's writer if ever there was one. He hails from Grand Rapids, Michigan, but has lived for many years in California.

●

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has returned from London to do some pictures in Hollywood.

●

Stuart Howe is a pseudonym. Don't ask for what, or even what for.

●

George Milburn is a rising star among the younger writers. He is an Oklahoman and the author of *No More Trumpets.* Unless you already have a book, that'd be a good one to buy.

●

Whit Burnett is co-editor (with his wife, Martha Foley) of Story, the only little magazine that is going big.

●

John B. Kennedy is a special announcer for the National Broadcasting Company and is a well-known magazine writer.

●

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. is the author of several books, the latest, now running serially, is *Farewell to Fifth Avenue.* He is the son of Gen. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Henry Morton Robinson is a former Columbia professor. His latest book is *Stout Cortez.* He is a member of the editorial board of the Reader's Digest.

●

William McFee is an established author, one of the comparatively few who actively devote themselves to the discovery and encouragement of new writers. His column in the New York Sun is his medium of expression in this respect.

●

Morley Callaghan is at work on a new novel. He considers *Who Is My Neighbor?,* on page 59, the best story of the three which he has contributed to Esquire to date. What do you think?

●

Bob Davis is a veteran newspaperman, editor and author. He was for many years associated with the New York Sun. His hobby is photography—he knows and has photographed more of the great and near-great than any man alive.

●

Bruno Frank is a German author who has contributed to many American magazines.

●

Thorne Smith's newest book is *Skin and Bones.* Some of the others are *Topper; The Night Life of the Gods; The Bishop's Jaegers;* and *Rain in the Doorway.* A taste for him, unlike a taste for olives, can't be cultivated—he either convulses you or leaves you cold. Nothing much you can do about it, either way.

●

Emil Ludwig has returned to his home in Locarno, Switzerland, where his fellow-exiles now include Erich Maria Remarque and Thomas Mann.

●

The next in the old time prize fight series by **Louis Golding** will be *Jem Belcher's Last Fight.*

●

Georges Surdez, whose article on the Foreign Legion appears on page 72, is perhaps the foremost student of the Legion, having lived with the Legion for years and gone on many expeditions with them.

●

Charles Grayson is a young Californian, author of several novels and an *afficionado* in the Hemingway sense of the word. He is at present working for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Charles Grayson

Deck Morgan is a licensed bobsled pilot, hence knows whereof he writes in *The Champagne of Thrills* on page 29. He lives at Lake Placid, and has just completed a novel.

Arthur Shumway has divided his time between Evanston, Illinois, and Daytona, Florida, for some years. He has done newspaper work in both places. Last year he was triple-starred in *O'Brien's Best Short Stories.*

●

John Groth forgot to sign the bull-fight illustrations on page 41 and while we think you can recognize his style, if you've seen previous issues of this magazine, we'd just like to be sure about it. He made these sketches and those for Stewart Edward White's article on page 26, during his recent trip to Mexico, from which he has just returned with something under a carload of drawings and sketches that will be presented in portfolio form in future issues.

●

Speaking of artists' signatures, the world's largest, surely, belongs to **Sydney Hoff,** whose cartoons are a feature of this issue. He is very young—a little vague on this point, but thinks he's twenty-one. He has been cartooning for two years, and has contributed to a number of magazines.

Sydney Hoff

Raymond Knight was the recipient, for his work on the Station KUKU programs, of one of the very few bouquets passed out by Gilbert Seldes in his radio article in the January issue. His humorous sketch on page 100 will be followed by another in the March issue.

●

Bob Buckner broke out in a rash of comedian's-yen-to-play-Hamlet, as shown by his story on page 95. Next month he will be normal, meaning funny.

●

Meyer Levin got off to a flying start, when very young, with a successful novel, *Reporter.* He promptly left Chicago to join the mob of Paris expatriates. Now he's back in Chicago, working on a novel with a Chicago background, what time he isn't previewing movies for Esquire. He's under thirty.

●

Roy Nelson, whose little line drawings enliven pages 30, 31, 44, and 126, is a young artist on the staff of the Chicago Daily News.

●

John R. Tunis lives in Connecticut and writes for New York newspapers and magazines. He is best known as an authority on tennis—too well known for his own comfort, since editors have an annoying habit of trying to make him stick to it. Enjoying the freedom that Esquire gives its contributors, he will get a few other subjects off his chest before we smack him back onto tennis. He is the author of *American Girl,* a novel that pretends not to derive its inspiration from the career of Helen Wills Moody.

FROM *this*

January 15th

Dear Jack

Helen and I would certainly like to see you soon. Why not call me at the office Tuesday afternoon with the idea of joining us for dinner and an evening at bridge? I'll be "in" from 3 o'clock on. My new telephone number is Excelsior 4078.

By the way, I received

. . TO *this*

January 15th

Dear Jack:

Helen and I would certainly like to see you soon. Why not call me at the office Tuesday afternoon with the idea of joining us for dinner and an evening at bridge? I'll be "in" from 3 o'clock on. My new number is Excelsior 4078.

By the way, I received a letter from Bill this morning. He's at Daytona Beach and wants you to write to him at the Osceola-Grammaton. (I think that's the hotel - I never feel sure of Bill's writing.)

But please come Tuesday night if you can. It's been a long while.

Sincerely,

Harry

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Greek Tragedy

A story of a grudge match between two wrestlers, the last of the short stories

by RING LARDNER

The largest crowd of the wrestling season gave Greek Alexis and Big Bill Buell a loud and joyous welcome as they climbed into the ring for their fifth meeting in two years. Because they entered almost simultaneously, it was hard to judge from the cheering which man was better liked; there was a possibility, too, that some of the noise was a demonstration of relief that there would be no more preliminaries, the ones on this evening's program having proved unusually dull and meaningless.

The main bout was one of the most important in wrestling history. For one thing each of the contestants was heavyweight champion of the world, the Greek being recognized as such in the New England states, in New York, New Jersey and Delaware, and in the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Utah, Washington, Oregon and California, and Buell holding the title in the District of Columbia, the Solid South, Minnesota, Colorado, Idaho and Montana. For another thing, the winner was promised a match for the world's championship with Legs Lamont, wearer of the crown in Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, New Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming, the Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico, Alaska and the Canal Zone, as well as a battle with Chesty Leach, official mat king of the Universe by ruling of the Athletic Commissions of Arkansas and Guam. Besides, it might settle the question of supremacy between the two gladiators themselves, each of whom had been credited with two victories in four bouts so bitterly and brutally contested that no wrestling fan could doubt the existence of a private grudge, rumors of which had been printed right after the pair's first encounter and not denied by either man.

Complaints of unnecessary roughness had never been lodged against Buell or Alexis in their matches with other foeman, but when they met, they slugged, bit, gouged, scratched, pinched and pulled hair, paying no attention to protests or threats from the referee, who could do nothing save threaten or protest because both were equally guilty. Also worthy of note was that while they were on the mat, they did a lot of talking in tones so low as to be inaudible to the nearby newspaper men, and made faces at each other in a manner childish even for champion wrestlers.

Fred Hoffmann, who was refereeing tonight and had officiated for the pair twice before, knew no Greek and very little of the language of his forbears' Vaterland, but could tell, he said, that the conversation was just an exchange of horrible insults.

Rumors of the grudge were of mysterious origin and in the beginning there had been no hint of a reason for its existence. Then some irreverent writer for the Daily Dispatch ventured the guess, in print, that Big Bill, winner of the first match, had won in a fit of absent-mindedness, a fit costly to several friends, including his own manager, who had bet a tidy sum on the Greek. The manager, Ike Morris, and the Greek's manager, Lou Schwartz, said that if the Dispatch did not retract, they would sue for libel.

But as a matter of fact, the Dispatch writer had guessed wrong. Ike Morris had not bet against his own man in that initial bout, which was almost on the level. The arrangement had been that the man who won the first fall should win the match, but only after losing the second. It was true that Big Bill Buell had become absent-minded, and won in straight falls, taking the second rather easily because the Greek, not being absent-minded, was surprised. They pacified him with profuse apologies and gave Big Bill a good bawling out.

A more serious double-cross, such as the Dispatch charged, would have explained the grudge, but the Messrs. Morris and Schwartz were not pleased with an explanation based on perfidy, which, as everybody knows, is virtually obsolete in the wrestling game. Not strong on invention themselves, they had long been hoping that some bright young writer would think up a plausible and interesting excuse for the bad blood between their two champs. A suggestion of rivalry for the affections of any of the Joans and Jeans of Hollywood was not to be considered. In a love interest plot involving this pair of baboons, the girl would have to be blind. A hint that the quarrel was over financial matters would indicate dishonesty on one side or the other and neither man wanted to be cast in the rôle of victim, knowing that the other, credited with having cheated successfully, would monopolize popular esteem. Religious and national differences were discarded as unintelligible to the average wrestling fan, who was not sure whether Greece was a suburb of Berlin or an Asiatic monarchy and would believe, if you told him so, that Helen of Troy, in private life, was Mrs. Martin Luther.

Jack Wells, wrestling expert on the Record, had finally justified the faith of Morris and Schwartz and solved the problem, inspiration coming to him during the second Buell-Alexis match. He had for weeks been aware that Alexis would triumph in that second encounter and that it would go three falls, and this uncanny expertness had made it difficult for him to grow excited over what transpired up there in the ring. But on one of the occasions when his eyes focused on the combatants, it had suddenly struck him that never in the world were two homelier men engaged in one show. A committee of artists would have given either man at least a draw with Bull Montana, but there had never been two Bull Montanas in the same ring at the same time.

Jack was not long in evolving a use for his discovery and his idea was received with acclaim when he sprang it next day on Doc Bishop, Lou Schwartz and Ike Morris. Lou and Ike assured him that their meal tickets had no vanity and he was free to go the limit on the subject of their looks. So the secret of the grudge had been revealed in the following Sunday's papers, in a story to this effect:

After the Greek and the German and their managers and Doc Bishop had assembled for the first time, to talk terms and be photographed and so on, a "friend" of Buell's had asked him what he thought of his new rival. Big Bill had replied in broken English that of course, he had been unable to form an opinion of the Greek's skill by merely seeing him. "But," he had said, "he looks like a gargoyle." And the "friend," naturally, had repeated this remark to an acquaintance who turned out to be a "friend" of the Greek's and who repeated it to Alexis in a spirit of true friendship.

"That Dutchman says you look like a gargoyle."

"Wait till I get a hold of him," Alexis had retorted in broken something, "and we'll see which is the sissy."

Whereupon it had been explained that the word did not imply effeminacy, but sheer ugliness, and at this, Alexis had gone into a terrifying rage, not, he swore, because he was proud of his looks, but because the comment had come from a man who would appear perfectly at home walking on all fours.

This, duly reported to Buell, had called forth the remark that the latter would rather wrestle Alexis free than not at all, because just being close to the Greek made him (Big Bill) feel like Gary Cooper.

The first and second matches had drawn sizable crowds. The third had been a sell-out and none of the insiders doubted that Jack Wells' story was largely responsible. Opinion was about evenly divided on the merits of the case, but the public clearly relished a feud based on an argument between two self-confessed eyesores as to which was the more unsightly.

The third match had resulted in a second victory for the Greek (this having been decided previously by the toss of a coin) and the papers had said it would entitle him to a bout with Legs Lamont. But that big crowd and its wild enthusiasm (for Buell and Alexis were good entertainers) caused a change in plans. Ike Morris' plea for another chance was granted, there was another packed house and the German had won and evened the score. So here we are, where we were hundreds of words ago, with two of Darwin's best witnesses ready to wrestle for the fifth time, the biggest crowd of the season cheering them, three or four morbid camera men getting fresh material with which to frighten children, and Referee Fred Hoffmann showing more signs of nervousness than anyone else in sight.

The referee called the athletes together for a special instruction:

"Listen, youse! I don't know and don't care whose turn it is, but will you be good guys and snap it up? Every one of them two-dollar prelims went full time. They wasn't a lousy bum in the whole gang that could of throwed J. P. Morgan's midget. I've got a gal in that Harris show and she's out at eleven-twenty and if I ain't there, I'm out for life."

As you may observe, this speech was made in the purest English, and though no one translated it into Greek or German or both, the parties addressed seemed to understand it perfectly.

"My women wait," said Alexis.

"Yes," said Hoffmann. "They'd wait up in the top of a tree as long as you was at the bottom. But let's get going. And listen: Does it have to be three falls?"

"Three is right," said Alexis, "and the last two pretty near an hour apiece. So you better wire the dame good-bye and congratulations."

"Come on. Let's get started. I'm in a hurry, too," said Big Bill Buell, and drawing closer to his rival, he shook his fist in the Greek's face and added: "Ike wants me to open with a Savoldi. Take it like you was surprised, and flop. I've got to talk to you."

"All right," said the Greek, "but be sure and get high enough. You kicked me in the stomach last time and I was sick for a week."

The match was on and the Savoldi, beautifully executed on this occasion, came as a big surprise to the crowd and threw it into a furor. The German was on top of his man and Hoffman, praying for a quick fall, hovered too near them to suit Buell's taste.

"Move off a ways, Fred," he ordered, without taking his eyes from his opponent's face. "This is just a conference and you ain't in on it."

"You've almost got him," said the referee, disappointed.

"Well, now I ain't," said Buell as he relaxed his hold sufficiently to render the Greek's position less precarious, to the vociferous delight of Alexis' supporters, who credited him with one more of his famous displays of superhuman resourcefulness in a pinch.

As if angered by the cheering for his antagonist, Big Bill doubled up his right fist and punched the Greek on the left side of the jaw.

"Lay off that side of my face," he gasped. "I forgot to warn you. I got an infested tooth. Can't you see how it's swole?"

"I'll tell you some news that'll make you forget your toothache," said Big Bill. "Who do you think I seen today?"

"Somebody from home?"

"Yeah."

"Not Harry Marsh!"

"Somebody a whole lot more dangerous than a blind old bat of a sheriff. It was the Clayton boy, young Roy Clayton."

"Did he see you?"

"Yeah, and you can thank me that he ain't here tonight."

"He wouldn't reco'nize me."

"He reco'nized me without no trouble."

"But when he seen me last, I had a mustache and my head wasn't shaved."

"Listen, Miss America: You couldn't disguise that pan of yours if you wored it inside out. I'll tell you the rest in a few minutes. Right now you got to throw me off or they'll know we're stalling, and when you get me down, never mind that toe-hold. You hurt me the last time."

There was another wild outburst of enthusiasm by the Greek's admirers when he deftly freed himself from Buell's grasp and almost before the two regained their feet, had the German down on hands and knees and was straddling him. Said Big Bill:

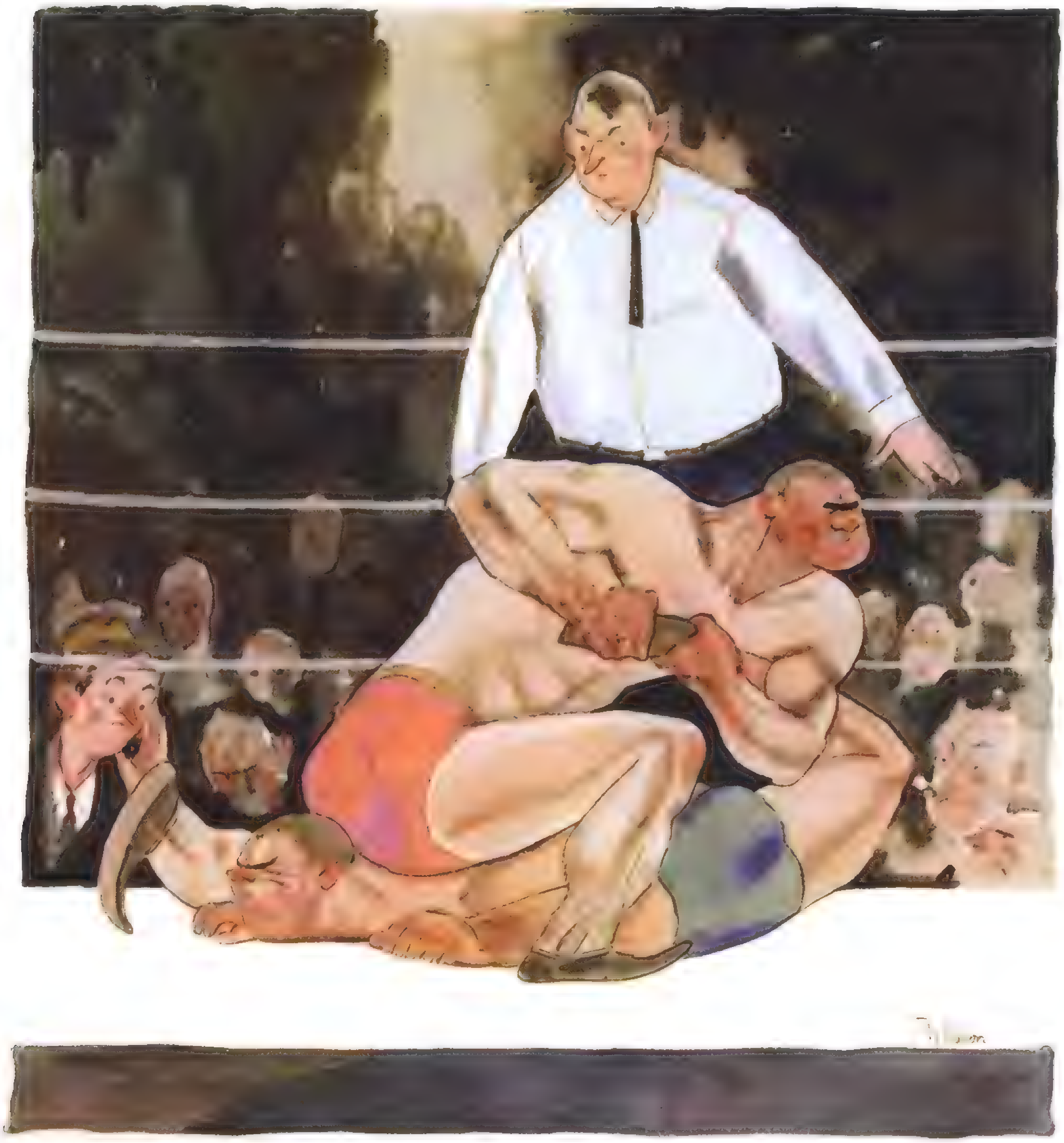
"You ain't heard the worst yet. I'll make it short, but remember, while I'm talking, that this is supposed to be a wrestling match."

"It was around five o'clock and I'd been for a walk," said Buell, "and I run into the fella right outside the hotel. The people at home, they're sore at me because I ain't wrote to nobody since I win the title. I told him I didn't write to nobody before I win the title neither because they's nobody there can read. So he says he can read and Old Man Richards gets a Phoenix paper and when my name is mentioned, reads it out loud in the store and that's how they follow my career. And a couple times my picture was in after I win a match from 'the Greek,' and it's just luck that 'the Greek's' picture wasn't in, too."

"The way I've changed myself," said Alexis, "nobody would know me, let alone a picture."

"The quicker you get that idear out of your head, you're better off," said Buell.

"Well, then," said Alexis, "I can lay low for a few days, till this little rat goes home."



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Two Opposing Views of Germany

A German who is a Baron and a former minister of foreign affairs defends Nazi policy

by RICHARD VON KUHLMANN

No element has contributed to a larger scale to the up-building of America than the Germans. A considerable section of the population has numerous friends and relatives in the Fatherland. The number of Americans who visit Germany either for business purposes or for pleasure, or to benefit from Germany's spas, or simply to hear good music and do some sightseeing, has been increasing every year; and still, the picture of Germany in the mentality of the average American is undergoing such kaleidoscopic changes that one is faced by an almost incomprehensible problem.

Astute war propaganda had painted a portrait in black on black; it was accepted at its face value, with the well-known, disastrous results. The more we drew away from that period, the more did the books and pamphlets published in Europe by those who knew make Americans understand how their good faith had been abused, the more did they begin to see how public opinion had been the victim of clever propaganda. Not once, but a hundred times have I heard from my American friends: we will not be taken in again, we shall keep our cool heads and calm judgment and see for ourselves or through the eyes of people we personally know and trust.

Still, since last Spring we see a campaign conducted with such acrimony that it vividly reminds me of the war propaganda and I notice a rapid and complete change of atmosphere regarding Germany and German affairs. Germany again is pictured as the villain in the play; France's consistent refusal to pay a penny of her war debts was the fly in the ointment of America's long standing sympathy for La Belle Marianne. But, happily, a substitute has now been found in the admiration and understanding of the gentle-mannered, humanitarian and "truly democratic" Soviet rule.

You can meet all this newspaper talk with a great deal of distrust, but nevertheless feel somewhat puzzled. Is it really thinkable that the old Germany which you know so well, the Germany of Heidelberg and Bayreuth, should have been swept from the surface of the earth and replaced by the monster the press is depicting to its readers?

Well, if you had not seen Germany for two years, and were to decide now to go over and see things for yourself, you would find a completely transformed country. Never since the war has such a radical change occurred. Germany, as you know, has suffered much more severely than any other nation in the world. She was the center of the great war, pouring out to her weaker allies, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, gold, arms, ammunition, officers, troops and food in enormous quantities. When she had to sign the Armistice, outnumbered three to one in the field and strangled at home by the terrible British blockade, the last drop of blood was squeezed out of her by the allies. You need only read the figures given by Mr. David Lloyd George in his sensational little book, "War Debts," to see what this exhausted nation had to supply. Then came revolution, with all its disastrous consequences to economic life, then the most staggering inflation that has ever taken place, when finally a single egg cost several millions of paper marks. It needs little imagination to picture to oneself how the cyclone of depression, which had such dire results in your rich and prosperous country, hardly touched by the world war, was bound to react on the weak and tortured body of German economic life. They had by an heroic effort begun to pull themselves out of the darkest misery, when the depression started. No wonder the unemployment figures reached appalling proportions, suffering was acute and a wave of complete hopelessness enveloped the country, preparing the ground for a most astute and daring Communist propaganda, encouraged, financed and directed to the minutest details from Moscow.

Such was Germany two years ago, and the transformation has been so complete that you would really feel you had entered a new country. The greatest factor in world events is the mentality of the people, particularly of a nation, and they are the future. The young people are unanimously and with enthusiasm for Adolf Hitler's Third Reich. From the Hohenzollern princes down, through the sons of great feudal magnates, through professors and engineers, priests and workmen, teachers and students, the whole nation is carried away by one great wave of enthusiasm, of belief in a prouder and happier future for themselves and their beloved country. They are marching and singing, and camping out, and this gives to the uninformed, casual observer the idea that they are militaristic. Nothing is further from the truth. Germany has not forgotten the lessons of the world war. A country which has lost two millions of healthy men in the struggle and has to support almost twice that number of cripples and invalids, is not likely to forget so terrible an experience rapidly. From Adolf Hitler down to the humble man in the street you will not find anybody in Germany who is not profoundly convinced that the maintenance of peace is essential for the rebuilding of economic Germany. But it must be peace with honor. The feeling in Germany of today can briefly be traced to two sources. The one is the unwise Versailles Treaty, which as brilliant a mind as the French writer Anatole France has called "the continuation of war," and the constant humiliation imposed on the German nation by flatly refusing her the right to equality among the great nations of the world.

Ever since Versailles France has been in the hands of the worst adviser there is in international policy: Unreasonable, almost hysterical fear of her Eastern neighbor. This fear has driven her to surround Germany in the East with smaller states, powerfully armed and trained by French military experts, and to bind these Eastern states to France by close alliances. These states are Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Roumania. So great has been France's fear that the astute diplomats in Prague, Warsaw and Bucharest soon understood that they could not be dispensed with; from allies they rose to become masters, from servants domineering dictators. The great and serious crisis which throws its black shadow over Europe can be summed in one word; French policy has lost all flexibility and independence, French policy is decided not at the Quai d'Orsay, but in Prague, and Bucharest, and the essence of this dangerous situation is: Germany must be kept weak at any price, and under no conditions be allowed to get to her feet again, neither in the economic field nor in questions of equality, international position, or armed forces. This tendency to nail Germany down to the position of a second-class nation has roused the irresistible tidal wave, on the crest of which Adolf Hitler was swept into power.

Mind you, this, to my mind, is the most vital distinction between Hitler and Musso-

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as a Factor in Europe's Future

A German Jew who is an author of bonfire-banned books calls the Nazis barbarian invaders

by LION FEUCHTWANGER

The establishment of the Third German Reich, the so-called national revolution in Germany, constitutes the third great barbarian invasion of Western civilization. Living through recent events in Germany has taught the historian a terrible lesson, by clearly demonstrating many things which were previously obscure in the invasion of Hellenic culture by the Goths and Vandals.

This third contemporary barbarian invasion differs from the two above-mentioned invasions in one fundamental respect. The Macedonians who overthrew the civilized Greek world, the Goths and Vandals who conquered the Roman Empire, attempted to adapt themselves to the existing civilizations, to become Greeks or Romans. The German rabble which is now oppressing the majority of the population of the German Reich cynically declares the exactly contrary goal. Their avowed purpose is to destroy Western civilization and to return to the manners and customs of the primeval Teutonic forests.

Incessantly, in speech and in print, the Nazi leaders declare that men are not equal before the law. The worth of an individual is determined not by his qualities or his achievements, but solely and simply by his birth, his membership of a race, which cannot be scientifically proved. The purpose of the Nazi state, they say, is to set aside the principles of the French Revolution. Humanity and humaneness are cowardly sentimental balderdash, love of justice is idle, liberalistic equality-mongering. Roman law, the German Minister of Justice announced, must be abolished once and for all, the law whose principles have governed the relations of the white races for two thousand years. The administration of justice has no concern with establishing the facts objectively, but must primarily support and strengthen the power of the state. By birth the Aryan takes precedence over the non-Aryan, the Nordic German over the ordinary Aryan, the National Socialist German over the ordinary German. Such is the basis of the National Socialist State.

It is, however, absolutely impossible to define an Aryan scientifically. Consequently, all the government can do is to limit its inquiries to the question whether one's grandparents belonged to a certain religion, to wit, the Jewish. The descendants of such grandparents are considered non-Aryan. On the other hand, one can be an Aryan if one's great-grandfather belonged to that hated religion. The National Socialist State recognized no other "racial" tests.

It is obvious that the test as to what German citizens belong to the hated non-Aryan race is completely worthless, because there is no scientific definition of what this race is. The attempt to make this racial principle the basis of law and justice becomes in practice a purely arbitrary gesture. It is much easier and certainly scientifically preferable, to base the state and its administration of justice on astrology. It is easier to prove who was born under the sign of Aries or Virgo than who belongs to the Aryan race. And it is easier to prove that a person born under a given star is inferior than to prove that non-Aryans are not qualified for certain positions.

The two chief means whereby the present rulers of Germany are trying to ensure the duration of their Reich are violence and lies. It is possible that power has never been achieved without violence and lies. But hitherto these have been regarded as necessary evils and people have tried to create a regime which could dispense with them. The German rulers today do the exact opposite. So far from being ashamed of violence, they are proud of it and elevate it to the position of a fundamental principle of statecraft. They are not ashamed of lies, but regard them as the most suitable instrument of Nordic government. The will to power is the highest law of National Socialism. Blindly and stupidly they have taken the phrase from the great philosopher of power, Friedrich Nietzsche. Adolf Hitler actually had the impudence to have himself photographed beside a bust of Nietzsche. He forgot that Nietzsche said: "Power stupefies." He forgot that this man wrote: "The Germans suffer from the disease and idiocy most opposed to all culture: nationalism, the national complex from which Europe is suffering; they are trying to undermine the sense and reason of Europe." He also forgot that no one has ever expressed his contempt for anti-Semitism in harsher words tha~~t~~ Nietzsche.

How they have vulgarized Nietzsche's doctrine of the will to power! What nonsense they have made of his wisdom! Power means nothing more to them than stupid physical violence, boasting of muscular strength, the intoxication of gigantic quantities of arms, a loathsome delight in corpse-like submission. Starting from this viewpoint they boast in ten thousand speeches and articles of war as the only desirable expression and fulfillment of the national destiny. They are in love with war for war's sake, and declare that the object of life is death on the battlefield. Young men waste their best years on military exercises, once again the streets are filled with war songs, the entire country is a vast munitions factory. Military efficiency is a primary condition of every public activity. The greatest mathematical or medical genius, if not serviceable in war, is denied all opportunities of teaching and access to any laboratory in Germany. A warlike spirit is preferable to any scientific equipment. The science of war is the first and greatest of all disciplines, all other science takes second place. Science and art, insofar as they are of no service in war, are suppressed.

All the vitality of Germany today serves only for the preparation of war; all other forms of life wither. Industry, when it does not serve the purposes of armament, has collapsed. Apart from its economic structure, for reasons of soil and climate, German agricultural life must depend to a large extent on other countries, but for military reasons its self-sufficiency is fostered at any cost. For a fraction of the money wasted on subventions, things could be imported from abroad which would be infinitely more helpful to the population. This is not done. The importation of essential foodstuffs is prevented by gigantic tariffs, thereby reducing the standard of living to the lowest level, and condemning millions of people to go hungry in order that, in case of war, Germany may be able to support herself and not be dependent on foreigners.

Germany today has sixty-five million inhabitants. The foreign policy of the National Socialist State is that some time in the future two hundred and fifty million Germans shall be able to exist over a very wide territory. It would be childish to assume that this could be achieved by any understanding with those states whose territory has been annexed and whose people have been enslaved. Consequently, the first principle of German foreign policy is violence.

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A Paris Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THIS time last year we were driving home from Cooke City, Montana, in a blizzard. The boys who had tried to drag Bull-Neck Moose-Face, the truck driver, to death the night of the Old Timers' Fish Fry because he was alleged to have hit a lady with a poker, were still in jail. The big trout had dropped back down the river into the deep pools of the canyon. The deer had come down from the high country and had gone down the river to their winter range and the elk had gone into the Park.

We had run into two other outfits when we were hunting sheep up Pilot Creek and lost a shot at two very big rams because some other hunters had spooked them. We felt the country was getting a little crowded. Yet three times I had ridden the twenty-five miles of trail from the ranch up to the camp on Timber Creek and not seen a living soul.

The fourth time, coming back on the road from Crandall, I saw some hunters camped down the river. They waved and I waved back but it was too far away to recognize them. A little further along the road I saw a grouse in some willows. Old Bess, the horse, saw it too and started to tremble. She kept on trembling and breathing hard through her nose while I got down and, holding the reins, shot the grouse. If I would have let go of the reins she would have left the country. But with them held all she did was give a big jerk with her head when the pistol went off, then stopped trembling when she saw me put the pistol away in the holster. I put the grouse in the saddle pocket and mounted.

We kept moving along and then, coming toward us, right beside the road, at a trot in an open meadow was a moose. It was a bull with a good head and he stopped still when he saw us. He wasn't thirty yards away and he shone black, looked very big, and I could see his bell clearly, and his horns were the color of black walnut meats. He seemed to look at Bess instead of at me. I got down easy and pulled the rifle out of the saddle bucket as I swung down. He stood there looking at us with Bess trembling and blowing.

I looked his head over very carefully. It was a nice head but it was nothing to kill him for. We had plenty of meat and no one would eat moose meat when there is such a thing as elk. I put the rifle back in the saddle bucket and swung onto old Bess. All this time he stood there looking.

"Cut it out," I said to Bess. "It's all over. I'm not going to kill him."

He let us ride about ten yards closer before he turned and trotted off and went into a patch of quakers. They have a beautiful motion when they trot. Down the trail about a mile and a half I rode onto two hunters. It was Bill Sidley with Frank Colp. Frank had a buckskin shirt on like an Indian. They'd been trailing that moose all day. He'd travelled, they said.

"He's right ahead," I told them. "I tried to herd him back to you."

"What sort of head has he?"

"He's got a good head." And I told them what it was like.

"Come on, let's go," Bill said.

For about four miles after that I would see the bull's trail every once in a while in the snow. They have a track shaped like the ace of hearts. I had seen fourteen head of game that day and before I got to the ranch I shot five more grouse with the pistol. At the ranch I got warm and read the mail and drank a whiskey sour before supper. It was a cold, sharp night, after a little thaw that day, and you could hear the coyotes starting to howl. The boys came in late. They hadn't got the moose. He had come out of the timber again near where the hunters were camped on the river and they started shooting at him out of range and he got by them and down into the lower country.

It was fine at the ranch then, at the end of October, and I didn't want to leave. Most of the game had pulled out but it was very pleasant and a good time of year. But I thought I had to go. So we started out and there was a blizzard. It lasted all the way across Nebraska and there is a special technique of driving in one that you have to learn. The trouble is to keep the windshield so you can see. You rig a candle in a can against the glass and that keeps the ice melted; for a little while. It is a technique that I haven't mastered. Well, that was last year.

This year, at the same time, we are in Paris and it is a big mistake. If you want a Paris letter full of spice and detail and funny cracks you will have to get someone else to write it. All I do is go out and get depressed and wish I were somewhere else. It is only for three weeks but it is very gloomy.

This old friend shot himself. That old friend took an overdose of something. That old friend went back to New York and jumped out, or rather fell from, a high window. That other old friend wrote her memoirs. All of the old friends have lost their money. All of the old friends are very discouraged. Few of the old friends are healthy. Me, I like it better out on the ranch, or in Piggott, Arkansas, in the fall, or in Key West, and very much better, say, at the Dry Tortugas.

The painters are about the gloomiest. It seems that people buy modern paintings in good times for snobbism and as gilt-edged securities. In bad times they do not buy them at all. One dealer said that he had

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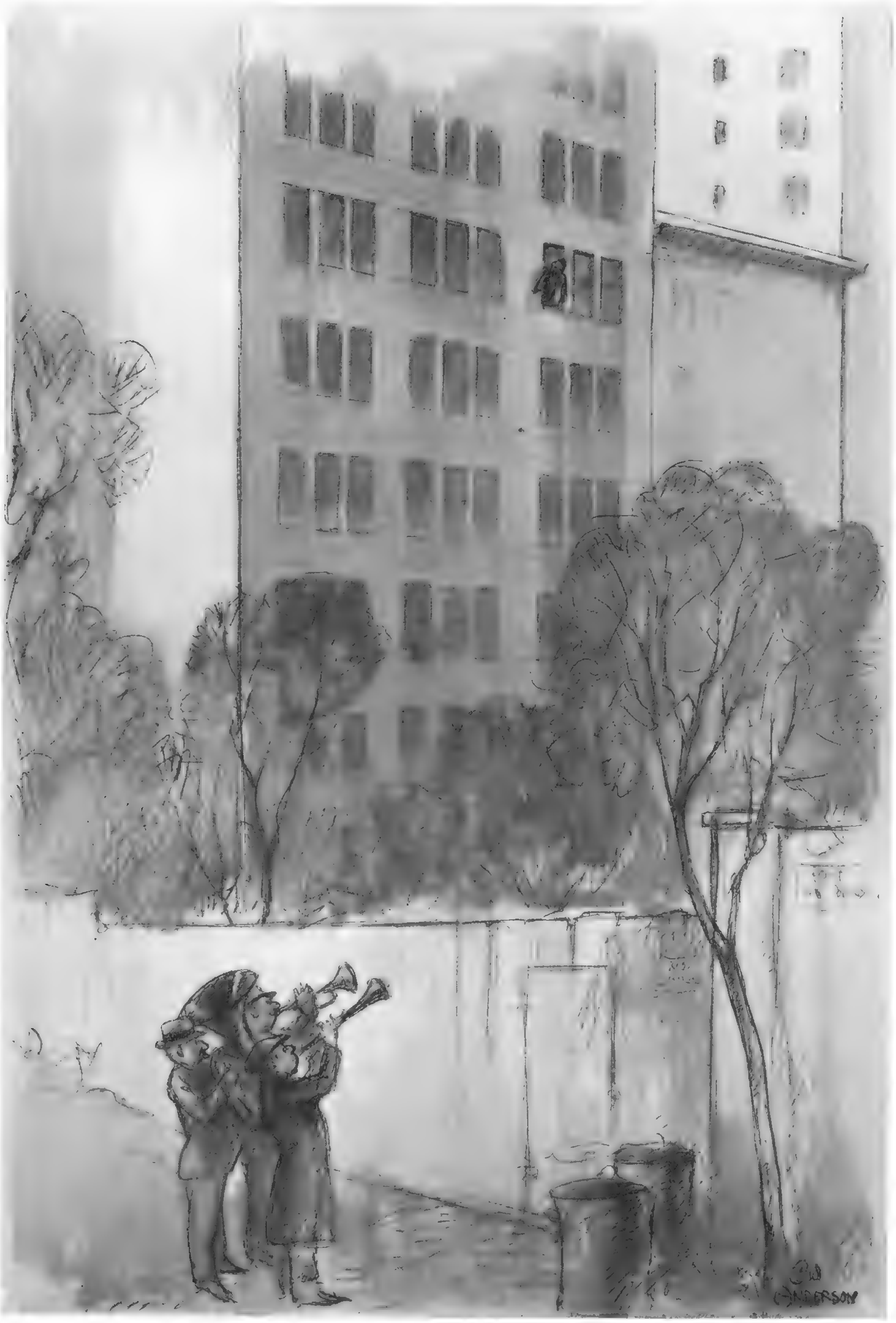
C W ANDERSON

"Could you use a first class piccolo player?"

Man Whose Name Is Steel

An impression of Stalin, who has utilized publicity by the reverse of the usual route

by EMIL LUDWIG

THE surest way to fame is to create a legend about oneself. Of a hundred equally gifted people the one with the best manager becomes a star. Where it is a question of records and points, it is true, more depends upon real achievements, but even horses, fliers and boxers can be pushed by their agents. In the case of film stars and political leaders, a manager is the deciding factor, and the best results are obtained by being one's own manager. If the public reads steadily for a year that Miss M. or Mr. Y. are the greatest in their line, it will believe it, whether these people are soap manufacturers or political leaders. Only one condition must be assumed: they must understand the art of being photographed and interviewed.

Stalin achieved fame by the opposite route. With the utmost skill he succeeded in remaining invisible. As a former journalist Mussolini knew how to tame for his own use, with blows and cajolery, that always a trifle recalcitrant beast of prey, the Press. Stalin has refused to see both newspapermen and diplomats. With the exception of two Americans, I believe Bernard Shaw and myself are the only two authors who have ever spoken to him. Afterwards two European ambassadors, who have represented their countries in Moscow for years, questioned me with great curiosity as to what sort of a person this powerful figure was, whom they had never seen. Even the head of the Soviet Union Press Bureau, in Russia as elsewhere one of the most important officials, was highly excited as he accompanied me to the Kremlin, for this, as he admitted, was the first time he was to see his dreaded lord and master.

This isolation, however, was not developed as a stunt. Stalin's natural misanthropy was cleverly exploited, or rather, his anti-European feeling. Born a Caucasian Asiatic, speaking only Georgian and Russian, and having been rarely and only for a short time in Europe itself, he avoids all people from countries whose languages and customs are unfamiliar to him. Furthermore, a youth consisting of seven or eight banishments, of imprisonment, flight, capture, and flight again does not exactly tend to make a man sociable. Add the fact that every dictator lives under constant threat of attack, because so many lives have been broken by him, and this reserve ceases to be a matter of surprise. On the contrary, one ought rather to be astonished at the open manner in which a man like Mussolini meets strangers.

BEFORE reaching Stalin one must pass rows of walls and sentinels, because he lives in the Tsar's old fortress, high up in the Kremlin, which stands like a fortified hill by the river, in the middle of the gigantic city of Moscow. The Kremlin is actually a small town with many huge buildings, and the romantic wall, with its many towers, which protects it, is the last survival of medieval Russia, and it makes an actually comic contrast to the ultra-modern buildings, rather in the style of the Chicago Exhibition, which the Soviets are erecting. The impression is as paradoxical as that of the old church which stands in Wall Street, overshadowed by towering skyscrapers. In order to complete the illusion of another century, the visitor is confronted along the high walls by rows of cannons, left by Napoleon or captured by him, and stamped with the imperial N.

I HAD read all the familiar brigand stories about Stalin: the pock-marked face which he is afraid to show in public, his wild appearance which terrifies everybody, the man who enters the Kremlin every day by a different door, when he comes from his castle, forty miles outside the city, where he leads a princely life. The truth is, he has never returned to that castle since Lenin lived and died there. Like all Soviet leaders, he lives simply, almost like a peasant, and since the death of his young wife, completely alone. When he comes forward to greet a visitor in his large, bright, whitewashed room, as cold and hygienic as an operating theatre, one does not see a pock-marked or wild-looking face, but a man in his early fifties, who first looks searchingly and mistrustfully, but gradually becomes fatherly, whose most striking characteristic is shyness.

His prejudice against me must certainly have been greater than mine against him, for his conception of the Western author was just as false as most Western authors' conception of him. Furthermore, humor will not draw this man out. Dictators are always humorless. Stalin is not gloomy, but very serious and filled with the deepest scepticism concerning every bourgeois mind. What I think I particularly recognized in him during those two hours was the fanatic. In this respect he is quite different from Trotsky, who speaks three Western languages, spent a great part of his early life in exile outside Russia, knows all our customs, history and literature, and is in general greatly the superior of his opponent Stalin in culture and breadth of vision.

Nevertheless, Stalin now appears to be the right man in the right place. In theory, it is true, and even in practice, the revolution is still going on after sixteen years. But it has now reached a purely cumulative stage, and the marvelous vigor with which Trotsky drove it on would now perhaps be out of place, as compared with the calculating calm which Stalin brings to his office. While the overwhelming part played by technicians in the affairs of the Soviets tends to Westernize them, Stalin the Asiatic stands as a sort of guarantee that they will never become too Western.

When he talks, he expresses himself so precisely and clearly that I could have had every one of his answers printed without altering a single word. He has the clarity of a man who precisely in theory is a fanatic, who permits of no doubts, and believes in Marx as in the Bible; a man, therefore, for whom no intellectual problems exist. Since the world is as it is, since the figures are such and such, population, raw materials, transport and capital, the victory of Marxism follows with mathematical certainty. This remarkable way of thinking logically and, I may add, of feeling, which he learned from the German philosopher Hegel, produces an entirely un-Russian effect.

What, then, is Russian about Stalin? First of all, the head of a man with dark skin, black, heavy eyes, dark, only slightly graying hair, a broad Slavic nose, and big ears, with a dragging, ponderous, thoughtful gait, and finally a restrained and husky voice, which is very becoming to him. There is absolutely nothing terrifying about this man, and although with all his power he could have put me into prison at any moment, my constant feeling was a desire to help him. As everything about him is slow, his outward appearance as well as his life story, so his reactions come slowly. Such people do not make a sudden thrust, but slowly raise a hammer and bring it down with fearful strength on the head of their adversary. Woe betide the person who has ever offended Stalin!

EVERYTHING that partakes of what we call the ideal world is foreign to him. He gives a faint, hostile laugh when one talks to him of fame or immortality. Fate, faith, foreboding—these are jokes to him. He expresses everything in percentages, not merely when he is discussing economic questions. When I asked him how many people believed in the future of the new state, he answered, "eighty-five per cent," with the quiet certainty of a man who is constantly compelled to make decisions by means of figures.

Yet he is obliged to soothe his nerves outwardly. During the two hours he almost never looked directly at his visitor. With a red pencil he continually drew lines and sketches and figures on sheets of paper which he tore one after another from a pad. Although one-half of this pencil was blue, he always used the red end. This was the only

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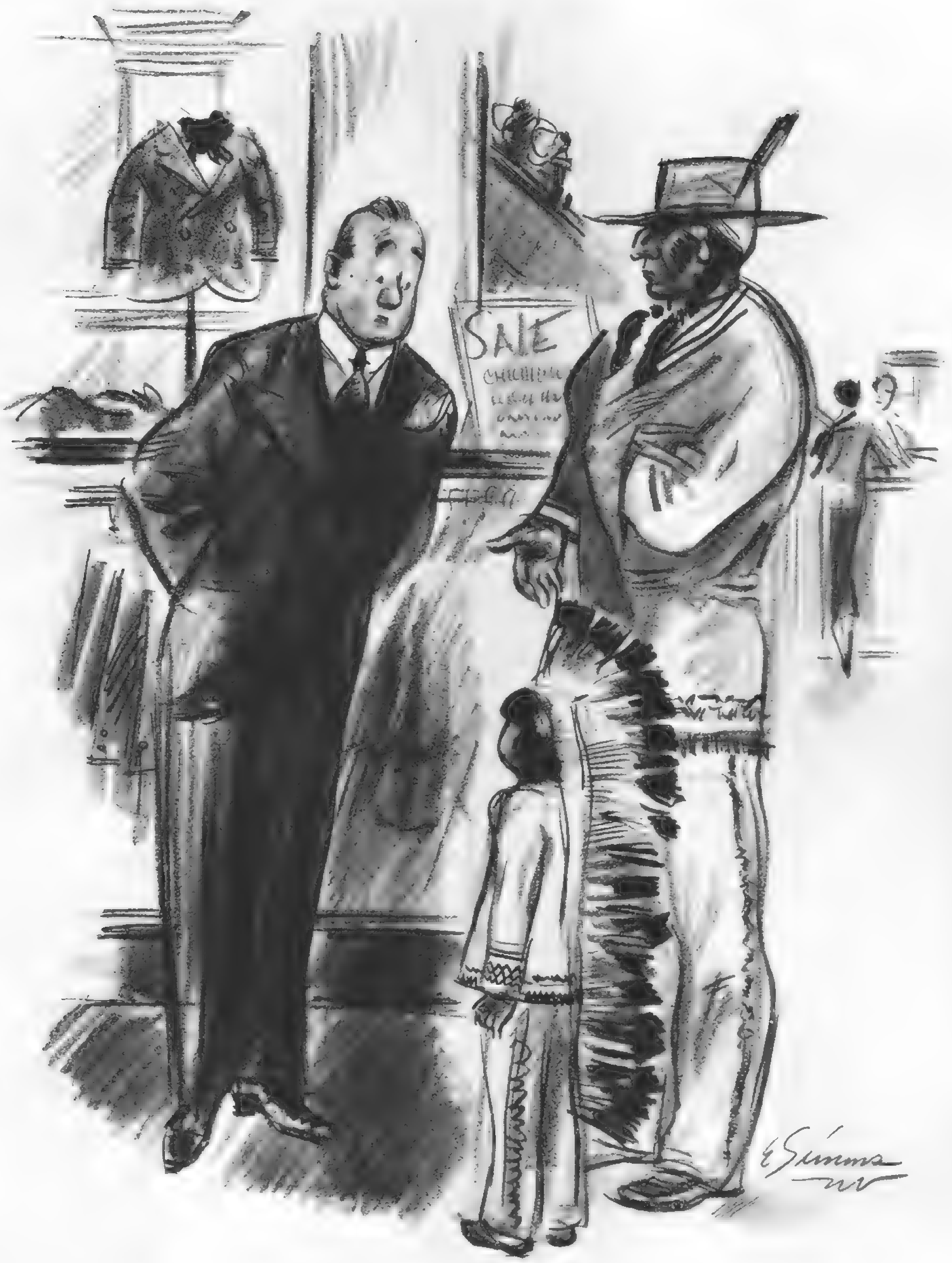

SALE
E. Simms

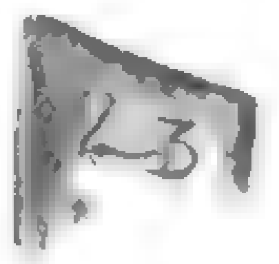
"Ugh—him wantum play suit"

Grim-Visaged War

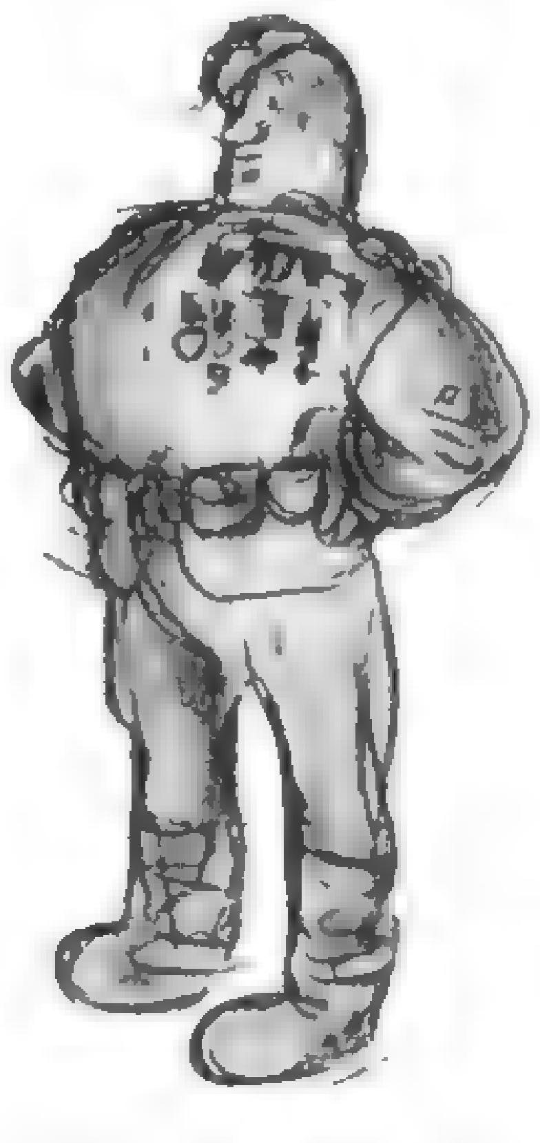
Anecdotes in recollection of certain doughboys who weren't to be impressed by Armageddon

by STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Every so often someone comes along with a lot of reasons why I should write my autobiography. I have not heard, from these occasional kind friends, any good reason. I have written all I want to write about myself, directly or indirectly. It is wholly unimportant, even to myself, what specifically I did or saw in, say, the year 1908. But these rare requests have made me think it fun to run over in memory various unimportances that have strangely persisted, and from whose contemplation I extract a neverfailing relish; and to classify them; and to try to determine why they tickle me so. And from that I have come to see that these things are mostly amusing things, mere anecdotes in a way; and yet they are significant anecdotes, indicative of what sort of a fellow I am, how my head is shaped, what appeals to me. They indicate a trend of collectorship. That is a kind of autobiography.



Take the World War. I was in the thing from the beginning of our participation, in a way. That is, I joined up with a cavalry troop in April; and switched to raising recruits for about the only volunteer regiment, of Field Artillery, permitted before the draft took hold; and trained away like blazes at the dismaying and totally unexpected mathematics for which I had slight aptitude; and went to France; and was detached for all sorts of odd jobs; and so saw a lot of the show from a lot of angles that had only indirectly to do with the actual fighting. Perhaps an account of all that would interest somebody. I doubt it. Even in recollection my small part in the solemn swatting pageantry of historical significance interests me very slightly. Indeed, I'd have to refer to files and letters to recollect it at all. I do not particularly care to take that bother.



But certain things stand out. I really worked hard on that preliminary volunteer job. My acquaintance in the southwest was extensive. In a few weeks with the enthusiastic aid of many friends we had actually signed up a whole battalion, a large proportion of whom were hard-bitten cowboys, rangers, out-of-door old timers. They were good men, who knew as much of army methods and discipline as I did—just about.

One of these, from Arizona, was an expert hunter and trailer; but unfortunately had only one good eye. The other looked all right; but he could see nothing with it. While waiting for his medical examination, he memorized the oculist card, so when the good eye was covered he was able to rattle off the letters glibly. Then the medical officer turned the card over. My recruit was stumped. He walked up to the doctor and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Aw say, doc," he pleaded, "them Germans haven't got them little letters printed all over them!"

I am glad to say this particular medico was a sport, and possessed of common sense. Jim was accepted. And justly so. He could see out of one sound eye more than the average man could with two.

Another boy, living on an outlying ranch far over two ranges of mountains, heard of the enlistments; and also, mistakenly, that they closed at five o'clock the following day. He started out at once, rode all night and all day, and arrived late in the afternoon. Immediately he was sworn in he hunted me up and asked for a leave of absence.

"But you've just joined; how can you expect leave so soon?" I expostulated.

"I'll be right back, cap'n," he pleaded.

"Can't be done. Why do you want to go, anyway?"

"When I came through the Bar X I heerd Bill Jordan had said I was a coward," said he. "I didn't have time to 'tend to him. I want to go back and lick him."

These men learned the formalities of discipline slowly. They realized its essential value; but they did not see the sense of some of it. In training camp it was sometimes my duty to make night rounds of the sentries, not only to see if they were on the job, but also to hear them say their prescribed little lesson:—"Who goes there?" "Friend." "Advance friend and be recognized"—that sort of thing. One sentry serenely permitted me to confront him, and no word said. I chided him, while he stared at me round-eyed.

"Don't you know," I ended my homily, "that you should then say 'Advance friend and be recognized'?"

For the first time he displayed comprehension.

"That's just it, cap'n," he assured me earnestly, "in this yere moonlight I'd already recognized you!"

In France, what with replacement drafts and the like, my southwesterners were scattered far. I found myself on detached duty with a sweet little job on my hands. It so happened I could make French people understand me. So the general in command haled me before him. In fifty-two hours from that moment a new division—about thirty thousand men—was due to arrive from

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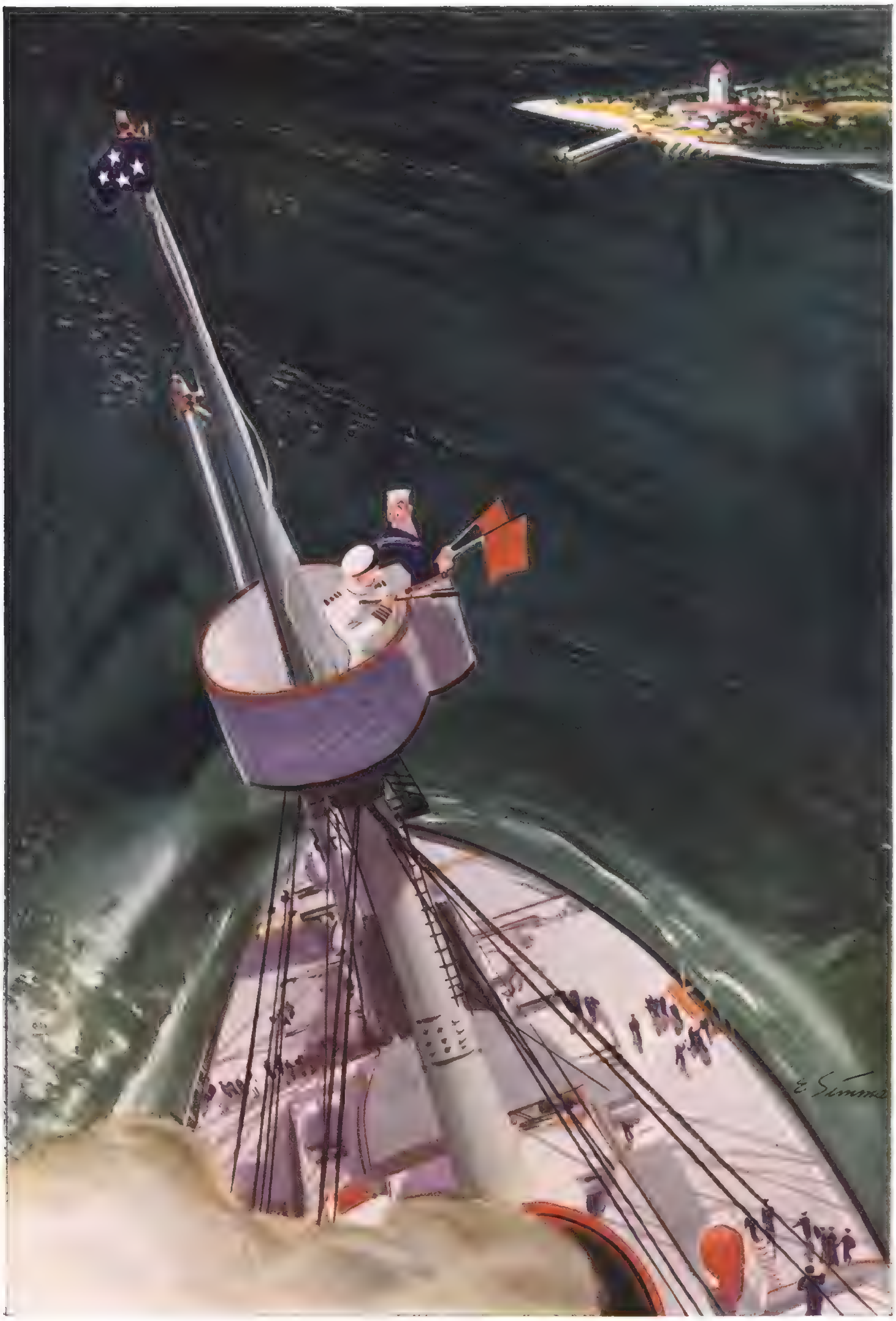
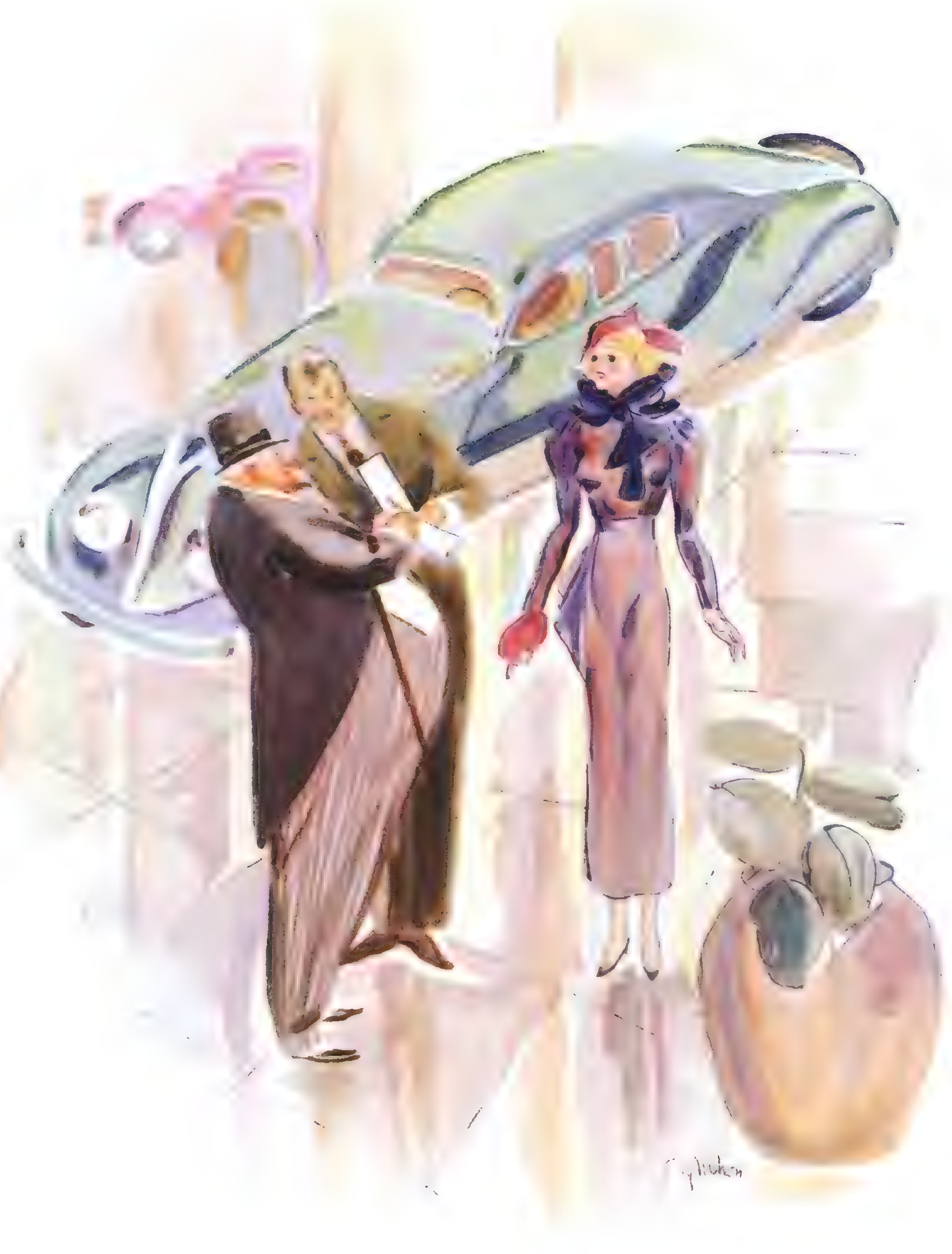


"Tell him to put ten bucks on Happy Gal in the fifth race"



"Well, mama said I could accept a book—or something appropriate"

The Champagne of Thrills

The Bob Run is the scene of the most daring of all sports of international competition

by DECK MORGAN

At the bobsled run the very air is charged with excitement and danger. There are voices which drone out from the giant megaphones at each of the hazardous curves. The noise of tractor engines and shouting voices fills the air with sharp, staccato notes.

"Clear the track . . . they're ready to start . . . Satan at the tape . . . they're off! . . . taking Eyrie Corner high . . . they're in, diving high up close to the rim . . . they're out!"

Far up the track you see the bob flying down, the four members of the crew bobbing in rhythmic unison—a feat reminiscent of crew racing in a shell. You stand at one of the turns and watch the sleds take the iced curves with geysers of snow which spew up behind as the runners cut through the ice. Some of the bobs have conical hoods and resemble nothing more closely than the fantastic rockets fashioned for the journey to Mars. All of them are as minutely fashioned as streamlined racing cars. Some of the teams wear heathenish red masks and hand-guards which are gruesome and warlike in appearance. A sign with monolithic letters greets your eye. *All persons using this bob run do so at their own risk.* The talk is of "cheating Scylla" and "eluding Charybdis," the same esoteric chat which comes after indulging in the incomparable sport of skeleton riding on the Cresta at St. Moritz.

The tiniest schoolboy knows that Scylla was a six-headed, twelve-armed she-monster, surrounded by barking dogs, living on a promontory on the Italian side of the Straits of Messina, closely opposite to Charybdis, a whirlpool on the coast of Sicily. The dangers which this pair of feminine monstrosities presented to sailboats make schoolboys' prattle. Hence arises the cheerless presence of Scylla and Charybdis in modern bobsleigh racing, the most thrilling and daring of all sports of international amateur competition. Kaye Don, who has become England's perennial challenger on the international scene of speed contests, who has raced all contrivances for speed, rates the thrill of bobsledding first.

This is an expatriate American sport which attained its majority on the bob runs of the Alps, and came back three years ago to the country of its origin and home of the present Olympic bobsleigh champions.

The pet names, Scylla and Charybdis, are to bobsled racing as a Beecher's Brook to steeplechasing—in each case, hazards on the racing course where sportsmen are most likely to come to grief. Each commands equal respect from its following, and is the object of esoteric talk which transcends the spectator's point of view.

The mariner had his choice between the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis. The bobsled racer accepts them both, one after the other, high-banked curves of glare ice in the shape of the letter S, where the danger of a spill increases in geometrical progression with every additional mile per hour that he adds to his pace.

Vividly do I recall the christening of Scylla and Charybdis on the Olympic bob run at Lake Placid where the world championships were won by the Americans in the four-man and two-man events. It occurred during the running of the first North American championships, when this sport on a racing course of international specifications was introduced to the American continent for the first time. The Mt. Van Hoevenberg run was built to accommodate the sledding events of the 1932 Olympic Winter Games. The track was lightning-fast this day. At the Zig Zag turn we had seen a German crew spill coming out of the "S" curve, crashing into the succeeding snow bank at express train speed. Baron Walther von Mumm was the driver.

The members of the team were tossed up in air but miraculously escaped hurt, and finished the race. But in the hut at the summit of the mountain the racing crews awaiting their turns endured moments of awful suspense. Was the track too fast? Should they brake before the curves to cut down their speed to a point of probable safety?

During these moments of repressed excitement a silver flask, a trophy engraved with titles descriptive of races won on the bob runs abroad, dropped on the trip up the mountain, was returned to its owner before the fire. There were engraved on it, we noted, the familiar names Schreiberhau, St. Moritz, Engelberg and Caux, but an additional pair of names had been rudely cut into the surface, with appropriate notches on the edge in the manner of Jesse James: Scylla and Charybdis, 1928. The owner of this unique trophy had come to grief between Scylla and Charybdis on the Cresta skeleton run, and added to the record of his victories that of a head-splitting spill.

Fingering this curious memento, the racers laughed aloud, a release from the tension of the moment. The crews began to indulge in the technical talk of racing which, to a novice, was like an initiation to a grotesque order. "The Baron caught his foot in the steering-gear, and capsized. . . . Only six, they say, rode the Cresta skeleton run last season . . . the Roumanian team came to grief and the driver was scalped."

The talk had veered to that specialized and hazardous sport, skeleton riding, when the voice of the announcer in the telephone box began to drone with a ceaseless monotone: "Hubert Stevens spilled coming out of the Zig Zag curve . . . crew hurt . . . get some men down there quickly to repair the ice."

The crews were breathlessly silent now. The silence endured until a Swiss, smiling, said: "Scylla is at her tricks again."

The others frowned. "They tried to fight the curve. She tossed them into the whirlpool of Charybdis."

Zig and Zag. Scylla and Charybdis.

Straightway controversy regarding these spills raged in the heated box perched on the summit of the mountain—the same controversy which endures in the Bobsleigh Club at St. Moritz, at other celebrated runs, among retired Indian colonels, barons and kings, and American winter sportsmen who search for vicarious and active thrills in this daring sport. There are those who insist that the skill and experience of a bob crew, and especially the skill of the driver in mastering the tricks of the separate corners, minimizes the likelihood of spills in these treacherous curves. There are those who say with frankness that one may become too preoccupied with bob racing mechanics and come to grief in this absurd but intently practical state of mind. The two classic spills of the German Olympic crews in 1932 emphasized this point.

Then there are those who insist that in a correctly engineered run there are laws of dynamics which carry you through the curves, at times almost wrenching the wheel from your hands—inexorable Force with the wily tricks of she-monsters. But there seems little question that one may learn the tricks of each corner with practice, by following the easement curves, both entering and leaving the central part of the curve. Yellow, red and blue discs on the rim of the ice emphasize these salient points of attack.

The sporting angle of this game is enhanced by the fact that the world championships are decided in an orderly fashion

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Women—How to Break and Train

Fanciers wishing to graduate from dogs to women will appreciate this handbook on man's two-legged pets

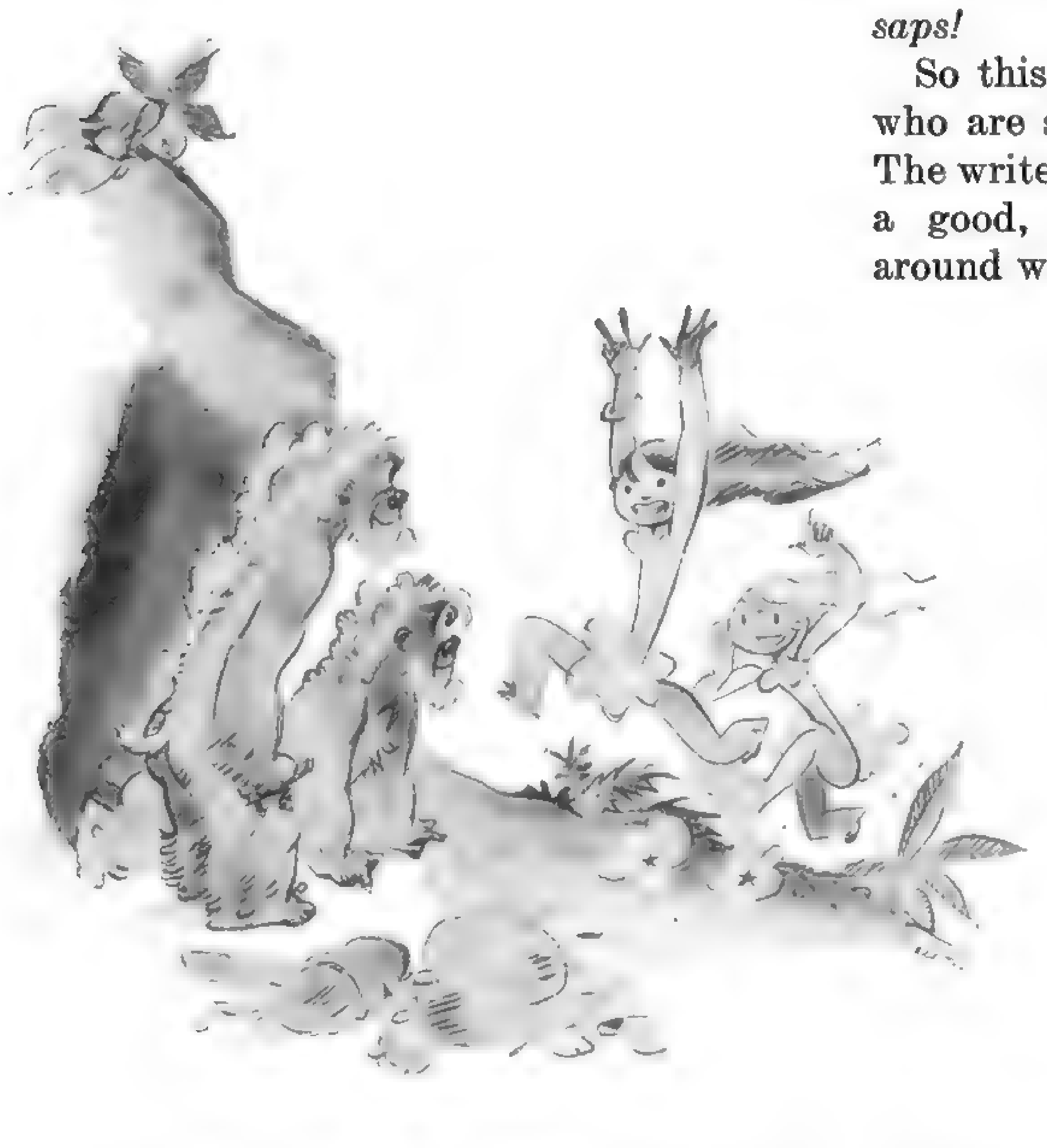
by ALBERT M. TREYNOR

For many generations there has been a crying need for a handbook, written in plain English, telling men how to handle and domesticate and get along with their little two-legged friends, women.

In the world today there are more than a billion women, mostly in the making or on the make. They range in color and size and habits from tiny, easy-going frails who are fitted only for fondling, on up to the great-hearted rovers of our city canyons, who rescue stranded traveling men.

From humble and modest beginnings, luckily, women have now spread into every inhabited country. So plentiful and freely obtainable have they become, in fact, that there are now more than enough to go around. And more than enough of them do.

To understand and appreciate our little dumb friends, let us take up the subject in a sensible and orderly way and try to find out what it is all about.



Let us step back for a moment into the world's history. Let us go down into the lower paleolithic age. The original females appeared on the scene soon after the fourth glacial period. And there on the spot the first of the true men were waiting to give them the works.

The ancient record begins with the famous Cro-Magnon girl. She was found in a grotto in France alongside the fossils of a man. Some beads were scattered about, and shattered stone jugs and implements of the hunt. The young woman's ribs were kicked in and the man had had his fossils broken.

What happened in that cave some fifty thousand years ago? The anthropologists are still trying to guess. All they can say so far is, the She's are tough to tame.

Where did man pick up his first woman? Why? Which of the sexes thought up this idea of matrimony? Hey now! Are you asking me? All I know is that marriage is like the view from the insane asylum window: you've got to be crazy to enjoy it.

Therefore we touch but cautiously upon the beginnings of things. Women probably came in from the wilds and began hanging around the caves. In the days when men were fur-bearers and needed no mending done. Presumably, then, it all started in the spirit of play. And then things began to get rowdy. Hence, civilization.

You'd think that in fifty thousand years men would have learned something of these creatures whom they have fetched in from out of doors. But have they learned anything? These wise guys who call themselves *homo sapiens?*

Well, I simply ask you. The poor *homo saps!*

So this treatise is offered for those of us who are still groping and feeling our way. The writer is no bookish theorist. He is just a good, practical, rough-and-ready, all-around woman man.

In that which follows he will deal with methods that have got excellent results, not only in breaking and training women, but in their care, grooming, feeding, shipping and showing.

Fortunately, there are many types of women to choose from. A few of the more important, mentioned in order, are:

Show types, working, sporting, toy, great dames, lap setters, mixed breeds and broads.

Are you, or do you wish to become, a woman fancier?

Let us say "yes," because that is the answer.

Suppose you were an Eskimo up there all alone, fishing through a hole in the ice. Or suppose you resided in the Bronx, where they're as thick as raspberries. Or suppose you lived on a South Sea island, and hadn't seen a woman in twenty-five years. And then a nifty little grass skirt came a'swishing down the beach? How about that? *Aloha,* my friend, *aloha!*

That was an easy one to settle, wasn't it? We hope you never regret your decision. In all the animal kingdom there is no more satisfactory comrade and pal than a clean, alert, playful, sagacious, well-behaved woman.

You will want one, no doubt, for your very own. What kind or kinds do you have a leaning towards?

You'll have to consult your own preferences—not only your tastes and habits, but your health, physique, inhibitions, your native weaknesses, and how much your bank will let you have on your collateral.

It is better for the beginner to start with but one. Even if you should decide to branch out a little, it is more comfortable to have but one at a time. Or, if you have big notions and ambitions, we will have something to say later about how sailors have learned to circumnavigate the globe with only their compass to keep them from harm.

Before you make your choice, it will be well to familiarize yourself with some of the more popular varieties.

SHOW TYPE

Man's selective crossing has so developed this beautiful hybrid that the utilitarian qualities have been almost wholly sacrificed for a handsome and elegant appearance.

The points of the international grand champion may be accepted as standard. To wit:

Head: Perfectly level, whether it is 3 P. M. or 3 A. M.

Coat: Plenty of fur, mink, sable, silver fox, ermine. The more she can get the higher she rates.

Eyes: Heavily beaded and on the lookout.

Teeth: She brushes them twice daily, and sees her dentist, or somebody, every night.

Gait: No rickets, but plenty of rackets.

Neck: A less ready necker than many other types, but the neck should be present.

Legs: And how!

Disposition: Ornery.

I do not wish to influence you. If you just won't be satisfied without one of these mammas, that's all right with me.

Bill Tucker, one of the most out-and-out fanciers I know of, picked one right out of

LAWYER
BUTTER & EGG MAN
DOCT

the back line in the Frolics. Like the French, she was a gay people, fond of dancing and light wines. And she never let her debts worry her.

In stance and physique, she was considerably more than 100%. The judges at the show gave her the run-around and felt her muscles. So did the lawyers and the doctors and the butter and egg men. And they all gave her a prize.

But need we go into any more of this? As long as you don't know Bill Tucker, let's all be cheerful.

SPORTING TYPE

Outdoor and Indoor. A fancy, fast-stepping creature, deservedly popular with sportsmen. Not docile, but gifted with a clean sense of fun.

The established characteristics are:

Height: There is a wide latitude. Only see that she is racy and reachy and well up in the pastern.

Anatomy: Flat-sided rather than sprung. Fiddle fronts are to be discarded.

Flews: Permissible, but the more discriminating do not go in for flewsies.

Coloration: All colors eligible, from a warm sun tan to the heaviest of midnight rouge.

General characteristics: Strong, well-formed hands for gripping the mashie or tennis racket, and a good, firm bend to the drinking arm.

It is wonderful what some of them can get away with and still keep their amateur standing.

In the olden days many fanciers held that a single one of this type was enough. But in these modern times of fast and feverish living, your humane sportsman has two—one to bat a ball around with all day, and the other just to bat around with at night.

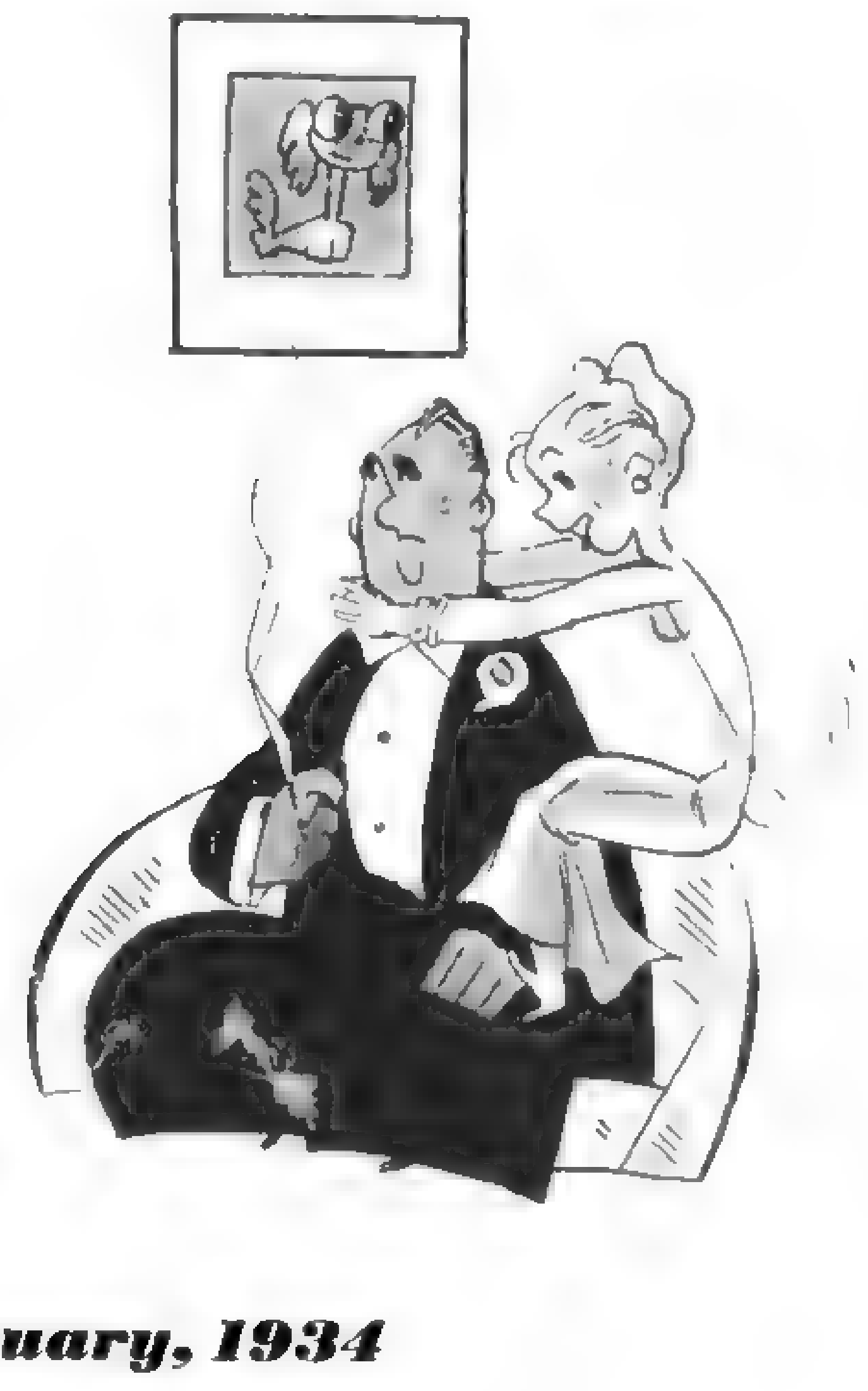
TOYS

There are two distinct phases of this variety—the true toys and the would-be's. The pure-breds are small and frisky and silky to the touch. The would-be's run more to avoirdupois, and are still trying to play around on a broken archness. All of them have a great willingness to be made much of, and may be picked up with impunity. Unfitted for work, but fine for a work-out. The better ones have a good, firm stop.

General characteristics: Compact, neither stilty nor cloddy, lively, merry, amusing. Marvelous "yessers."

Faults: Too easily stolen.

The lap-setters, strictly speaking, belong in this class. These little creatures are extremely gentle and affectionate.



Their distinguishing points are:

Body: Supple and prehensile for climbing and clinging, with a pronounced tuck-up.

Traits: Sociable. They adapt themselves to almost anybody.

Posture and action: Simply scandalous.

Feet: This type, like ladders, are safer when they have both feet on the ground.

I have an old friend named Cotton Mather who picked up one of these snappy little yap-yaps in a drug store. He had been around a good many years, and she was about nineteen. She was a pleasing youngster, but after a while he got to be a bit enervated. He kept saying to himself "What am I going to do to keep this wren out of my lap?" He didn't like to cuff her down, so he learned to play the banjo.

WORKING TYPE
(Rough and Smooth)

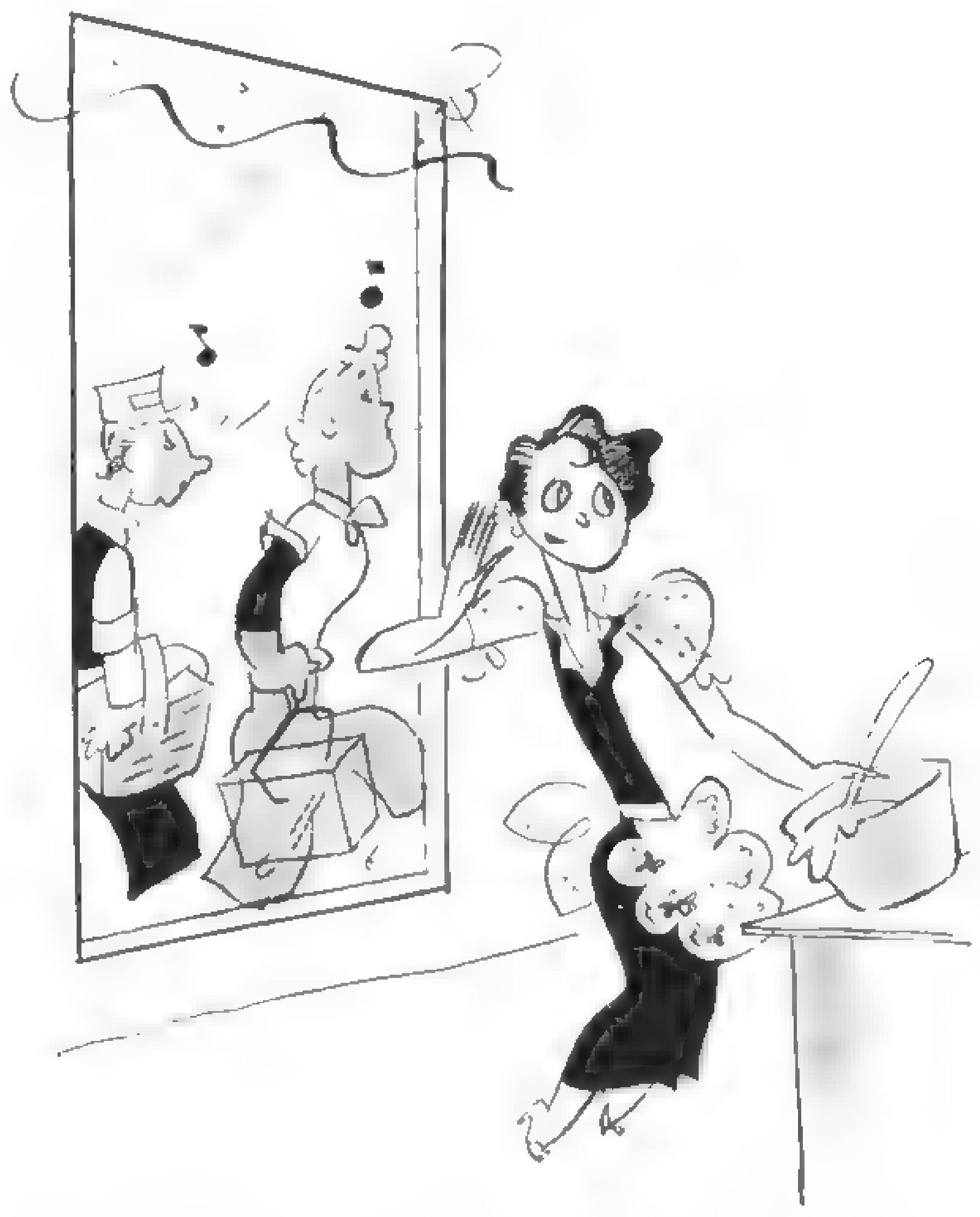
If you love your home and the old house slippers, try this one. A hardy, rugged in-and-outer with lots of stamina and bottom. Probably the root stock from whence all other varieties sprang.

Nice and friendly to have around. Soon learns to know your whistle and footstep and voice over the telephone. Either she waits up for you nights, or she comes and gets you.

In the good old days she used to hoe the corn and make up the Johnny cake. Some of them still knit and darn. "Squaw type." Some of them sit still and damn. "Squawk type."

She is strictly a one-guy gal.

Her main drawback is, she sometimes gets confused as to which is the guy.



I know a chap in the suburbs who kept one in his kitchen. But one day she chased off after the ice man, and never came back. This fellow tried a second, a third, a fourth, and so on, and lost them all by the same ice route. Nothing daunted, my friend then put in an automatic refrigerator.

A collateral species of the above genus or breed is the noctambulists, or night-workers. These are the broads. They are adventuresome and hate being tied up at home, and are found in numbers upon our broad highways.

Broads, broadly speaking, do not care to be called broads. I knew a splendid fellow who met one down at the Cunard dock. He said, "I just found out you were abroad," and she knocked him into the North River.

* * *

You've now seen some of the commoner types. Have you seen something you would like to go after? If not, you must be a silly old anchorite.

An anchorite is somebody who just anchors himself to one spot and waits to be tempted. But that method was exploded long ago by some of the old time monks and hermit crabs. If there's any tempting to be done, you want to do it yourself and do it first. Your best defense with women is to be good and offensive.

We will now say that you have gone ahead and picked your woman. Did you take the one who fell all over you as soon as she found out you were a man, or her little sister who backed into a corner and showed her teeth? Or did you just shut your eyes and grab? Well, anyhow, it was a good gamble, win, lose or draw.

If she seems timid or gunshy, you may have to marry her. That gives her confidence, at first, in your good intentions.

However, don't be too big-hearted about it. The first thing you know a lot of other women will want you to marry them too.

I know of a poor son-of-a-gun who tried to make a regular fellow of himself. He just couldn't say "no." Luckily he found out that a law had been passed to protect us men from our own generous impulses. It prohibits too many women from taking up quarters with you at one and the same time. So this guy had about nine-tenths of his wives arrested for bigamy.

Some say it is advisable to get 'em young. While we are on this subject, don't let your own age worry you. A man is as young as the girls he can get.

When you have picked yours and brought her home, this is the critical hour. So much depends on first impressions.

Do you want to be her god?

Yeah? O. K.

Remember, she's probably all nervous and embarrassed. Or if she isn't, she ought to be. Don't do anything sudden or violent, and the chances are she'll soon be getting familiar with her new environment. And with you, too, I'll bet.

She may be tired or hungry or starving for affection. Or maybe the men on the train forgot to give her a drink. Brakemen and baggagemen and travelers in general are thoughtless scoundrels, if not actually abusive. I know of a girl who came all the way from Frisco to New York, and was never even accosted.

So begin by thinking of her comforts. See what you can do to make her happy. I mean without buying anything. You'll get around to that presently, without thinking up the idea yourself.

Get a license and have her registered somewhere. Then, if she strays, maybe the finder will bring her back. I heard of one who went A. W. O. L. for eighteen months. Some dishonest fancier must have tied her up, because when she came back she was wearing a platinum chain.

In buying your license, be careful that you get the right kind. Take the couple from Bronxville who went for a honeymoon at Niagara Falls.

"Wait a minute," said the clerk, as they started to register, "this says for fishing."

"Not really?" said the bridegroom, a trifle fussed.

"I better call the house dick," decided the clerk.

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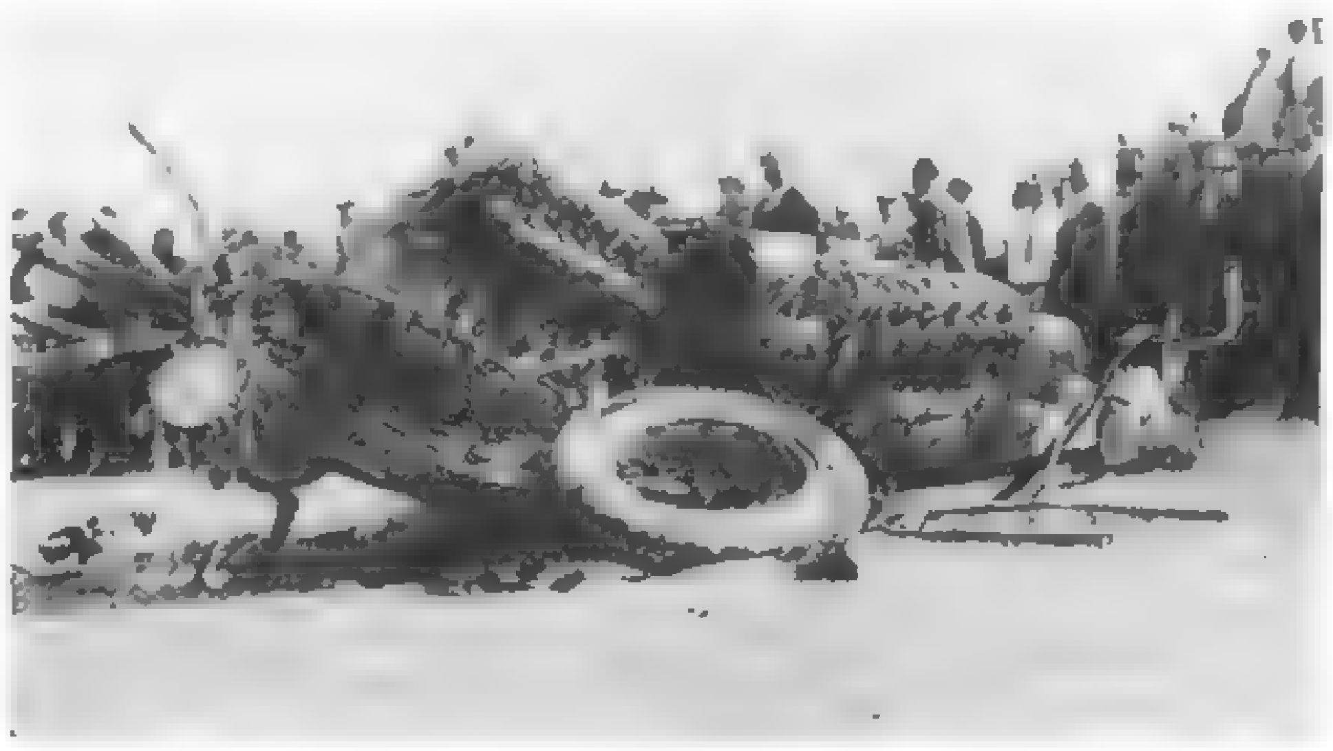
One Way to Die

Presenting a few reasons why only one man survives of four who topped 200 M.P.H. at Daytona

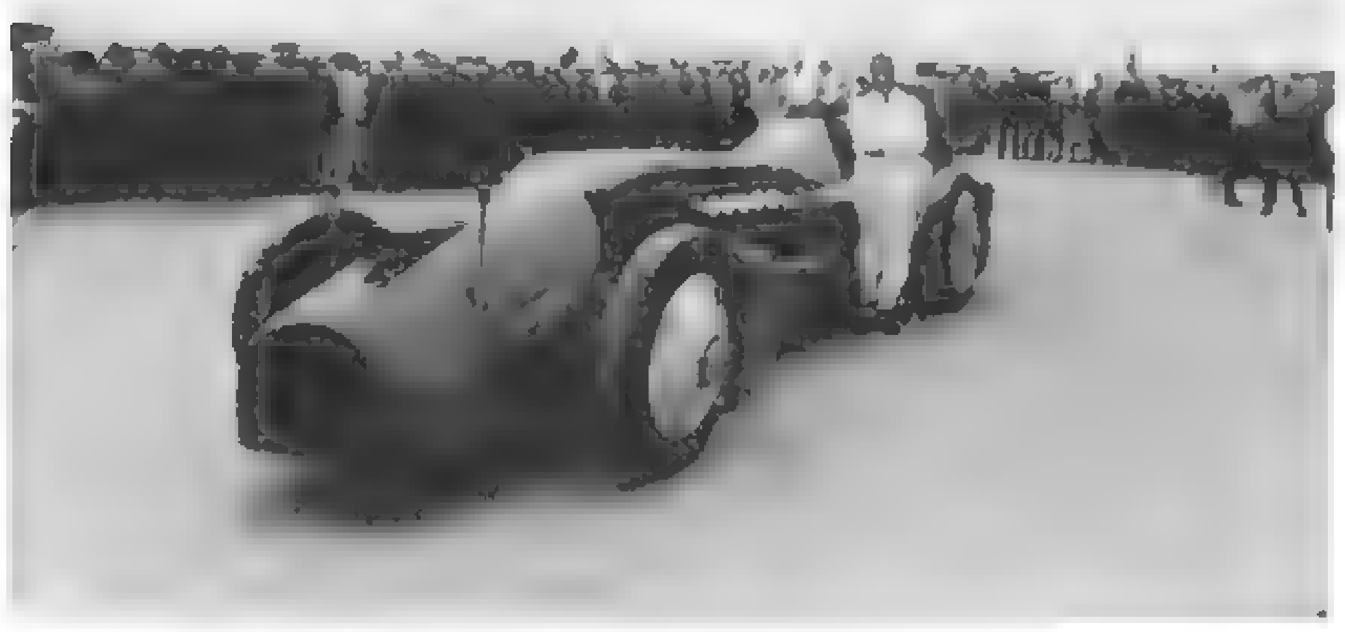
by ARTHUR SHUMWAY

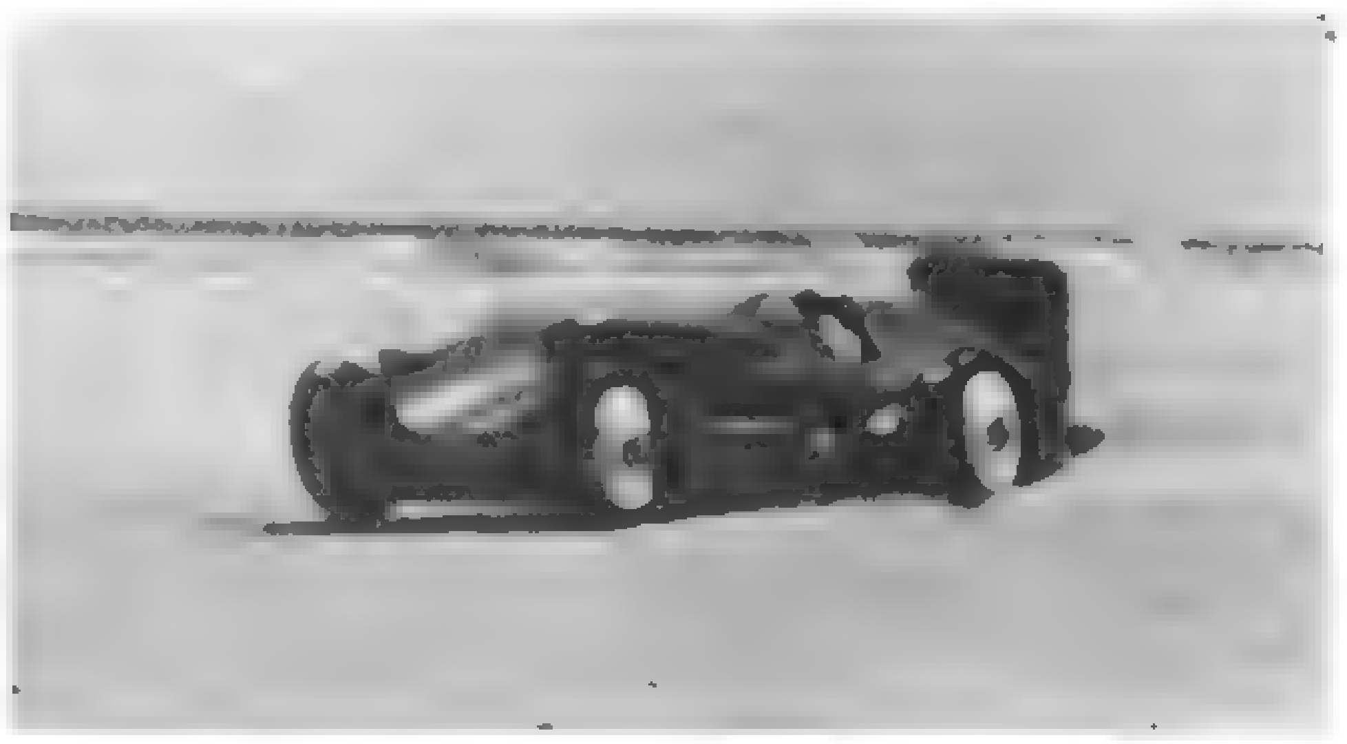
Mr. Ernest Hemingway, who likes to write of violent death and violent sport, would do well to leave his marlin-fishing at Key West and come up here to Daytona Beach for an introduction to one way to die for the sake of sport that has more drama and more material usefulness than his beloved bullfighting. There is a beach here that is twenty miles long, smooth, nearly as hard as asphalt, and at low tide is 500 feet wide. Thirty years ago a brave soul in a bowler hat decided that it was an excellent place to give a horseless carriage its head and see what would happen. The car, with its builder, Alexander Winton, at the wheel, did nearly 69 miles an hour. Last winter a squinty, thin-lipped little Scot named Sir Malcolm Campbell drove the course at 272 miles an hour. He is now planning to return and break 300 or his neck.



Campbell is the only man alive today who has driven faster than 200 miles an hour, but if you came here and wanted to try becoming the second you would have some sport. In the small cockpit of a thirty-foot projectile on wheels (costing at least $100,000), you would start roaring down a tawny strip of hard sand that seemed always about to converge to nothing a few feet ahead.

On one side the Atlantic ocean and a row of marking flags to keep you out of the ocean would become a white blur; on the other side a ridge of soft sand would travel with you to remind you of its threat. You would shift into high gear at almost 200 miles an hour. The beach ahead would become a dark barrier and your vision would travel gradually forward to about a quarter of a mile, where it would remain. Long undulations in the apparently smooth beach would pitch your screaming car off the ground, bump it off its course, agitate your liver. You would do some desperate steering, cynically conscious that by the time you had seen a hazard and started to swerve the car you would be two or three hundred feet farther ahead. That knowledge is disturbing.





ALL PHOTOS BY LESESNE, DAYTONA BEACH

You would keep bearing down on the throttle for four miles and then, in front of the grandstand, you would know that the time had come. The record mile. How hard you would step on the pedal and how long you would leave it down would be your own affair. Perhaps you would hit a strip of moist sand; your car would jerk and you would pitch forward upon the steering wheel. That would be a bad split second.

Then, once beyond the last post of the record mile you would begin to slow down. A good way of committing suicide is to take the foot quickly off the throttle. Automobiles are funny that way when traveling nearly five miles a minute. That is why the course is nine miles long; four miles to gain speed, one mile for a record and four miles to stop in.

At the end of the course when your car coughed to an easy coast and stopped and your mechanics helped you from the cockpit, you would pry your sweaty hands off the wheel, look around vaguely and gratefully, and would tell yourself that you had been somewhere. All you would have to do then would be to drive back, for the international speed trials are a two-way proposition.

Personally, I hope Mr. Hemingway is not tempted by this description. I like his books. He would have more real fun perched on the sand ridge with thousands of others watching the race, cheering Sir Malcolm, whose hobby is the insurance business and whose job is racing.

That Sir Malcolm is the only survivor of the 200-miles-an-hour men is not his fault. That he is alive at all is not his fault. Speed is in him. It has been in him since he began racing, on a motorcycle, in England in 1905. He began racing automobiles a few years later and in 1909 built and flew his first airplane. In 1914 he went to war and was on the active list until the Armistice, retiring as a captain in the Royal Flying Corps. Since then he has been racing in all parts of the world. He broke the first record of his fellow Briton, Sir Henry O'Neill Dehane Segrave, in 1928 with 207.98 m.p.h. In 1931 he returned and topped Segrave's new time, 231.36 m.p.h., with 253.96 m.p.h. And last February he drove his powerful Bluebird 272 miles an hour, with one wrist useless from a sprain, and sailed home dissatisfied that he had not yet made his objective, 300 miles an hour.

That ride last year was the worst in his life. When he reached the end of the course he was white and dazed. He looked like a badly frightened man. Usually he has a grip on himself that makes other racers, and probably neurologists, sigh and scratch their heads. He sat in the cockpit, helpless, his eyes staring, until his mechanics swarmed about, shouting "Good old skipper!" They had to lift him from the car and walk him up and down the beach for several minutes as they might a drunken man. His left arm hung limp. He had sprained the wrist earlier in his tests and had injured it again shifting gears during this record run. For most of the race he had driven with his right hand over a beach few drivers would have dared use. The car had tossed and swerved like a speedboat in a rough sea. Once it had jumped for at least twenty feet. The tires of these beach racing cars usually look as good as new after a run; Campbell's were slashed and gouged.

Driving such a race feels, he said, "like waiting an interminable time for something dreadful to happen and expecting all that time that it will." The few seconds of the record mile are "a hell of an age. It's like the worst moments in boxing. How those seconds before the gong can drag!" Yet the car travels at almost 115 yards a second.

Well, he should know. His face is drawn and lined from living under high tension. It has become sharp and grim. His cold blue eyes show that he should know. Strain and wind have cut crowsfeet about them, have given him a squint and a wrinkled forehead. But he has won much glory, including his knighthood, he has made much money and he is still alive to race.

Racing killed his three brethren of the 200-miles-an-hour men. The first to die was Frank Lockhart, the shy, pleasant American boy who dreamed of building terrifically

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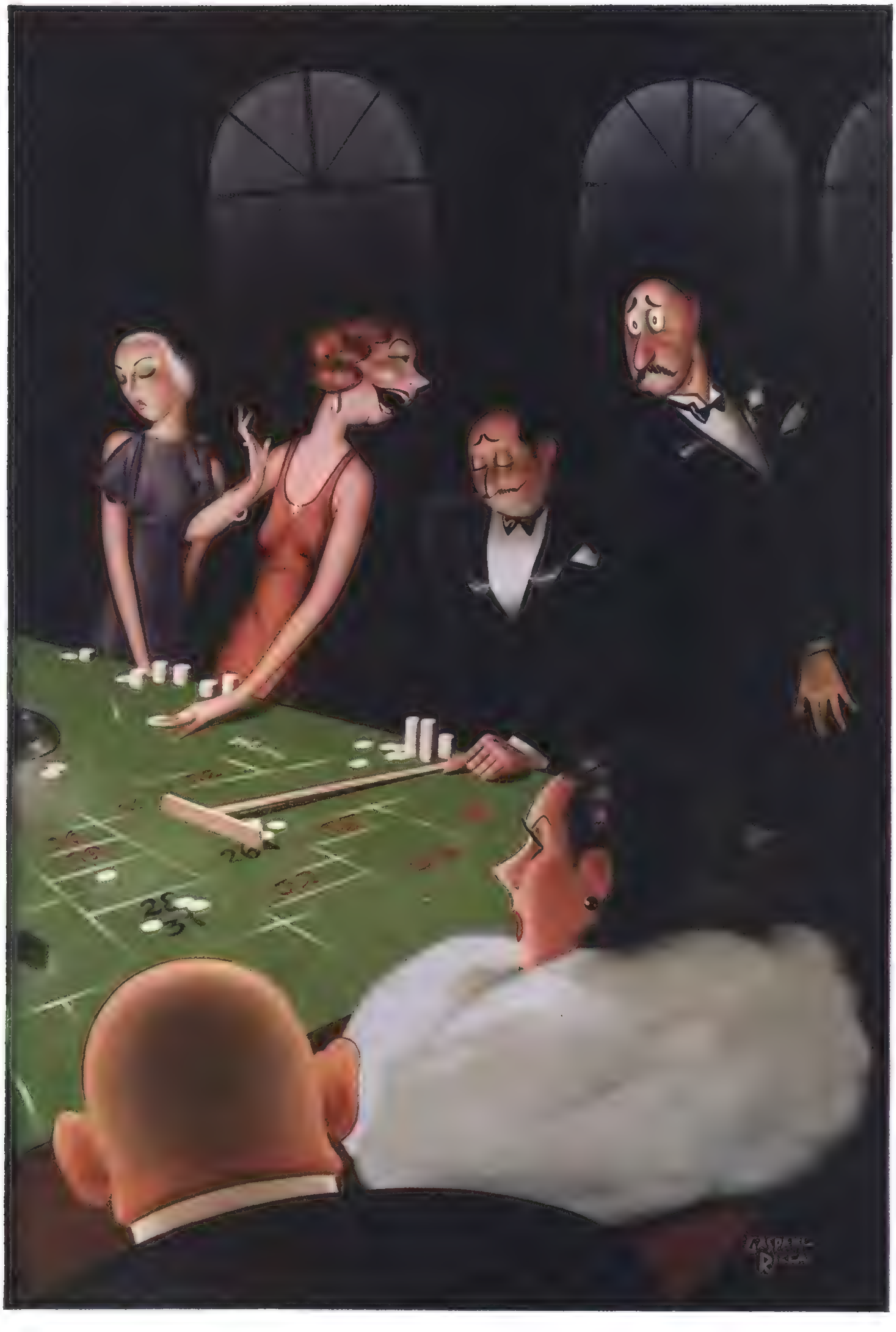
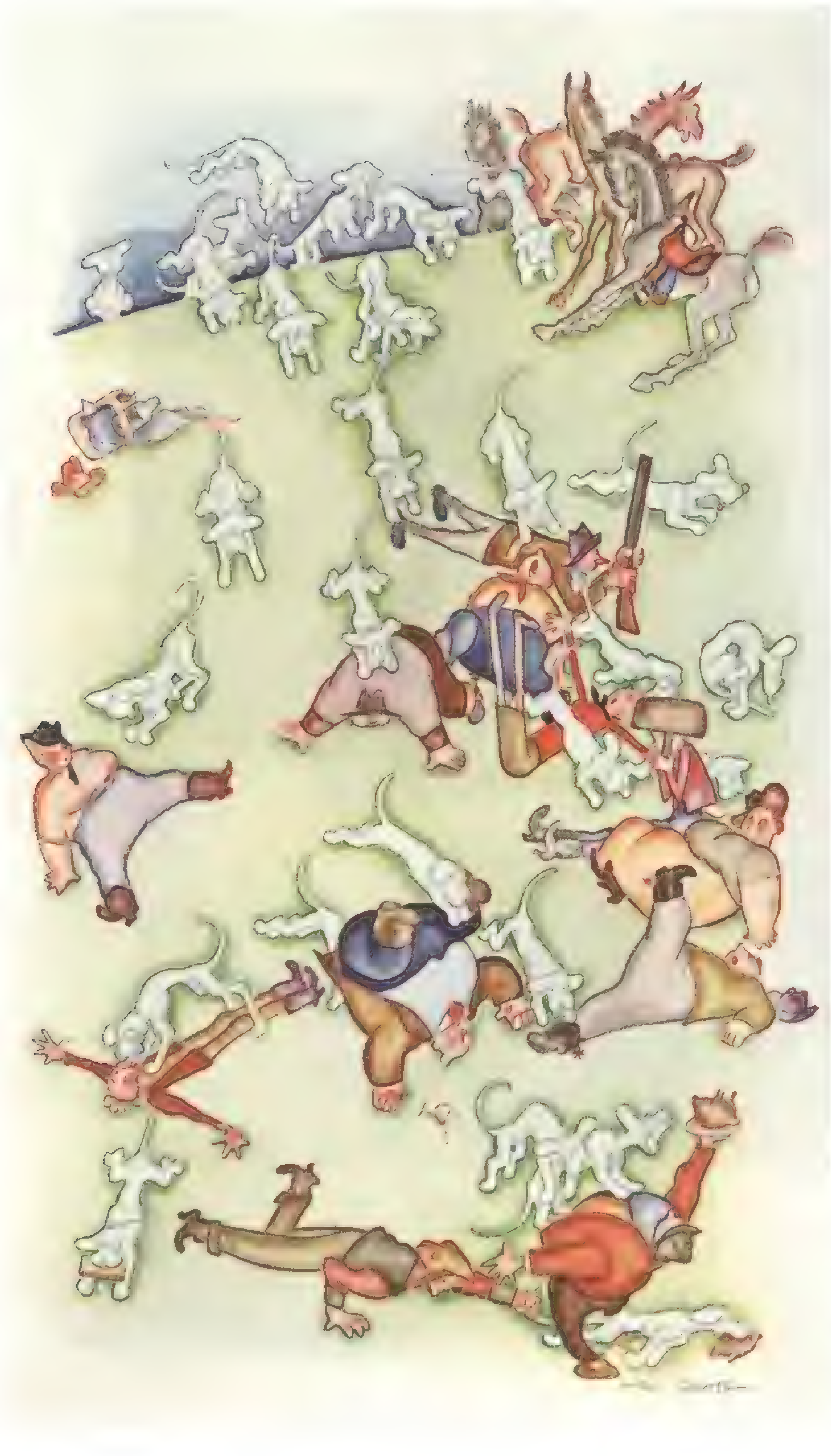


"You just lost $10,000 more, Atkins"

Yonder's Henry!

A slightly befuddled account of a completely cockeyed hunt, starring Henry, a foxy hound

by THORNE SMITH



His question so upset me I put down my drink untasted.

Albert was like that. Upsetting. Years ago I had gone to school with Albert. He had been upsetting then—a sort of experimental liar indefatigable in his efforts to plumb the depths of human credulity. Fifteen years in the discard that had been. Now fate had returned Albert—Albert Green—to my side. In a little bar in a little town in the large state of Texas we had been celebrating all morning. I now wonder why. In his charmingly casual manner Albert had just inquired if I cared to go fox hunting. He had added modestly that he lived in this state of Texas together with a population composed almost entirely of foxes. The first part of this statement might just possibly be true. I'm inclined to believe it is. He seemed to be living in Texas. It would take a big, strong state like Texas to stand for Albert. He would have upset any normal state just as he upset me. At the moment he was more interested in upsetting a lot of foxes.

I asked him a frank question. "Albert," I asked him, "do I bear on my face the stamp of a man consumed with a secret passion for foxes?"

"Don't have to be passionate about foxes, just to hunt 'em," he replied. "In fact, you can hate foxes."

I stopped to consider exactly where I stood about foxes. It surprised me to discover that I had no strong feelings either for or against foxes. Years ago I had heard something about a fox mentioned in connection with a bunch of grapes. Since that time, however, foxes had gone their way and I had gone mine. Our paths had never crossed. I saw no reason why they should.

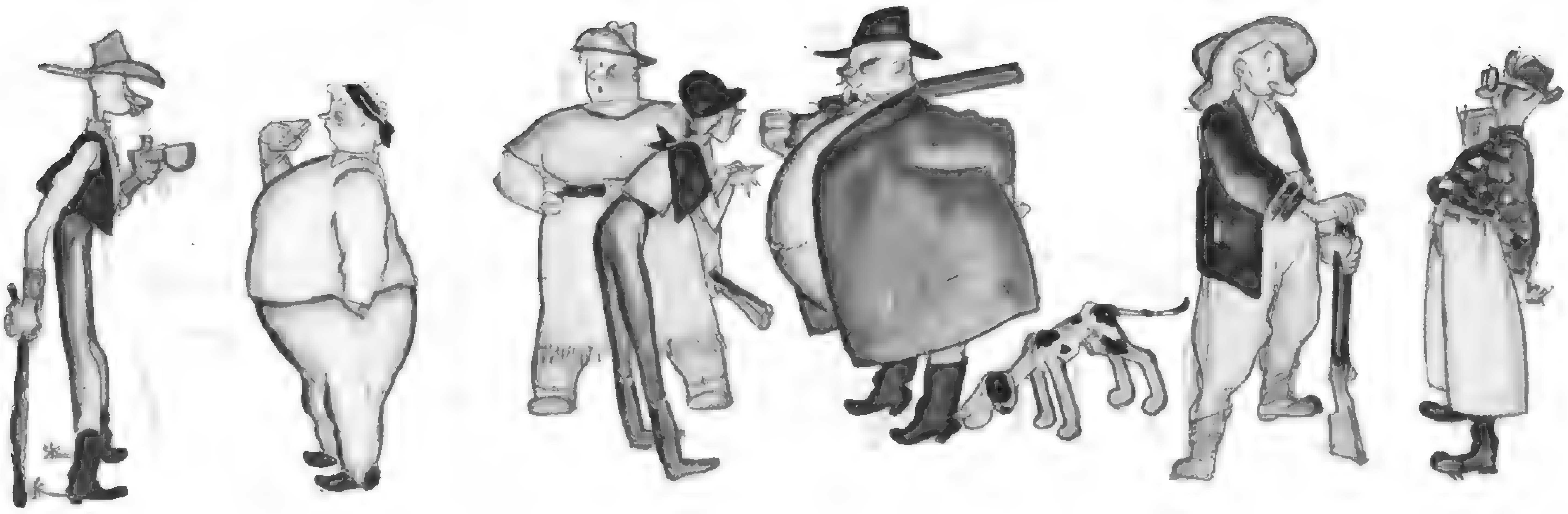
"We'll waive that part of it," I said with befitting dignity. "What do you know about fox-hunting anyway?"

Albert indulged in a tragic laugh. "Every possible thing," he asserted. "Own the finest pack of hounds in Texas. You'd think they were on tracks the way they follow foxes. Wonderful dogs. And Henry! What a hound. Man! Man! Oh, I know all about foxes. Recognize one at a glance."

"To recognize a fox is one thing," I told him, "but to chase him over the landscape is an elk of another burrow."

"Come on down to my place and I'll show you," urged Albert. "We'll do more than just hunt foxes. Henry'll juggle some for you. It's his way."

Precocious dogs, like precocious children, had always been one of my pet aversions, but the picture of a noble hound juggling a number of foxes fired my imagination. I accepted Albert's invitation, which goes to prove that one should never talk with Albert



in a barroom.

On further consideration I am inclined to believe one should never talk with Albert at all.

II.

After sleeping through numerous miles of Texas scenery while Albert sat alone with his God and his automobile, I found myself gazing miserably into the grim but good looking face of Mrs. Albert across the sparkling reaches of her luncheon table.

"The trouble with you boys," she said, "is that you don't drink enough."

Suiting her action to her words she replenished our glasses with what she was pleased to call real Texas mule, adding that it was something like the hair of the dog that had so brutally and recently mutilated us.

"My dear," remarked Albert, accepting the drink, but ignoring the remark that went with it, "I've decided to hold the fox hunt tomorrow—you know, the regular weekly fox hunt."

"Yes," I added. "He wants to show me Henry in action. I can see him now at the head of your splendid pack of hounds."

Mrs. Albert considered the suggestion. She poured out a drink for herself and tossed it off with professional detachment.

"Can you?" she asked in level tones. "You must have a remarkable imagination. Most northerners would not even believe it."

"My wife is a little touchy about Henry," Albert hastened to explain. "I brag so much about him. Might as well hold the hunt tomorrow at the usual time."

"Oh, certainly," replied Mrs. Albert. "Why not?" As she rose from the table she added, "Did I hear a door slam?"

"That's difficult to say," said Albert.

"Correct. It's almost impossible to tell whether a door has slammed or not after it's once slammed," Mrs. Albert continued thoughtfully. "It leaves no tracks behind."

"Not like Henry," I said to Albert. "He must fairly scoop up the earth when he once gets started."

I thought I saw Albert flinch. "Of course," he agreed quite seriously. "Fairly excavates it, that dog."

"Come, Albert," said his wife. "We must see about that door . . . and make some arrangements for tomorrow."

"May I stroll out and take a look at the pack?" I inquired.

"I'd hardly advise it," observed Albert. "Not just before a hunt."

"No, don't do that," put in his wife. "Henry does much better after he's been lonely a spell."

Later that afternoon I inadvertently overheard Mrs. Albert at the telephone.

"Certainly," she was saying, "Bring your guests right along. We have an alcoholic with us who doesn't know the first thing about fox-hunting. Doubt if he knows one end of a horse from the other." She must have suspected my presence for she went on in an altered voice, "Oh, yes, he's quite charming, this guest of ours. You must meet him. And tell the others not to dress formally, you know. Cut out the red coats for a change. He hasn't an outfit with him. Neither have your guests, I reckon." When she had hung up she turned to me.

"Did you hear?" she asked.

"No," I replied gallantly. "A door slammed. But I gathered I won't be alone in my misery."

"No," said Mrs. Albert. "There will be several other novices."

That night Albert, weak from the lack of liquor, came into my room and deposited a bundle of clothing on a chair.

"For tomorrow," he explained, eyeing the garments with disfavor. "The hunt, you know."

"Oh, I don't care what I look like," I assured the dispirited man. "What I'm interested in is what Henry looks like. Does he usually juggle the foxes before or after the hunt?"

"It makes no difference to Henry," said Albert brightening. "Whenever he gets a fox. Some call it brutal."

"Nonsense," I replied heartily.

Albert went away.

III

When I looked out of my window the next morning I received a decided shock. For a moment I feared that Albert had gotten himself into some trouble. His ancestral home seemed to have become entirely surrounded either by bandits or deputies. I was not sure which. Anyway, they were rough looking men, most of them carrying shot guns and rifles while others were swinging large, ugly looking clubs. There were many women also. They had the rough and ready appearance of experienced camp followers.

"The hunt breakfast," Albert murmured over my shoulder. I gave a slight start. He had made his appearance so quietly. "The regular hunt breakfast," he repeated.

"Why, there's hardly a red coat in the lot," I complained. "Albert, I feel cheated."

"Seldom wear red coats except on formal occasions," said Albert. "Thought you knew that."

"What does it matter?" I said philosophically. "We're chiefly interested in foxes, after all."

"So we are," replied Albert simply. "What's the sense in a lot of red coats, anyway? I don't think the dogs like 'em or the foxes either."

"Don't see why they should," I told him. "But I will ask you this. Do you use clubs and rifles and machine guns on your damn Texas foxes?"

"Not machine guns," said Albert gently. "We use the others for hand to hand fighting. Texas foxes are often violent. They don't seem to understand."

"Neither do I, quite," I admitted. "Why don't you bomb the foxes and save yourself a lot of trouble?"

"That wouldn't be sporting," said Albert blandly. "And anyway, we like it. Then again, there's Henry to consider. He must have his foxes."

"That's so too," I replied. "I guess that great beast would die unless he had his foxes."

"Those clubs and guns are brought along just in case," he informed me.

"In case of what?" I asked.

"Of wild turkeys," he answered without cracking a smile.

When I had finished dressing I was nearly as funny looking as Albert, but not quite. However, I was funny looking enough. I was exactly as funny looking as an oversized pair of plus fours, a checked flannel shirt, high boots and a campaign hat could make me. Albert was a little funnier because he was wearing a pair of white duck trousers encased in knee-length leggins. His nautical appearance was somewhat nullified by the presence of a large floppy straw hat on the back of his head. A corduroy hunting jacket alone suggested the general nature of Albert's intentions. There was a colored shirt also which I find it pleasanter not to write about.

"The foxes are going to have the laugh of their lives today," I remarked when I had acclimated myself to Albert. "They'll be too weak to run."

"Come," said Albert with dignity. "The hunt breakfast is on. There is drink."

"Let's abandon this incessant fox hunting," I suggested, "and make millions on the stage. We wouldn't have to do much, Albert. One look would drive 'em frantic."

"Later, perhaps," replied Albert a little moodily. "We have to go through with this fox hunt first. Come on."

I was introduced to a series of majors, doctors and judges. All men over thirty seemed automatically to come into a title. Whether they were merely hunt breakfast titles or not I never learned. There was one rotund colonel, authentic in every detail, and upon him was bestowed all the honor and glory due to his colorful record of violent

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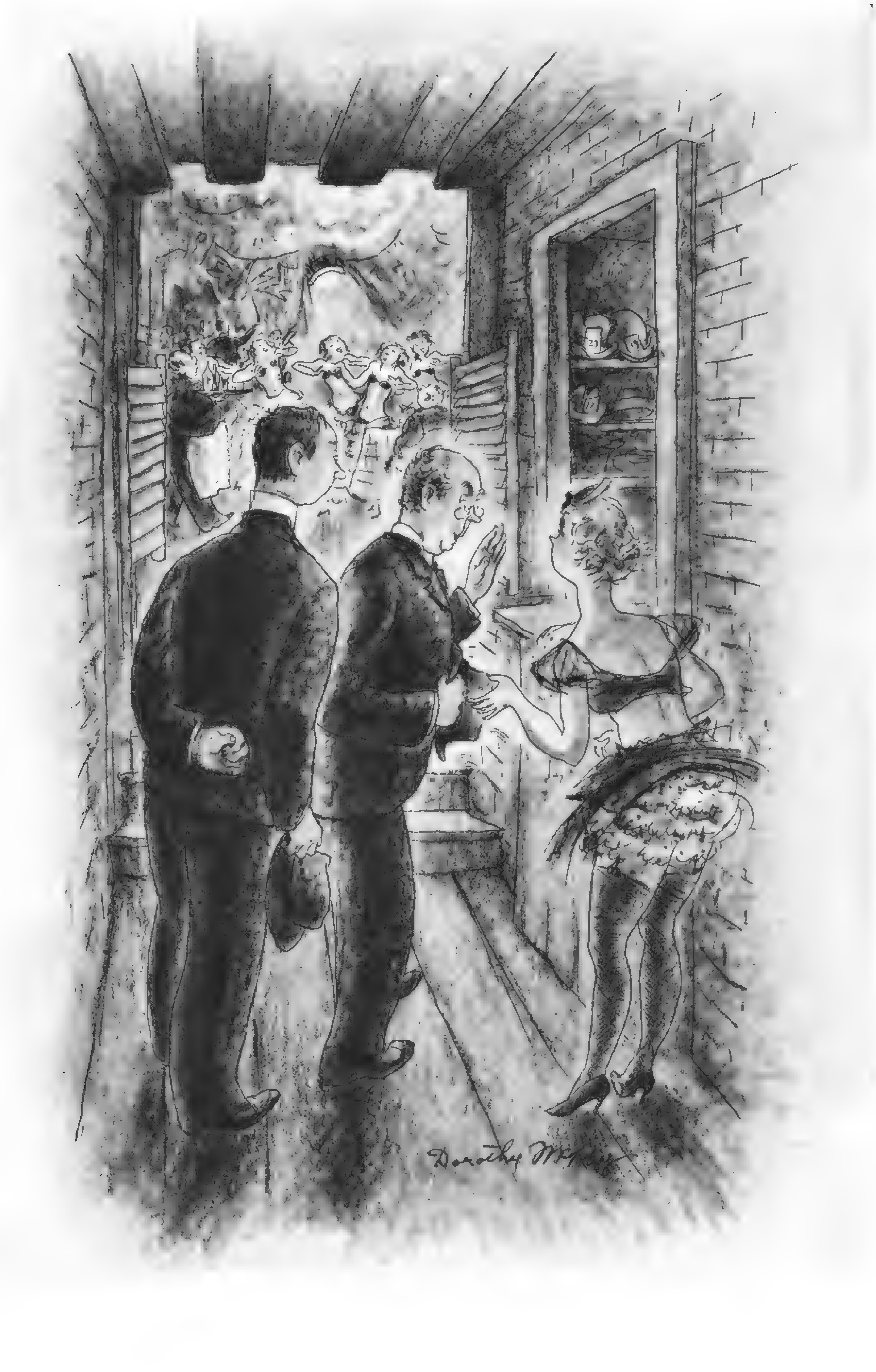

"No thanks, just browsing around"

Yokel, Yokel, Little Star

Concerning the phenomenon that male movie stars, with but few exceptions, are so badly dressed

by DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

I HAVE been asked to give some explanation as to why most male members of my profession (to those fortunate ones who are in ignorance, it is acting) lack a certain meticulousness or consciousness of detail in dress when every other angle of presentability seems to have been gone over so carefully. I am afraid that I am not fully up to such a commission because whatever I may say, quite aside from the fact that it may be used against me, constitutes nothing more than an expression of one man's opinion. If I feel that Sargent painted in better taste than Beltran-Masses, it could not possibly make it so. Though their methods are entirely foreign, popular reception of both, undeniably, defies condemnation. It allows only criticism, which is always a minority opinion. And so, dear reader, as well as dear editor, most questions of dress, like most questions of art, will always remain a matter of opinion.

Next to a politician, an average male screen star is the worst dressed human specimen on the American continent. There are a few exceptions, to be sure (Adolph Menjou, Douglas Fairbanks père, Herbert Marshall, and now, happily, Fred Astaire) but then, the influence exercised by an exception is lamentably negligible—both in Washington and in Hollywood. The encouraging sight of the at least carefully attired President Harding did not spare us the shock of that horrible shapeless contraption which Mr. Hoover was pleased to call a "double-breasted suit," and the easy, country-squire elegance of F. D. R. does not prevent some of his closest associates from wearing a belt with a tuxedo and displaying a vast hiatus between their vests and the bands of their trousers.

In the case of politicians the blame can be laid at the door of tradition: Abe Lincoln himself was anything but a Beau Brummel and the sartorial taste of Thomas Jefferson established a "new low for all times." No such alibi can be advanced by Hollywood's male stars. Most of them are being paid for their alleged appeal to the female audiences. All of them are supposed to look their very best when entrusted with parts requiring smartness and up-to-dateness in clothes. And furthermore: is it not only too natural that while playing opposite pulchritudinous actresses dressed in the height of fashion, they should watch the shape of their coat-lapels and the hang of their trousers and the set of their collars? Well, the truth is that they do not. The awful truth is that while a motion picture producer knows enough to import a Gabrielle Chanel, a Princess Paley (Mme. Lucien Lelong) or a Schiaparelli to supervise the gowns of a Madge Evans or a Norma Shearer, he bothers not about the attire of his handsome hero and lets the latter do his very worst both by himself and the cash-customers. Just think what an avalanche of protesting letters would descend upon Hollywood and the newspapers, what jeers and hisses would be heard throughout the length and breadth of our land, should a Garbo or a Katherine Hepburn dare to appear in the final close-up clad in a last year's evening dress or coiffed in a fashion suggestive of the early 1920's. . . . But—and 'tis a terrifying "but," my friends—no one, not even Grover Whalen, uttered a single word of disapproval when, not so long ago, a well-known actor playing the part of a fastidious nobleman trotted throughout the picture dressed in a dinner jacket and a pair of *White Flannel* trousers, a combination which would have netted him a prompt and merciless oblivion in any country East of Sandy Hook. Not that I blame the actor in question. Far from it. He was merely trying to imitate his betters. He was merely repeating, as a social "faux pas," a stunt which had some social sanction a few years back, during the hot summer months. It never dawned on him—or on his employers—that there are fashions for men, that what gets by in one season may look ridiculous in the next, that a fashion, like a song, is good only until it is killed by half a hundred cheap jazz bands playing one-night stands, that unlike a policeman's uniform, gentlemen's clothes, even for formal wear, do change with the passing of years, that even a double-breasted suit is not a Smithsonian Institute exhibit but something which can be cut in a different way without a special ruling of the U. S. Supreme Court.

I said I do not blame the actor. I repeat it. How can I blame a man brought up in surroundings where Broadway was considered the "swellest" street in the world, where Jimmy Walker, in his sausage-case clothes, was revered as America's "best-dressed man," where not a single pair of suspenders was to be found in all the dressing rooms spread between Times Square and Columbus Circle. The stars of vaudeville were wearing bright yellow camel's hair topcoats over their evening clothes, and so does he. The matinee idols of the roaring forties were keeping their dress trousers from falling down with the aid of a brown belt, and so does he. . . . Is it the fault of our poor Hollywood actor that ever since he was knee-high he was told that elegance is but a nom-de-plume of sissiness? Is it the fault of our grossly misguided Beverly Hills sheik that his dear, silver-haired mother taught him, with malice aforethought, that a woman needs at least four evening gowns annually but a man can make his "soup-and-fish" serve from Commencement Day until Doomsday?

But enough eloquence, enough tears! Let's be constructive and helpful. Let's take a look at the record and see what can be done to keep the white flannel trousers from associating with a dinner jacket on our beloved screen.

The record is tragic. Nothing in the rules and regulations of a studio (of any one of the Hollywood studios) compels a male star to be inspected by a fashion expert. Unless he is supposed to play King Charles First, George Washington, Admiral Dewey or an I. W. W. agitator, he dresses as he pleases. "We are going to shoot the garden party scene tomorrow," says the director and that is that. It is taken for granted that an average male star knows as much about the correct thing to wear at a garden party as does the director. The supposition is correct: both know nothing, neither one of the two has ever attended a garden party, except for the parties given in their own and their Hollywood friends' gardens. Now then, the California climate being what it is, we do not wear cutaway-coats or braided jackets in our gardens. As a rule we wear bathing suits if our host has a swimming pool or a sweater and a pair of slacks if he hasn't. So what happens . . .

I feel like crying again but you needn't worry. I'll be all right in a second. I'd better be. How otherwise am I going to talk "constructively and helpfully"?

My plan is simple and does not involve too great an expense, just a few thousand dollars per each motion picture company per annum. You guessed it: I do want to import a half dozen male fashion experts to Hollywood. Any experts will do: the Fifth Avenue

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Brooklyn to Helsingfors

A sequence of travel scenes from Brooklyn backyards to the front door of Red Russia

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

EUROPA
DE DIEGO

IN BROOKLYN, in a few patches of grass, in the fuzzy antlers of the ailanthus trees that sprouted beside garbage cans in back yards, it was beginning to be spring. There was something about the way the tugs hooted on the East River in the morning twilight and the harbor wind had a new sniff to it; but the girl with the copper-riveted henna rinse in the cafeteria was just the same, her face wore the same sleepwalker's neverasmile when she rang up your change, talked to somebody named Deary into the telephone, threw back a kidding remark or a Nice day, Bum day, Rainy day, as if it had burned her; it was always the same in the subway, the echoing passage stinking of elevator shafts and urinals, the scattering people in overcoats on the platform, hurried eyes that looked at you but never into yours (when eyes meet on the I.R.T. the airbrakes go on, the train stops with a crash), jostling bodies packed together through the long tunnel under the river, and the whiff of grit and burned gas in your face as you climb out onto Seventh Avenue, and always the halfwop loafers at the corner of Bleeker waiting for what?

In Manhattan there are no seasons and for a long time there hadn't been any days; only the little office with its perpetually clacking typewriter (when the typewriter stops in a New York office everybody's embarrassed: men start to quarrel or to make love to the stenographer or drop lighted cigarettes into the wastebasket;) the stuffy little theatre; the stage lit for rehearsals and the empty rows of seats stretching into the dark; and upstairs the smell of the gluepot over the gasburner and the brushes that are so hard to keep from dripping and dusty painted flats, and effort hurry delay to make a number of things understood that are unable to be understood. And home hours after midnight, walking to walk off the shots of so-called drinks at the saloon at the corner of Carmine Street through the scarywindowed downtown streets, past furtive doorways, occasional stonefaced cops, embers of bonfires the kids had made out of old packing boxes and then forgotten, frightened streetwalkers who grabbed your arm in the streets off Second Avenue, men with grimy eyes stirring around under the L structure on the Bowery; the empty downtown with the shapeless shamble of scrubwomen going to work along windy pavements; pressmen and newsboys round City Hall; the tired crowd sodden with work waiting for the Flatbush Avenue car.

Then to stride magnificently out on the old bridge soaring in the lift of delicately webbed cables into the sky, the smell of the harbor, the looking over your shoulder at the dark jagged teeth of buildings poised on the edge of the sky, the shuttle of the bridge car, and the footsteps, way up above the river, of somebody walking towards you across the bridge, who is he? what does he want? where is he going? who am I? What do I want? where am I going? . . . and ten thousand young men in ten thousand hall bedrooms have escaped the drilling grind of the day and sit on the edges of their sour beds pulling off their clothes and want:

Maybe Madison Avenue and the smell of flowers and newbought leather knicknacks and the plateglass shine, and the brass, and bacardi cocktails and speakeasy meals, the still white napkins, and the leg in a silk stocking against yours under the table, and the five o'clock bustle of furs, and the warm room smelling of the perfume the girl wears, and the tinkle of ice in the glasses, and the bright black of the piano, and smell of the dressing table in her bedroom, and the sidelong hand pulling down the shade.

But mostly they go to bed alone in the last stale swirl of some bunches of wornout drinks. . . . In Brooklyn it was beginning to be spring, but in Manhattan there were no more days nor five o'clocks on Madison, only jangled nights of empty streets gone stale. The other subway had a fresh powdery smell; Hoboken was all the yesterdays melting forgotten into the grey vacant smell-less cavern of the wharf. There is no sleep so good as sleep in a ship's bunk.

It was on that trip that we came out on deck one afternoon to shake off the choking after luncheon sleep; the North Atlantic was smooth and mottled and grey as a sheet of zinc to eastward, there was something on the horizon. Somebody said it was a steamboat, somebody else said it was a full-rigged ship, somebody else said no it was a derelict; as we got near it we began to feel the swell; it was a rock. We passed close enough to hear the growling of the surf around its sheer cliffs.

Rockall stands alone in the North Atlantic, twenty-four hours steaming west of the Pentland Firth. It stands up tall as a large liner out of the empty ocean in cliffs of a reddish slate color above and black and seaweed green near tidelevel that taper into jagged peaks covered white with birddroppings as a mountain peak might be covered with snow. Gulls and gannets whirl constantly round it in a screaming cloud.

2. Mr. Hansen

Mr. Hansen was a small mild grey elderly man with manners so meticulously unobtrusive he was hardly noticeable in the cabin I shared with him. He was an accountant by profession and was going back to Denmark after twenty-five years in the States with a small amount of money saved up, a small amount but enough he said almost coyly. He wore a grey suit the same color as his hair and a grey tweed overcoat. His suitcases were new and shiny. He had a new set of silver backed military brushes with his initials on them. It was the first time he'd been home to the old country in all these twenty-five years. He'd told himself he wouldn't go home 'til he'd saved really enough. Now he was going home.

Rockall left Mr. Hansen cold, but when we sighted the Butt of Lewis and the Scotch coast next day his grey eyes seemed to water more than usual in the keen wind off the Orkneys and he walked up and down the small Tourist Third deck with a lively step. Now that we're in Europe, he kept saying, now he would see his friends. The worst thing about Los Angeles had been that he'd made no friends there, he'd been accountant for a large bakery concern, and he'd boarded at a very nice home, but, perhaps he'd been a little shy on account of the language, yes he'd been on good enough terms with everybody, but it had been 'How do you do, Mr.

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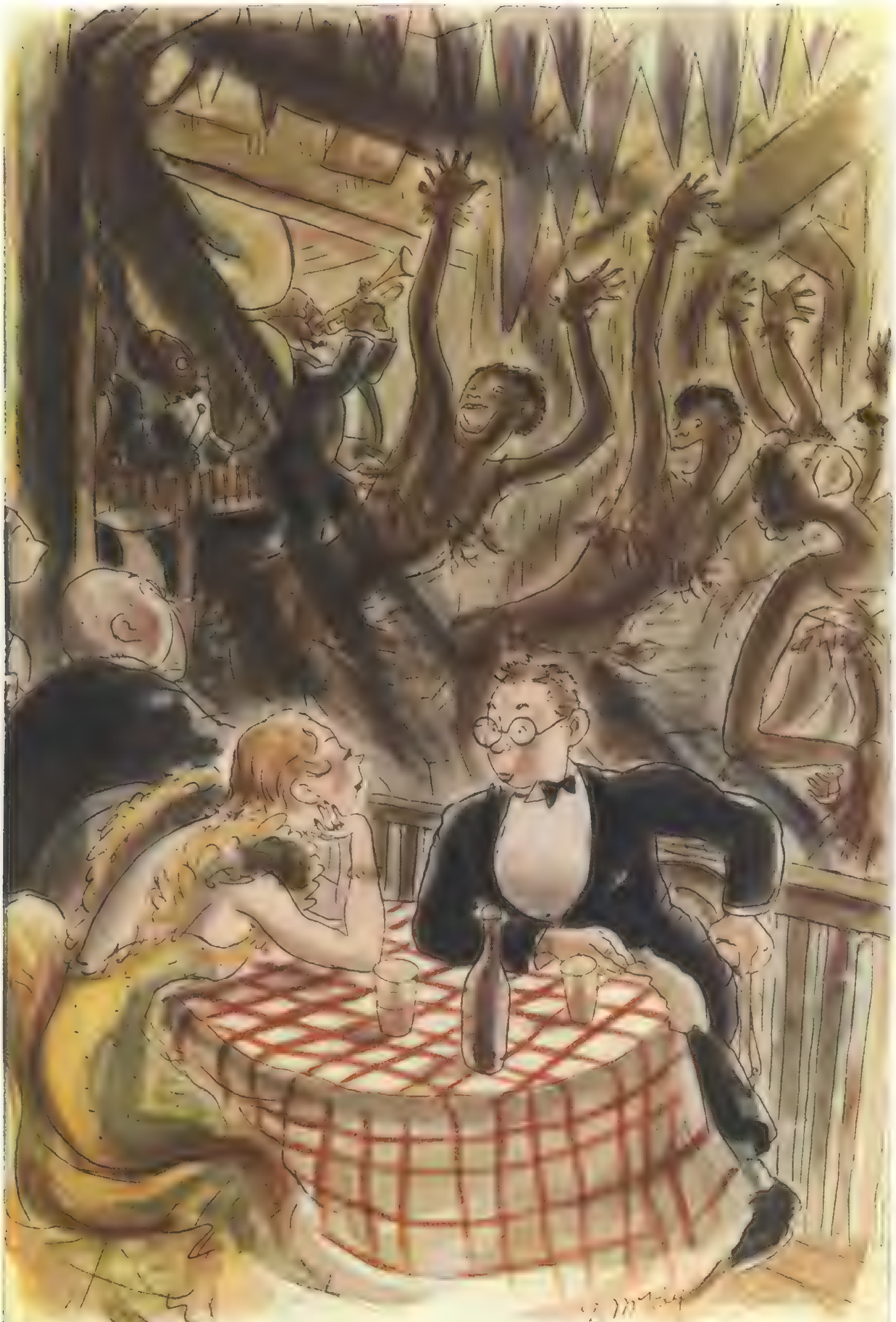
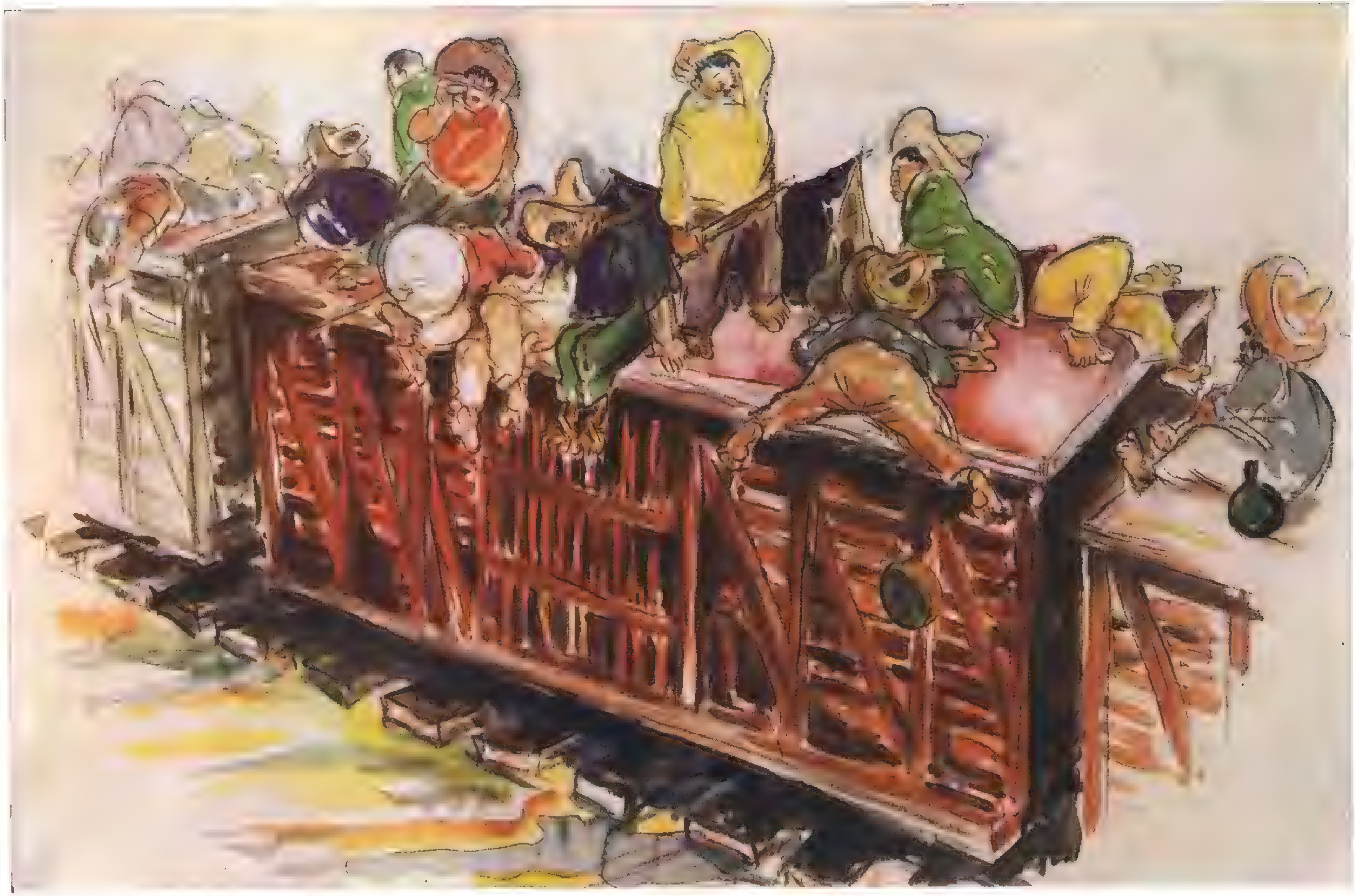


"Who do you like best, Miss Burke, Liszt or Chopin?"



WHEELS OVER MEXICO *by* JOHN GROTH

A Good Bull for Pepe

A fine account of the bullfight season in Mexico, with especial attention to Ortiz, the matador

by CHARLES GRAYSON

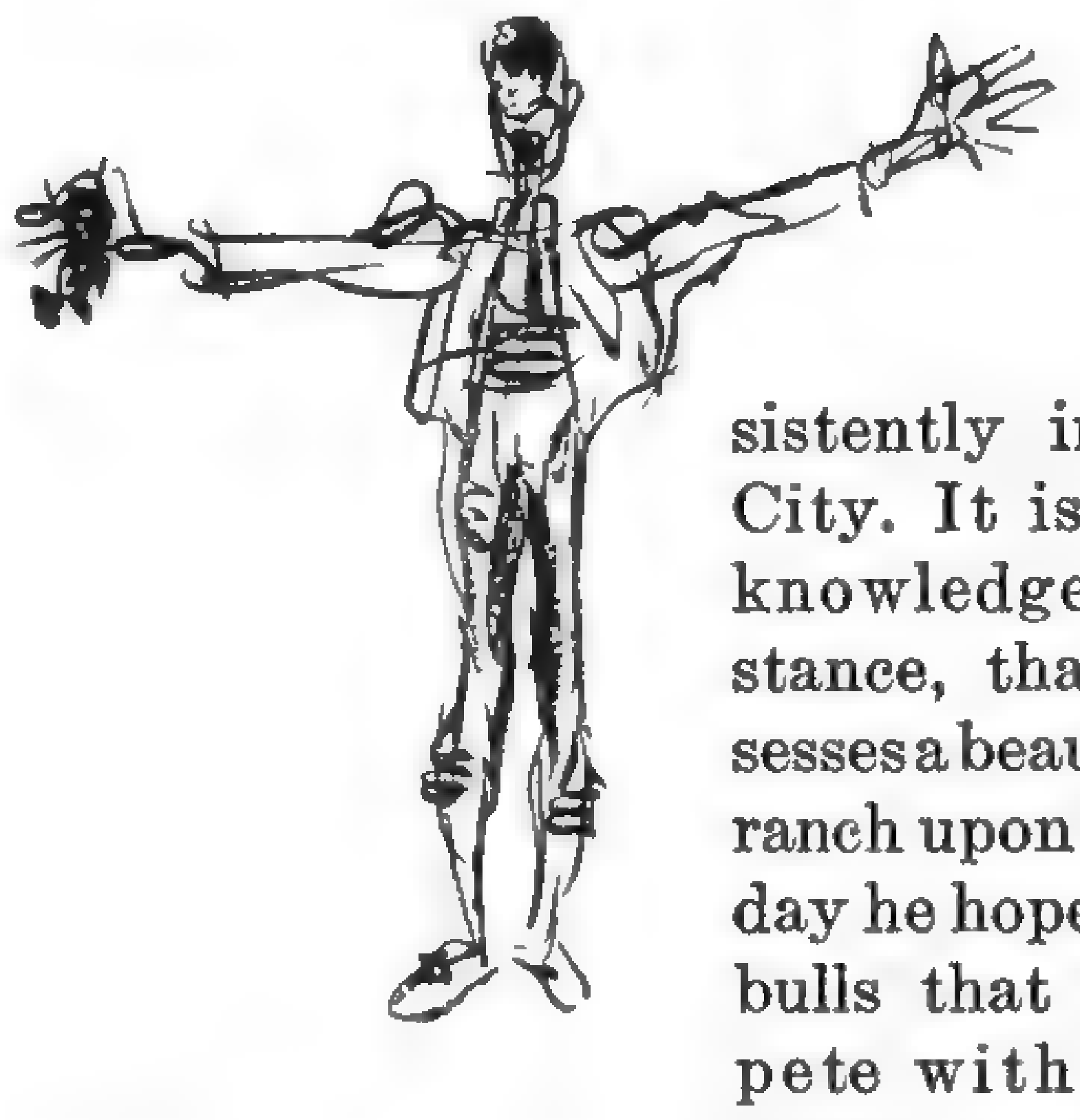
JOSÉ "PEPE" ORTIZ, most popular of Mexican matadors, was born in Guadalajara, said to produce more maricons and beautiful women (psychologists attribute the reason to inbreeding) than any other city in Mexico. The date was December 13, in 1903—which also adds up to thirteen. Aside from the almost ludicrous Luis Freg, few men have accepted more punishment in the ring than has Pepe. He has been seriously gored five times. His body is latticed with scars from less serious cornadas; there is a hole in his leg in which you can place your hand. And you ought to hear him croon on the radio!

Among the people of bullfights there is a body of belief concerning Pepe which matches that saying about the little girl with the curl. When he is good he is very very good indeed; and when he is bad, bad is a mild word. Most of the time he is bad, i. e., uninspired—so much so that his general favoritism is a bit puzzling and annoying to his fellows of the cape and sword. They shouldn't be puzzled. Familiar with hysteria, they ought to appreciate the basis of Pepe's appeal.

For the greater part bullfighters are one-track men. And that single devotion has to do with the despatching of bulls to their bull heaven. There is something of an idea current that these fellows attend their social life with a diligence equal to that which they bestow upon their professional activities. For Mexican performers, at least, this is not true. Generally they drink but little liquor, and for the most part are early to bed. This may be partially because Mexican night life is something which—except for sporadic spots and occasions—isn't.

Nor do they grant considerable attention to women. Though it is the ambition of every tart in Mexico to snare a matador—and his great earnings—their success is heartbreakingly negligible. Nor do more formal ladies fare much better. Which is probably just as well for the illusions of said ladies. Without question, if they wished, the boys could have as many girls as the usual popular actor . . . and do them about as much good. By far their best time is in the ring.

A shrewd and cynical observer once said: "A hell of a lot more like our dancers—and chorus men, at that—than they are like butchers. What kind of a guy do you think it takes to dress up in those silk pants and that stuff?"



In the case of José Ortiz I was inclined to the belief that it was a man of parts. The facets of a varied nature confront one persistently in Mexico City. It is common knowledge, for instance, that he possesses a beautiful large ranch upon which one day he hopes to breed bulls that will compete with the San Mateo and Piedras Negras strains, the best fighting animals in the country. Every corner newsstand carries his magazine devoted to tauromaquia, "Ortizina," no small portion of the pages of which tell of the doings of José Ortiz. The radio regularly projects the dulcet tones of his tenor voice. No benefit is complete without his handsome, gentle and beguiling presence. Even the movies claim him, with his present picture being "Chucho, el Rato." Which does not translate as it sounds, but into "Jesus, the Well-Dressed Man."

Yet these pursuits unquestionably are but by-products of a life whose first call is the arena. They add to Pepe's popularity, but they did not cause it initially. Pepe has been linked to that arena now for ten years. A pupil of the great teacher, Lombardini—who about the same time was schooling the American, Sidney Franklin—he was later to emerge as a full-fledged matador reminiscent of the two men who took him up. That is, Pepe is professionally almost an exact cross between the cautious Chicuelo, who sponsored him in Mexico; and Juan Belmonte, greatest of them all, who was his patron in Spain.

Having small patience with the former's attitude, I once remarked to Pepe that Chicuelo always seemed afraid of the bulls. "We all are," he answered briefly, and thumped wood in his customary petition for good luck. That is the attitude in turn, which keeps Ortiz from legitimate greatness, and one which requires his recurrent periods of hysteria to break down and deliver him from—to permit him those times which see him magnificent. Tied up with fears and superstitions as he is, it is a tribute to those flashes that—season in and season out for eight years—he has remained the darling of the Mexican crowds.

All bullfighters are, naturally, superstitious. I have seen La Serna, the medical student, cross himself devoutly before going out to

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All My Love

Three little words, thought up at random, give a hard guy a strange, unwonted nobility

by GEORGE MILBURN

The tin sedan made slow headway in the river-front traffic, and its dark, haggard driver chanted a litany of abuse. The bull-necked boy beside him kept chuckling hoarsely. The plump youth in the back seat was silent. Far down a shadowed cross-street the early sun floated up, pale as a poached egg behind the mist.

A swirl caught the small car and it was sucked into the roaring tunnel. As soon as traffic thinned out on the other side, the driver stopped cursing and the tough boy began boasting about his amorous exploits back in Brooklyn. He had a deep, husky voice. The hatchet-faced driver kept grinning and licking his thin lips, prompting his companion with "Yeah? Yeah?" at intervals. They paid no attention to the chubby passenger in the back seat.

He gazed at the scrawny brown neck and the thick red neck. The driver's coat collar was powdered with dandruff, but his slick black hair was neatly trimmed and he wore a modish gray hat. Tight saffron ringlets stuck out from under the tough boy's checkered cap and fringed his battered, dead-white ears. The motor hummed drowsily.

After a while the plump youth squirmed around and made a nest out of two fabrikoid suitcases, some pasteboard boxes, a ragged army blanket, and a brand-new pigskin gladstone carefully plastered with pennant-shaped college labels. When he woke up it was mid-afternoon. The car was stopped in front of a roadside hot-dog stand.

"How about you, fella?" the driver was saying.

The college boy sat up blinking. "How about me what?"

"What do you wanta eat?"

He climbed out of the back seat, stretching his cramped legs.

"Where are we by now?" he asked in a stuffed-up voice.

"Right outside of Harrisburg, P.-a.," the driver said.

The thick-necked boy, over at the eats counter, gave a superior laugh. "You been asleep ever since we left Joisey, for Chris' sakes!"

"Yeow, I know it," the plump boy said stolidly. He stuck a cautious finger in his watchpocket. "I don't guess I'll eat anything right now. I'm running short on cash."

The red-haired boy had his mouth full of meat and bread. He shifted his hard little brown eyes and swallowed hard. "Aw, what the hell, kid! I'll buy you a hamburger. Nobody ain't gonna go hungry on dis trip. Not w'ile I got a buck in my pocket, dey ain't."

The plump boy said coldly, "Oh, I can still afford a hamburger."

The driver took the back of his hand and wiped a smear of mustard off his thin, twisted mouth. "Now, listen here, you guys: wh'uya wanta do about tonight? We can sleep at a tourist camp for a buck. Person'ly, I'd just as leave drive all night. If I get sleepy, I just pull off one side the road and catch a nap. Wha'ever you guys say."

"I'd just as soon," the college boy said.

"O.K. by you, Red?"

"O.K. by me, Chick. Poisonly, I wanta get dere just as quick as I can. But don't go takin' no long chances, Chick. Unnuhstand?"

"Don't lose no sleep about me gettin' you there, Red. I don't stand to make a damn jit on this haul, but I'll get you there. This wildcattin' gets lousier ever' trip. Too many cut-price boosters."

"Oh, is this a regular business with you, Mr. Ahearn?" the college boy asked in surprise. "You mean you do this all the time?"

The driver turned his dark narrow face toward the back seat. He snorted, "Did you think I was drivin' around to see the scen'ry?"

"Why, no; but they told me at the tourist bureau that you were from Tulsa, and wanted to get a couple of passengers to share expenses—"

Chick laughed shortly. "Kid, you sure got plenty to learn."

It was almost dark when Chick turned off on a country dirt road and stopped. He got out and searched around under the luggage until he found a pair of New York license plates. He bolted them on the car and tossed the Oklahoma tags into the brush.

"Now, listen, you punks: if anybody stops us tonight, just let me do all the talking, see." He turned to Bob. "Gimme that $17.50!"

"Why—why, they told me when I paid my $5 deposit back at the tourist bureau that I wasn't to pay the balance till we got to Tulsa."

"It don't make me no difference what they told you. The fin was their cut; they should worry. Hurry up! Gimme that jack."

The college boy fumbled in his watch-pocket and counted out greenbacks and silver. The car lurched out on the concrete again, and the plump boy laid back down on the cluttered seat, lulled by the voices and chuckles and bumbling undertone of the motor.

The next time he woke up, Chick was snarling, "Pile out, you birds!" The car was stopped in front of a dingy tenement. A drizzle was coming down slowly and silently in front of the carlights. Over on the other side of the street hanks of shiny wet steel reflected red and green switch lamps in a railroad yard. Beyond loomed the high bright mist of a city's lights. Red was snoring up in front, his thick head lolling on the seatback.

"What time is it, Mr. Ahearn?" the college boy asked.

"Little after midnight," Chick said, jabbing Red again.

Red jumped up and cried out, "Where are we?"

"Them lights over yonder's Pittsburgh. Get out!"

Chick walked up to a door on the street level and pressed the bell button. After a few minutes the door opened slightly.

"It's Chick and a couple of clunks. Come on, let us in, Jap. We're out here getting wet." Chick pushed on past.

"Jeez, Chick, you back again? They was here askin' about you yesterday. You're in the middle, Chick."

"Yeah, I know. Shut up!"

They groped along, their footfalls hollow in the black, empty room. A lock clicked and a shaft of light appeared. Jap went behind the bar and began pouring whiskey out of a white-enameled coffee pot into two water tumblers. A couple of railroad men stood at the bar.

"You guys park yourselves here till I get back," Chick said without coming all the way in. "I'll be back pretty soon."

Red, squinting his piggish eyes in the sudden light, yawned and said hoarsely, "What say, kid? Let's have a drink, hunh?"

"Huh-unh. I'm too short on cash." He gave Red a frightened look.

"Come on, come on. I'll buy youse a drink. It's on me, see?" He asked the bartender, "How much is a whiskey?"

"The rye is two-bits a shot. We only just handle the rye."

"All right. Give us two of the rye, then."

The bartender poured rye into two large tumblers, filling each about half-way. Red drank his at a gulp. He shuddered and a grimace twisted his bland gorilla face. The college boy drank cautiously.

"Watcha name, Kid?" Red asked, sitting down on a wall bench.

"Bob Gibson. What's yours—besides Red, I mean?"

"Alfred Emanuel McCleary. Foist paht same as the ex-president, see. You hoid of Alfred E. Smit', Al Smit' dey call um? Well, my foist two names is same as Al Smit's, see. —Hahzit, Bob, hunh?"

"I feel pretty good, Red. How you feel, Red?"

"I feel plenty good, Bob. I feel like another'n see."

"All right. Now I'll buy one, Red. You bought me one, I'll buy you one. Two more ryes over here! Where you headed for, Red?"

"Santa Fee, New Mexico. Where you headed for, Bob?"

"Tulsa, Oklahoma. That's my home. I just been visitin' a friend of mine in New York. I run short on cash, and I thought I was sunk till I heard about this auto travel bureau where you could get in a car and go for way less than what the bus fare is even."

"Yeah, it's the cheapest way to ride cushions, all right."

"Why you going to Santa Fe, Red? That God-forsaken place!"

"Look out, Bob! Don't call Santa Fee a God-forsaken place. I'd hate to have to mash a buddy's puss in for talkin' like dat."

"What's the matter, Red? I didn't aim to make you sore. I guess I just don't happen to know anything good about Santa Fe."

"Well, I'll tell you something good about Santa Fee, Bob. My old lady. My old lady is out dere in Santa Fee right now, dying wit' lung trouble. She wouldna been in Santa Fee in the foist place if I hadna ponied up the dough to send her decent, see. So now the docs sends woid if any of us childern wants to see the old lady before she kicks off, see, we got to come right away. And I'm the only son of a bitch among 'em—eight grown childern and the lousiest bastahd of all is the only one dat toins a hand to make deir mudduh happy on her deat' bed. Unnuhstan? I'm goin' out to be wit' her, see."

Tears were streaming down Red's flat raw cheeks. He began wiping his eyes with his sweater sleeve, his wide mouth set in a foolish grin. Bob nervously tried to change the subject.

"How you like traveling this way, Red?" he said.

Red braced up and flapped a big hairy hand in disgust. "Phooey! Dis ain' no way for a *man* to ride. I always ride the blinds before. But I couldna bummed it wit' my mudduh on her deat' bed. I got to ride into Santa Fee respectable, even if it is costin' me. Unnuhstan?"

"What do you do to make a living, Red?"

"I do anyt'ing to make a buck, see. Dat's right. Anyt'ing to make a buck. What do you do for a livin', Bob?"

"Me? Oh, I don't do nothing. I'm still going to college."

"Oh, yeah? Call dat apron ovah. We need annuddeh drink."

The bell started ringing. The bartender went out toward the front door. When he came back, Chick was with him.

"Come on, you punks," Chick said. "We're leavin' outa here."

"Set down and have a drink on me, Chick," Red said.

"Nawp," Chick said shortly. "I don't drink when I'm drivin'."

"Gosh, Red," Bob said, getting up, "it's funny. All the way I been thinking to myself, 'That Red up there in front sure is a hard egg'. Isn't that the nuts, Red, me thinking you were a hard egg?"

Red's pink jaw stuck out until his great mouth stretched back nearly to his mashed ears. "Did anyone say anyt'ing to make youse change yuh mind about me bein' hahd?" he growled.

"Why, no, Red, not exactly, but—"

"Come on! Get the lead out of it, you two!" Chick called.

Bob woke up at daylight, cramped and half-frozen. The fine rain had stopped. The morning was cold and gray. Red was slouched down in the front seat, snoring. They were coming into a city.

"Where's this, Chick?" Bob asked.

"Columbus, Ohio," Chick said in a surly voice.

"Gee whiz, Chick, haven't you had any sleep yet?"

"Naw; and that ain't the worst. This dope here in the seat with me's gone plumb bughouse. Woke up last night crying for his ma! Can you feature that? I had to tap him with the jack-handle before I could make him shut up. It sure was rich. Didn't you hear him?"

"No, I didn't hear nothing, Chick."

"No, I don't guess you did. You passed out cold quick as you hit that back seat. But it sure was rich, this monkey cryin' in the night for his ma! Surprised me a monkey like that even had a ma."

"Isn't Red a friend of yours, Chick?"

"He ain't no friend of mine. I never seen him in my life before until seven o'clock yesterday morning."

There was little talk that day. Chick drove hard, hitting between fifty and sixty most of the time. Red sat hunched in the front seat, sullen and silent. Now and then he would reach back and feel the lump that showed gray through his rusty hair. Once or twice Chick glanced slyly at the tough boy, his lips moving in a smirk.

When they got to Indianapolis, about four o'clock that afternoon, Chick said, "Here's where I get me some shut-eye." He drove around side-streets until he spotted a fifty-cent hotel. He put the car in a nearby garage, open all night the attendant assured them. They went back to the hotel and left a three-o'clock call at the desk in the dingy, tin-ceilinged lobby.

The next morning at a little after three they straggled down the bright, empty street to find the garage dark and locked up. Chick, suddenly wide-awake, ran cursing around to the alley. Red began kicking on the flexible steel door, bawling louder than the din. A cop wearing earmuffs came running down the frosty street. Red stopped yelling.

"Hey, you! Whaddaya think you're celebratin'?" the cop shouted.

"What do *you* t'ink we're celebratin'?" Red asked in a mean voice.

"Don't get tough with me," the cop said, gripping his nightstick.

"Who got tough foist?" Red said, husky and bellicose.

"The garage man promised us the garage would be open all night," Bob began explaining nervously. "We wanted to get an early start—"

"Why didn't you say so before?" the cop said genially. "I know how to get that night man up without tearing down the building."

The garageman came and rolled up the steel door and Chick drove the car out. The motor sang on the cold deserted highway. Nobody talked. A little before dawn they stopped in Terre Haute for coffee.

When they sat down at the restaurant counter, Red turned to Bob and said proudly, "You hoid me what I said to dat Oscar back dere? Dat's how you gotta talk to a flatfoot. W'en one gets hahd wit' youse, you get hahd wit' him, and he folds right up."

"Oh, yeah!" Chick said, snuffling. "Says you! Tough boy."

"Yeah, says me!" Red said, whirling round on his stool. "Listen, you sawed-off little bastahd, you want me to slap you off'n dat stool? You tried to moiduh me in my sleep night-before-last. I let you get away wit' dat, because I ain' wantin' to do nuttin' dat would slow us up. See? But lay off, or I'm gonna *moiduh* youse. Unnuhstan?"

Chick blew on his coffee and didn't say anything more.

It was still early when they drove up over the high black bridge across the Mississippi and into a run-down part of St. Louis. Chick stopped the car in front of a store room with names of cities and fares painted in orange chalk all over two plate-glass windows. They got out and went in. The front, partitioned off with plaster board, was occupied by a long-nosed man who sat at a rolltop desk

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What Chorus Girls Talk About

Sixteen kids to a dressing room, yo-ho-ho and a dictaphone, here's your earful of backstage chatter

by JOHN B. KENNEDY

THERE was a fight backstage—a real drag-down and knock-out fight. That means it was the female version of the male knock-down and drag-out variety of hostilities. The combatants were two exceedingly pretty young women who displayed an excess of their prettiness because they were attired or unattired in the routine raiment of a dizzy revue—which means next to no raiment at all.

Their small fists flailed—rouged nails fluttering like lurid butterflies. And they cursed. Even the stage hands blushed at the language. Bevies of beauties stood and pushed around, watching the contest, breathless and paling beneath their paint. One young woman smacked the other young woman squarely on the nose—a charming retrousse nose. Blood trickled from her haughty nostrils. An assistant stage manager came on the run, for the curtain was to rise in three minutes.

Without any chivalrous pause, he grabbed both girls by their wrists and yanked them further backstage.

"You're both fired," he barked. "Get to hell out of here."

Hardly the language to use to ladies—but at that moment the two girls were hardly ladies.

Distraught and dour, they were shooed from the scene, ordered to dress and get out. Discipline is as necessary among ladies of the chorus as among gentlemen of the chain gang.

But they occupied the same dressing-room, and no sooner were they in it than uproar ensued. Shoes were thrown, make-up boxes tossed, chairs and mirrors smashed. When the ensemble trooped into that dressing-room shared by sixteen girls, the two combatants were at each other's throats, biting, scratching—and still talking.

Finally strong men came, pried them apart, and guarded each from the other while re-robing was accomplished, when each was separately escorted from the stage-door.

That battle of the belles is historic along dressing-room row in every theatre where American girls are glorified or at least glamorized. What were the two beauties fighting about? Sweethearts? Each had enough of these. Husbands? Chorus girls don't fight about husbands—while they're chorus girls. Money? They don't often fight about money.

No. One girl accused the other of stealing a pair of stockings. Both were Irish and the result was a draw.

As one whose reportorial duties in various capacities from police reporter to personality feature writer have taken him backstage for years and even brought him face to kimono with chorus ladies in their boudoirs, for professional, not romantic, research, I find that there are three things that chorus girls talk about chiefly—men, money and morals—usually the morals of other chorus girls or of chorus girls who have graduated into matrons or subsidized companions to gentlemen friends.

Spending a dinner-hour betwixt matinee and night performance with the late Jack Donahue one Saturday, I reported to him with surprise that in the stage-door alley I had recognized a figure large in American finance.

"Yes," said Donahue. "We're thinking of using him as a watchman. He's old enough to be one and he spends enough time around here to get on the pay-roll."

"What's the matter?" I innocently inquired. "Has he got a piece of the

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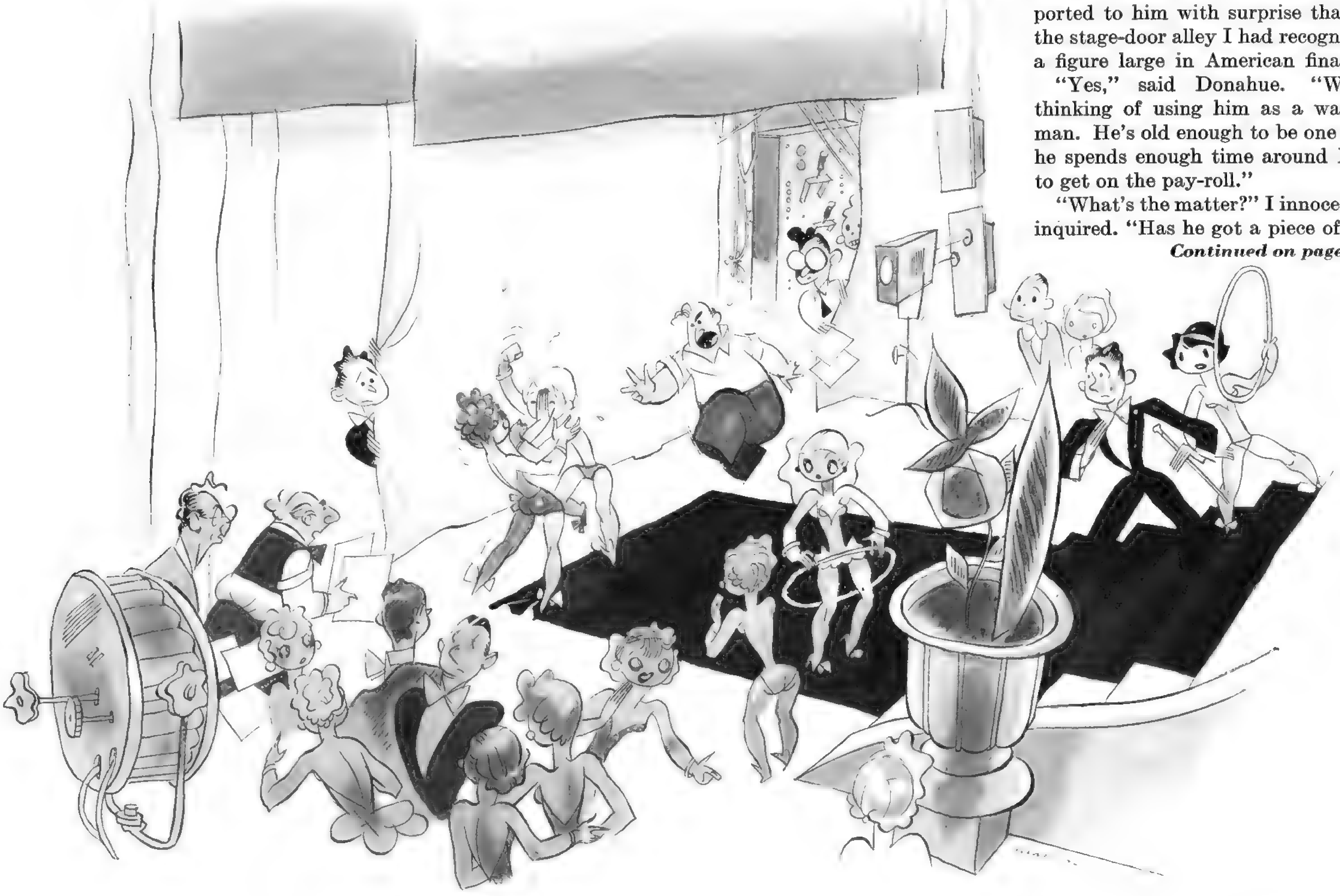

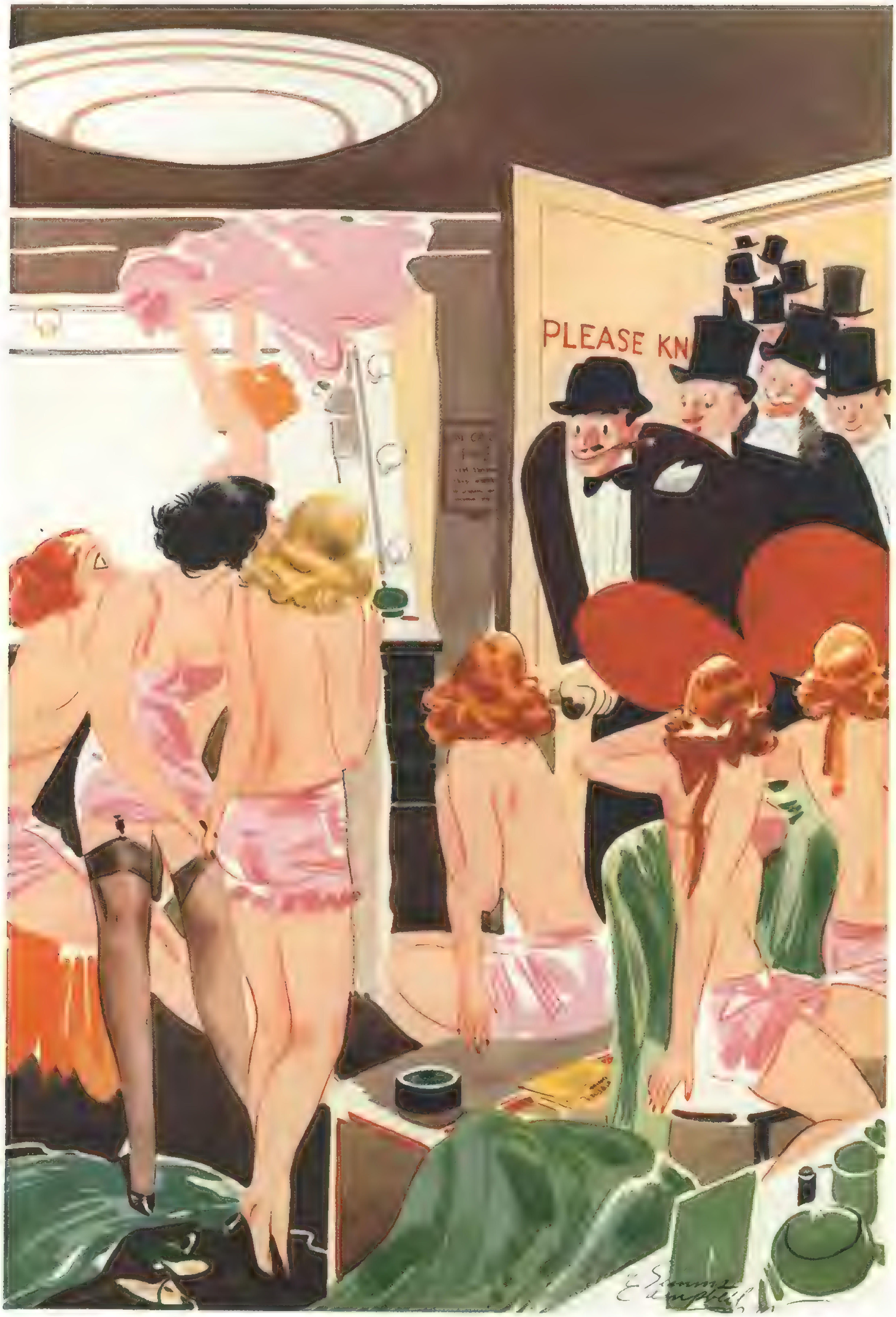

"It's just me—th' producer and a few friends"

A Rhapsody in Jaipur Pink

A Rajah gives a solo in the key of haughtiness, with moaning of beggars for its accompaniment

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR.

According to him—and when you hear him tell it, you dare not so much as curl your lips—his distant lineal ancestor had been none other than His Brightest Majesty, the Sun.

According to the British Resident in Delhi —who makes it a point to keep his feet on terra firma when digging for the roots of a Rajah's family tree—the Princes of Jaipur were ruling in India as far back as the year 3000 B. C.

His name haunted me from the moment I came down the gangplank and joined that conglomerate of shrieking, ragged, anonymous humanity known as the City of Bombay.

I was told that he is the only "pucka" Rajah left in India; that his annual income runs to well over three million gold dollars; that his five million adoring subjects would much rather be flogged by him than led into paradise by Gandhi; that should he ever choose to part with his collection of emeralds, rubies, diamonds, sapphires and pearls there would be a major panic in the jewelry market; that the gold hoarded in the strong rooms of his Ambar Palace would suffice to free India from British domination. . . .

I met him in the Jaipur Country Club, at the conclusion of a ripping polo match won by his team in a style which would honor even our own hard-hitting Tommy Hitchcock. We were standing in front of a charcoal fire, highballs in hand, discussing fast ponies and creeping depression. I wanted to discuss Gandhi, but His Highness just smiled.

"We in India, my dear sir," he said, "are still living five hundred years behind the times, possibly one thousand years behind the times, which fact is responsible for our happiness and contentment."

I swallowed hard. I was thinking of the moaning beggars in the deep raspberry pink streets of the City of Jaipur.

"Isn't it true," I asked meekly, "that there are at the present moment thirty million unemployed in India?"

He ignored my question.

"We are satisfied," he went on, "that we too could build skyscrapers, electric plants and automobile factories but why should we exchange our Supreme Culture for a garish civilization of robots and upstarts? With all your so-called progress, is there universal happiness in America? Is there universal contentment? Is there Divine Faith in one's unalterable destiny?"

His Highness should visit the United States, I suggested, and check for himself on our spiritual yearnings.

"Never, never . . ." he exclaimed vehemently. "Fancy my visiting a country which has no caste distinctions, where I would be treated as a commoner, where . . . " he frowned and dropped his eyes, "where because of my dark skin I might be taken for a . . . for a . . . "

He knew the word but he hated to pronounce it.

Outside the Country Club, so thoroughly 1933 in its locker-room fellowship, lay India, such as she might have been in 3000 B. C.

His Highness' motor car—a large silver-and-red affair with a gaudy standard of white, red, green, yellow and black flying from its platinum hood—looked utterly fantastic on this dusty road where bullock carts and two-wheeled tongas were fighting for the right of way with immense gray elephants swaying their cumbersome loads of wooden pilings from side to side.

"There is no depression in Jaipur," said my host, pointing at the long rows of tiny shops lining the road, most of them scarcely two feet above the sidewalk. "We do not know what overproduction means. What we can't consume ourselves, we sell to our neighbors. Everything is regulated, just as it was in the days of my ancestors."

I nodded. Looking at the little, dark-skinned men squatting in their shops or reverently kneeling on the sidewalks, I wondered whether they really consumed anything at all.

"Not so long ago," I began guardedly, "there was a shoe-manufacturer in Czechoslovakia by the name of Thomas Bat'a. They called him the Henry Ford of Europe because of the mass production methods used by his factories. He lived and died dreaming of the day when he would break the people of India into the habit of wearing shoes."

My host raised his eyebrows questioningly. Was it possible that any man, even a Czechoslovakian shoe-manufacturer, could have been such a fool? Why, in the name of common sense, should the people of India squander their hard-earned money on shoes? What would they be doing with shoes? Their blood was sufficiently strong to protect their feet from poisoning and there was no lack of sunshine in India.

I began to feel worried: was I awake and talking to a "pucka" Rajah or was I sitting in my dreams through the revival of "The Green Goddess" with George Arliss? Surely, even a man of my host's self-confidence must have taken some notice of what had been happening in India for the last fourteen years.

Aloud I said:

"It is a bit confusing for one who was thinking of modern India in terms of Gandhi, All-India Congress and the Revolt of the Untouchables to be suddenly told that life in your country is going on 'as usual,' as it was going on for the last three thousand years."

The youthful, olive-skinned face remained immobile. For the second time in less than one hour His Highness ignored my attempt to "talk politics."

We could already see the tall bronze gates of his Palace in the distance and having come so near my goal I decided to leave the Mahatma and the Untouchables to their own devices.

I made just one remark more before I plunged into a prudent silence.

"It is quite remarkable," I said, "that your European education failed to change your outlook on life."

He shook his finely modeled head.

"There is nothing remarkable in it," he parried after a short pause. "You can chain a lion and force him to live side by side with rabbits but you can't make him like cabbage."

Just then I heard the booming of heavy guns.

I shuddered. I was told by British journalists in Bombay that the war between Jaipur and its neighbor Udaipur could break out almost any moment.

"Do not be alarmed," laughed my host. "It is merely the nineteen-gun salute. My friend the Nawab of Bhopal is expected for dinner tonight."

Permitted to roam around the Palace with no other escort except my own "bearer" (Indian-British for "servant") Mohamet, I began my tour with the courtyard.

Whether it was done in honor of the arrival of the Nawab of Bhopal or whether it was part of the daily routine, a battalion of men and women armed with what looked like huge whiskbrooms was busily engaged in scrubbing the walls, the doors and the stone flags on the ground, their ebony backs and chests standing out in vivid contrast to their white turbans and white sheets.

Sacred pigeons, droves and droves of them, were descending upon the stone flags, cooing and paying no heed to the scrubbing serv-

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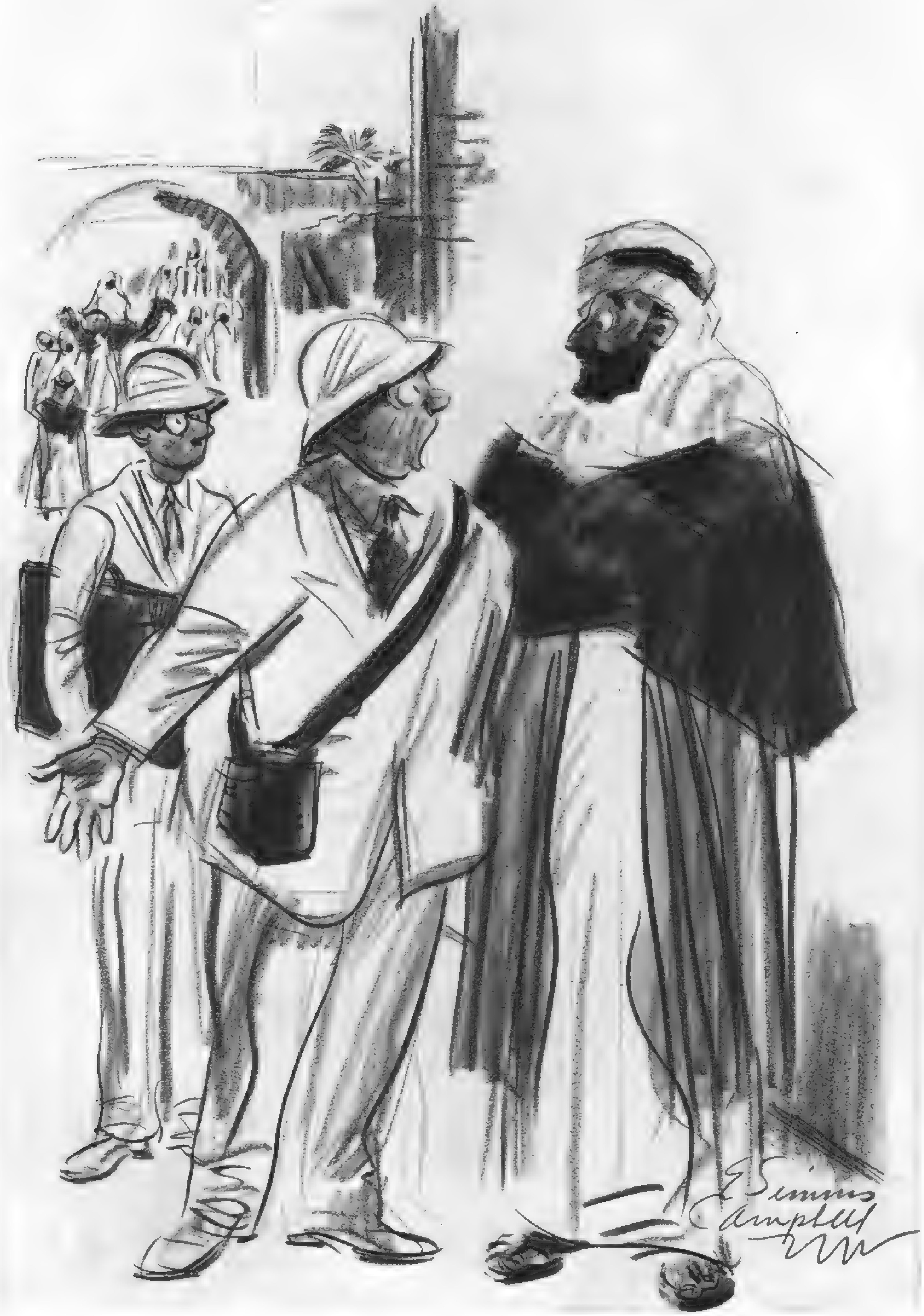

E. Simms Campbell

"You mean to say a million people come to Mecca each year and there's no hot dog concession!"

Ace, Deuce, Ten Spot, Joker

A tale in two parts, each one of
which is a complete story, about
life and death in the rackets

by IRVIN S. COBB

1. THE TEN SPOT

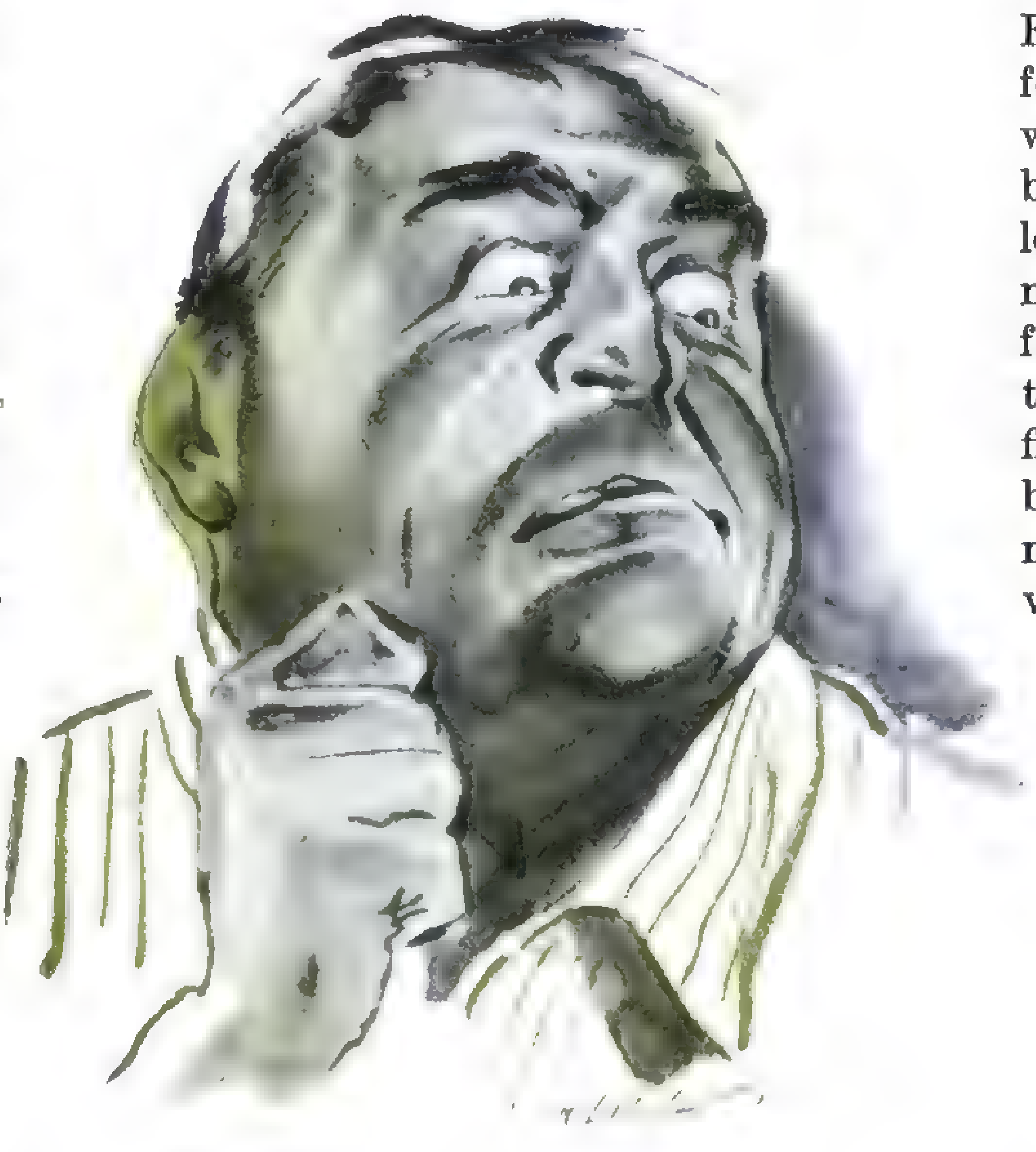
MORE than almost anything else, one bothering thing kept its grip on The Suet while he was holed-up like a hibernating woodchuck in that combination of rooming-house and sweatshop over on Lexington Avenue. It was a nagging, buzzing doubt as to whether he had been wise to stay on in town after his break with his old mob rather than to get out of town and stay out until the air cleared.

So far as the cops were concerned, everybody knew you couldn't pick on a better hide-out than New York. In New York all was likely to be jake with you unless you had a harelip or a clubfoot or an arm missing—some obvious mark such as that—which made you stand out as different from the run of the shoal. Just so you sang soft and low, you probably would be, even to the inquiring eye, merely an undistinguished one of the seven or eight millions or whatever by the latest census figures the number of human atoms was. But let you go for temporary retreat into some lesser community and no matter how small and inconspicuous you made yourself, nevertheless you were a stranger and any minute some hick bull might lamp you and get to thinking, which sometimes was just too bad because what he might get to thinking was where he had read your description or seen your mug smeared across one of these posters headed WANTED. No sir, for crossing up John Law's boys, you couldn't ask a better spot than the middle of little old Manhattan Island.

For the present highly precarious moment The Suet wasn't dodging John Law. To be sure, any stray Central Office dick who recognized him might take the notion to give him the old runaround or ride him down to Headquarters on general principles. But what of it? You took it and you laughed it off.

Now, though, The Suet was in retirement because of an enemy infinitely more to be dreaded than any cop in or out of uniform—an enemy uncannily shrewd and, by nature, most unforgiving and of a fearsome resourcefulness, so that you never could dope it in advance when he'd be coming at you or whence or how—especially how.

In the Detective Bureau and in the newspapers this enemy still was being referred to by his familiar early name, to wit: Torpedo Mike Romano. They didn't know yet—the "tecs" and the reporters—that within various inner and interrelated circles this distinguished personage was wearing a newer title, one which carried with it a tribute to his latest and greatest series of achievements. Being credited with having devised and in some instances having personally directed the successful plans for extinction, one by one, but all within a six-months' period, of nine of the obnoxious Heiney Schlagel beer mob up in the Bronx, the campaign then suitably concluding with the spectacular rubbing-out of Heiney himself, Torpedo Mike privately had been rechristened so that to admiring intimates he had become The Ten Spotter, which by a quick erosion became The Ten Spot, which inevitably and almost immediately became Big Casino. By these same poetic interpretations, Sammy The Suet often was called Sambo because he happened to be so dark of complexion as to suggest negroid blood and nearly always was given the alliterative suffix because he was fat with a greasy and a glistening fatness.



Seeing that before the recent misunderstanding came up he had been an esteemed member of Big Casino's outfit, nobody in all this wicked world would know better than he did that when a guy fell out with Big Casino, said guy sooner or later, but probably sooner, was likely to become an object of interest to one undertaker and a number of florists. The main issues here involved were, first, The Suet stood accused of having wilfully failed to execute a lethal commission which had been entrusted to him, and, second, and what was worse, was under further suspicion of attempting to betray his chief's intents in this particular matter to the subject marked for elimination. Obedience, codal discipline, good faith, were all involved in these alleged acts of treachery, hence the affair took on an ethical aspect. Casino was most fussy touching on ethics. Considered in that light, one might call him high church—a ritualistic stylist, a stickler for all the little formalisms.

Thus we observe how essential it was to Sammy The Suet's well-being that he see to the secrecy and the safety of his present place of withdrawal. As to those important details, he should have been fairly satisfied. For his part, there was no visible reason to fear that he had been traced to this asylum, which was a staunchly-built five-story brick building several miles south of his late Harlem habitat and situate in the approximate middle of a compact block. His room was a front room on the third floor, which meant that between him and the roof was a full floor and above that in turn a so-called loft, both of these being populated by sewing-machine operators during work hours and very securely locked up at all other hours.

On his own level and for the two below, there were rooms for boarders—not transients but established occupants known to the landlord and vouched for by him. And the landlord he could trust so far as any mortal of their cultural grouping might be trusted. At his back was a good thick wall and one very strong door opening upon a hallway. Facing him from the other side was a single window letting upon the smooth façade of the house and commanding a slantwise view of a brief strip of the avenue. From that direction — since the fire-escapes cascaded down the rear elevation—his seclusion was guaranteed against any human intrusion whatsoever unless the intruder brought along scaling-ladders, which wasn't probable, or could clumb a straight-up-and-down brick surface, like a fly, which wasn't plausible. Finally, the proprietor brought his meals to him along with such other supplies as he required, and in a corner of his room behind a board partition, was a private bath of sorts.

So, while he waited for the grudge of his late chief to abate itself or for the coming of a time deemed to be appropriate for making overtures looking to a truce, or happily, a permanent peace, he might bide on in these snug quarters, sleeping pleasantly in his bed and reading there or, provided he stayed well back behind the lowered shade, looking outward and down through the panes of the bolted window upon the life of the street. It was the middle of November, so keeping the window sash bolted didn't much matter.

In such undisturbed fashion then, the self-imprisoned fugitive spent a week and part of another week. He had a routine. He slept, woke up, breakfasted, read the news of the day and the magazines of the week—some of them, anyhow; the books of the month as well; smoked, paced the floor for exercise, looked out of the window some more, smoked some more, dined, smoked, read, went to bed. It was not greatly diverting but it was ever so much better than being in a box with plated silver handles down the sides and a blanket of tuberoses and lilies-of-the-valley over the top. It was better than being surrounded by all these expensive flowers—his crowd went in for swell funerals for fallen brothers—and yet not smelling any of them.

There was just one main drawback to the solitary tenant's comfort and that drawback had a temperamental rather than a physical background. The trouble with him was he had an active imagination. To persons of his dangerous calling, an active imagination is an inconvenience always and sometimes 'tis a positive handicap. For such a person, brooding on the past is bad and projecting the thoughts into the future is worse. With very little of anything excepting leisure on his hands, Sammy was annoyed by recurring brainpan pictures. He saw Big Casino or one of Big Casino's lieutenants spying out his whereabouts. He saw the favorite rendezvous of the mob, a back parlor of a discreet speakeasy in East One-Hundred and Sixteenth Street—saw it down to the very roaches skirmishing over the wainscotings—with the boss sitting there sipping a seltzer lemonade—the boss handled the hard stuff but drank only the soft—sitting there with a droll smile on his plump and placid face; just sitting there, artistically figuring out bright, fresh plans of reprisal against him. For the boss, outside of his love of sundry tribal rites, was ever fertile-minded and never more so than when sheering away from the hallowed traditions of their craft to conjure up some shapely, sprightly form of murder which would be as a piquant sauce, adding spice of novelty to the red gravy of his vengeance. Sammy saw these things, and he felt things. For instance, he felt bullets striking his flesh with sharp stinging pains, or piercing his flesh with a terrible burning sensation. In the kind of novels he liked to read, a bullet either stung or burned—invariably did one or the other. And between times he kept worrying about whether or not he had made a mistake by denning-up in New York when he might just as well have gone somewhere else.

Oh yes, indeed, to poets and to stock promoters and advertisement writers, an imagination may be an asset but it's a liability for a killer turned hermit.

Sheltered behind the dingy window curtains, the recluse fought off boredom by studying the foreshortened panorama opposite and beneath him. Before the first week of his captivity was over, he knew by heart all the signs on the buildings over the way, knew even the numbers on some of the surface cars that went up and down, down and up. By now, the habitués of the block were familiarized to him: the uniformed doorman of the cheap department store on the corner below and the deputy who understudied for that gaudy notable; the mounted cop at the crossing, and his relief; the patrolman who in daytime alternated on the post of which his circumscribed vista was a part; the proprietor of the stationery shop yonder on the far side, who spent so many hours lounging in his doorway; the newly established apple vender who risked disaster while he diagonalled back and forth seeking customers in the traffic; the old lady in garments which seemed outlandish because they were twenty years behind the mode—high-buttoned shoes, longish skirts, balloon sleeves and the rest of it—who at eleven o'clock every morning and again every afternoon at three, promenaded the far sidewalk, holding a decrepit pug dog on an unnecessary leash.

Whenever there was an addition to the small fleet of taxicabs which commonly cruised the roadway hereabouts or ranked themselves in the parking space slightly to the north, he knew it. And he was aware of any newcomers appearing among the standbys in that restless ebb and flow of the tides of pedestrian travel. For instance, there was a sandwich man, cased fore and aft with flat boards, who arrived on the fifth day. This one made the third of these human terrapins, these upended turtle shapes, now shambling along this particular beat. His twin shells proclaimed the merits of a cheap restaurant, whereas, of his already established brethren, one perambulated on behalf of a shoe-repairer and the other crawlingly advertised an auction sale which apparently never ended. The way each of these fellows had of dragging his feet and his way of suddenly sticking one hand out like a flapper from behind his carapace to offer printed cards to the passer-by, accentuated the resemblance to a tortoise reared upon its hind legs.

Likewise there was a ragged beggar-man with heavy black glasses over his eyes,who presently joined the resident mendicants. He appeared on the sixth day. A boy brought him that morning and left him posted in an angle alongside an areaway on the opposite side of the avenue three doors south, where all day thereafter he teetered on his pins and patiently rattled a metal cup and at intervals rapped briskly with a cane upon a large placard which hung from a cord about his neck and which proclaimed him the victim of a powder explosion—with a large family.

This goggled figure, swaying like a channel buoy anchored in an eddy at the verge of some narrow sluiceway, at once became an accepted neighborhood fixture, also.

It got so with Sammy The Suet, and he watching there hour after hour, that he would have missed any one of the regulars who failed to show up. But he told himself that most of all he would have missed the old-fashioned old lady with her funny clothes and her pet specimen of a practically extinct species, that ancient pug dog. She fascinated him. Frequently, in his less perturbed moments, that imagination of his dealt speculatively with her.

The warning came without any warning. There was a smearing of significant drama—a kind of slick and sinister gloss—over the method employed for advising him that his whereabouts was known, that his number was up.

On the ninth day, late in the afternoon, he was lying on the bed, propped against the pillows, waiting for his host to bring him the afternoon papers and a fresh stock of cigarettes. The lights were on, the window shade, of course, being drawn.

He heard something—the faintest and tiniest of slithering sounds. He sat up straight and peered over the footboard in the direction of that sound and he saw something. He saw something white, something small and sharply-angled, like one corner of an envelope, say, which was crawling, so to speak, through a crack under the bottom of the door and sliding across his threshold. More and more of it came in. It was an envelope. It came in until it was almost entirely in and then it stopped moving and lay there as though waiting for him to pick it up, a flat, pale oblong, lying sealed-side up.

Like a chicken entranced by a chalk mark drawn under its beak, he stared at it and stared and stared, his neck stretching, his jaw lolling. For all his hypnotized pose, he didn't forget, though, to listen for noises, however small, from without—the rustle of a body against his bolted door, the stealthy tiptoe of a retreat along the hallway. But there were no such noises.

After awhile—maybe five minutes, maybe ten, he very slowly, very cautiously, got up and went and stooped and picked up the

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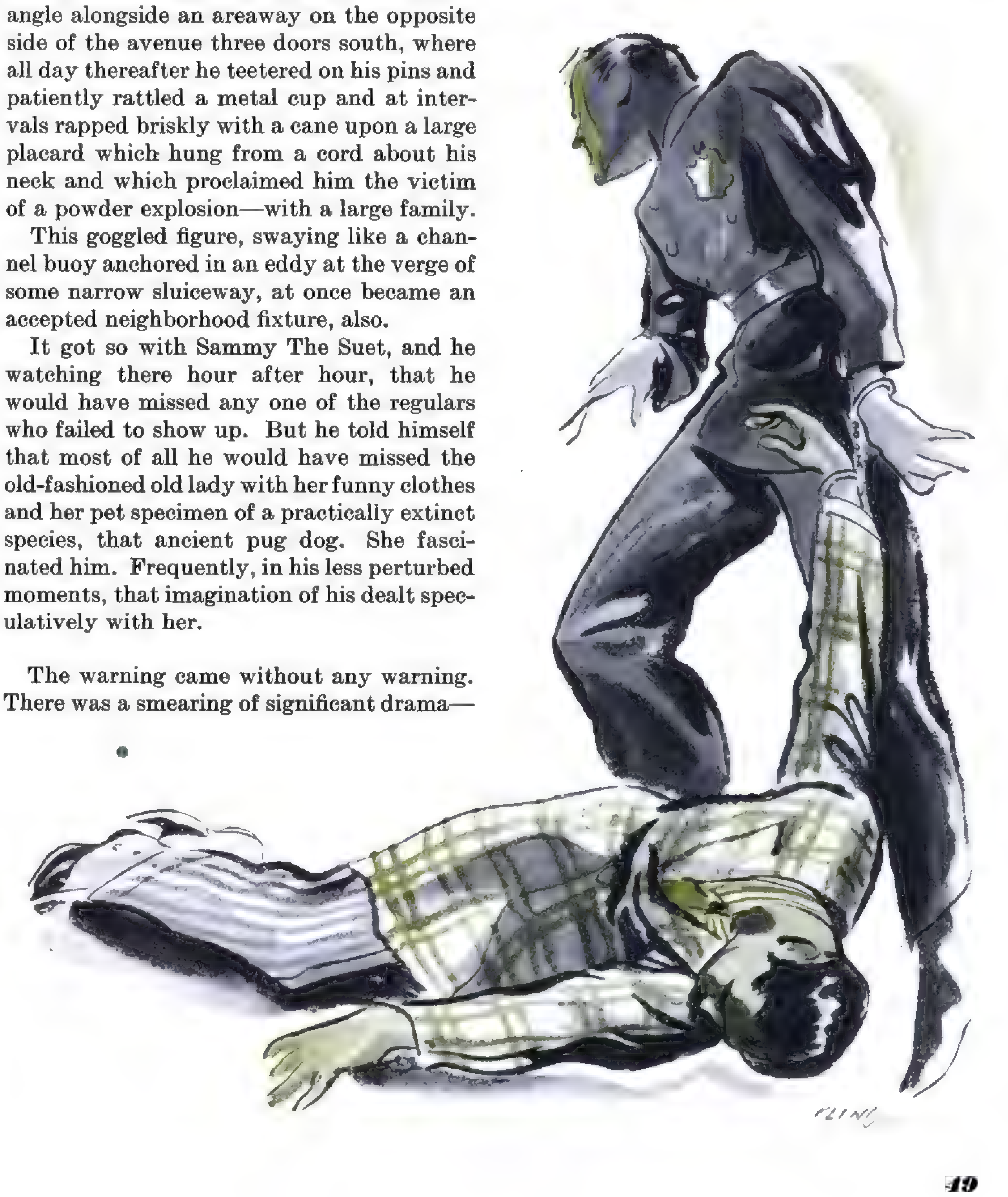
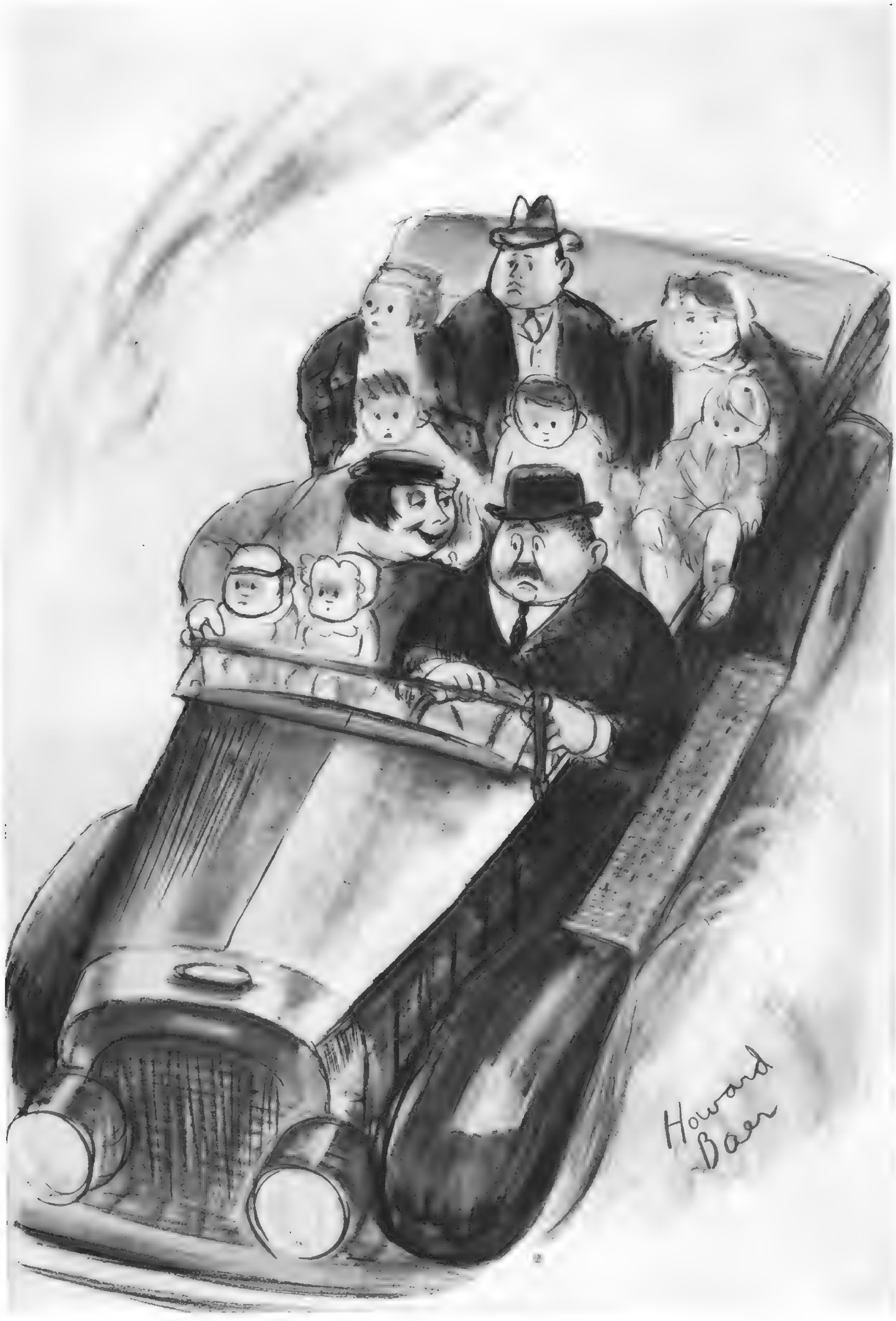


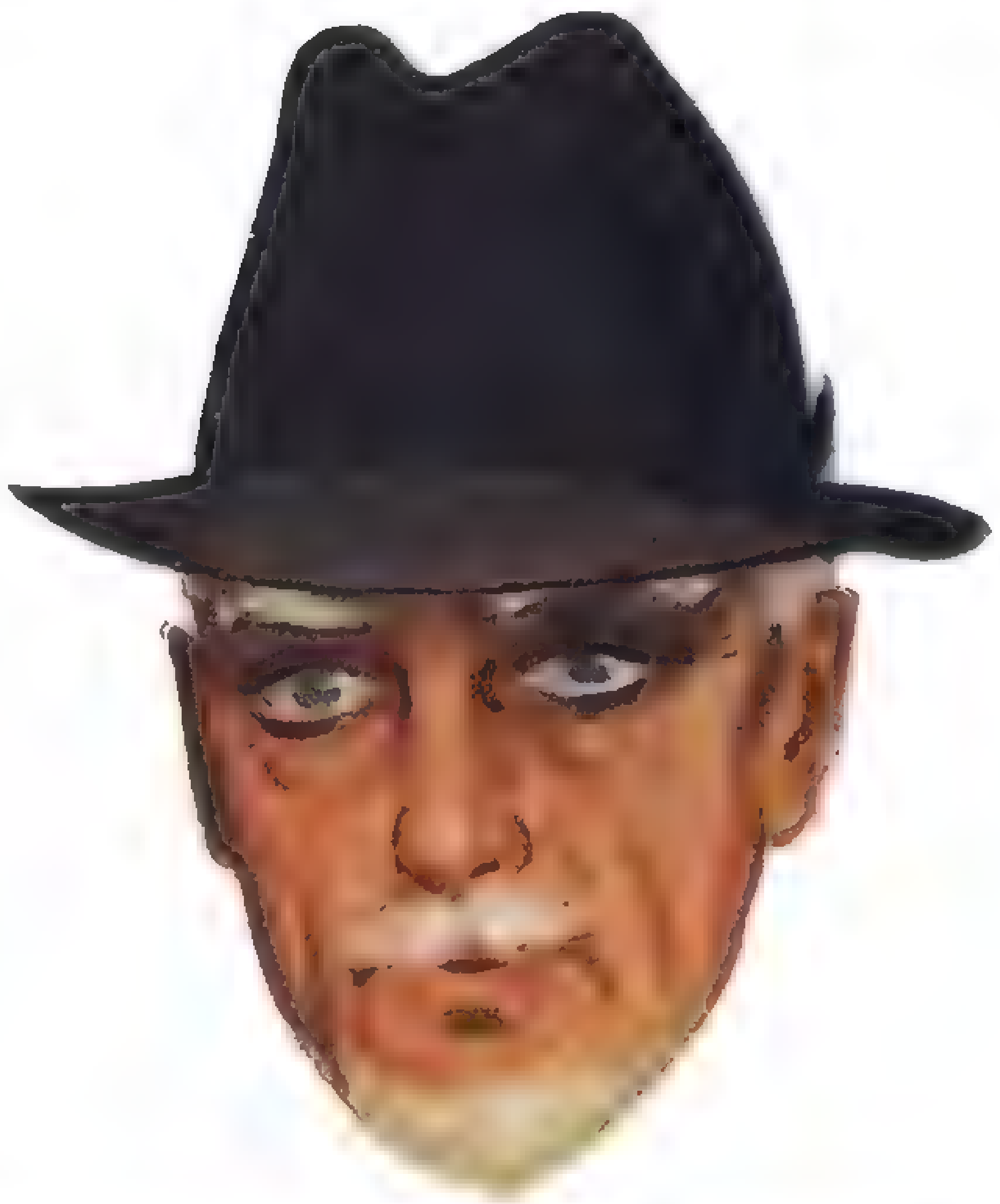

Howard Baer

"Alex, we're going to have to have a new car this year"

The Man in the Black Hat

He had a habit of appearing out of nowhere, and of going back again just as suddenly

by MICHAEL FESSIER



I HAD my money on the black and the stock market stopped at red. So, after holding me upside down and shaking the last dime out of my pocket, they turned me loose. San Francisco isn't such a bad place to be broke in. You walk around and look at things and you forget your trouble. It's only at night when you're trying to sleep in a dark room that things get tough. A dark room in San Francisco's the same as a dark room in New York or New Orleans if you can't sleep and happen to be broke.

I know. I've been there.

San Francisco's the best place to walk in I know. You just start out in any direction and eventually you bump into something interesting. If you go one way, you wind up at the Embarcadero where the ships are coming in; another and you find yourself in Chinatown; another and you're at Fishermen's Wharf smelling crabs cooking in pots on the sidewalk.

This day I was walking along Van Ness Avenue. Second hand dealers had cars parked halfway across the sidewalk. Signs on the windshields said, "This car for $100" or "This car for only $25 down." I laughed to myself, thinking how I was broke and couldn't even buy gasoline for a motorcycle. Still I read the signs and wondered which car I'd buy in case I had the money. All of a sudden I noticed a sign that didn't make sense. It said, "This car free. Inquire upstairs, Room 402." Other people glanced at the sign and kept on going. They figured it was some kind of advertising gag. So did I but I didn't have anything to do and I stuck around looking at the sign. It was on a brand new Luxury 12 you couldn't touch for less than $4000. I backed against a plate glass window and tried to figure the thing out. No matter how hard I tried I couldn't make it add up. Other cars were on the curb and they had sales prices on them. That was okay. Two and two make four. But here was one that looked like somebody was trying to give away. That way two and two didn't make four. It didn't make anything.

I'm curious like all other gamblers. I walked up a flight of stairs and knocked on the door of 402. Somebody told me to come in. I stepped inside and a small man with a grey goatee raised his head. He wore a black hat of soft felt like I used to wear when the horses ran right or the stock market chart didn't look like a cross-cut saw.

"You the fellow put the sign on the Luxury 12 downstairs?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"Well," I said, "what's the gag?"

"No gag at all," he said.

He was looking at me out of eyes that didn't see me. They were solid grey, no iris or anything. Just grey. They gave me the willies.

"Then, in that case," I said, "I'll take it, if you don't mind."

"Not at all," he said.

He handed me a pink slip already signed.

"What else is there to this?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said.

"Thank you," I said.

I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Don't mention it," he said.

Then I wasn't there any more. I mean, I was standing in the room but so far as he was concerned I was a million miles away. He ignored me so completely I felt I wasn't there, myself. I left.

The key was in the car. I backed it over the curb and drove it to the Luxury agency.

"What'll you give me for this car?" I asked the manager.

"Why do you want to sell it?" he asked.

"So's I can eat," I said.

He began looking around for a cop.

"You mean to say you haven't enough money to eat on and yet you're trying to peddle a brand new $4000 car?" he asked.

"Yep," I said.

"Let's see your pink slip," he said.

I handed it to him.

"Where'd you get this car?" he asked.

"Man gave it to me," I said.

Just then a cop passed near the door and the manager whistled. After the cop understood, he whistled for another cop. One cop stayed with me and the other went back to talk with the old man. He came back with a surprised look on his face.

"The guy's right," he said. "That old geezer in the White Building give him the car. I ast 'im why and he said it wasn't none of my business."

He turned to the cop that'd been guarding me. "Come on Pete," he said, "we can't arrest a guy because he run into a lunatic."

After a lot of haggling they gave me $2400 cash for the car.

I took the money and played the stock market again. This time I played the red. I couldn't lose. All you had to do those days was bet stocks would go down. When everybody else said they were at rock bottom, I bet they'd excavate and they did. The old man'd changed my luck. Funny thing was nothing seemed strange to me. I'd make words with my mouth and tell myself that the old man wasn't real and that the goofiest thing that ever happened was me getting a car for nothing like that. But the words didn't mean anything. Something inside me took the whole business for granted.

When the stock market got so low it wouldn't even fluctuate, I took my winnings and bought a trip for myself. I went down to Florida and cleaned up a few thousand shooting dice and betting on the races. After that I went to New York.

One night I turned a corner and almost bumped into the old man. If I had said anything out loud about it I would have said, "It's a surprise to see YOU here."

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Perishable Freight

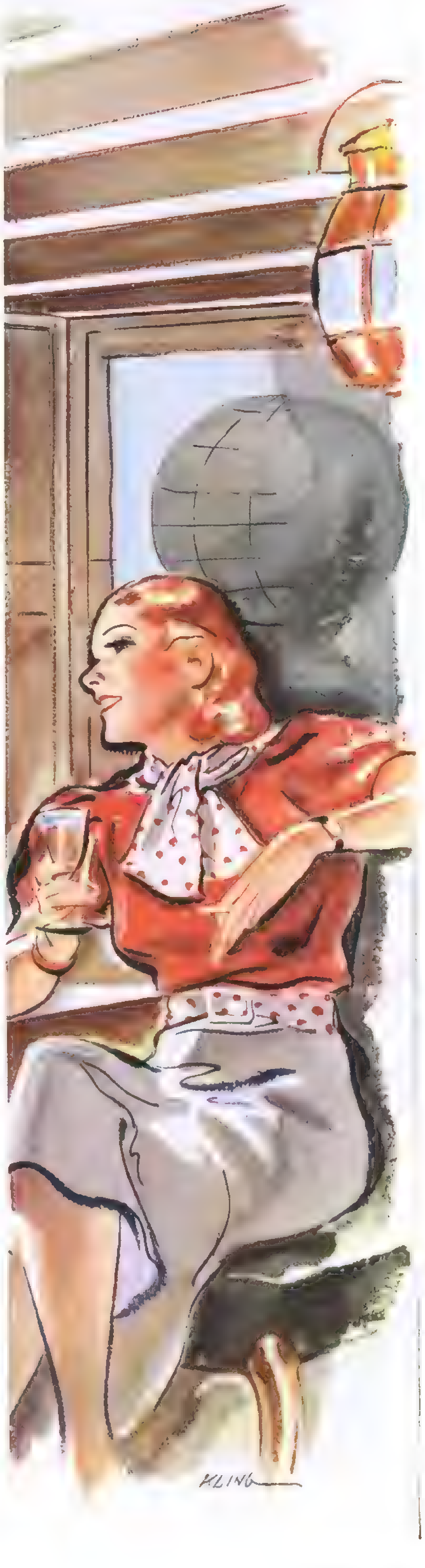
He pointed like a dog when a woman took his fancy, but she was absent-minded with kisses

by WILLIAM McFEE

CAPTAIN MUSKER, of the Afro-Iberian Mail Liner SONAMBULA, put down the letter he was reading and permitted himself a short glance into the past. "You have probably forgotten the Clementine Charsley who flirted so outrageously with you on the voyage from the Mediterranean three years ago." Forgotten her? Impossible. She had a weird notion of a flirtation, that tall lovely girl! He remembered her best in a white velvet dinner gown with a tiara of white enamel and brilliants like a coronet on her marvelous blonde hair. He had told her she was his idea of an empress. The other women passengers had alluded to her in scathing terms as the Statue of Liberty. It was true she was tall, but heavens, what a figure! What arms! What a—a torso! What a carriage! Her eyes were astounding in their brilliance and depth. How his heart had pounded when she had consented to visit his cabin. Marvelous! To see her sitting there, an untasted liqueur in her regal fingers, her magnificence accentuated against the dark panelling of the bulkhead, was an experience. Captain Musker shook his head slowly in a mood of amused resignation as he remembered her. He had been at sea with passengers for many years and he had suffered cruelly at times, but he had never met anybody so incredibly dumb as Clementine Charsley. He certainly had never expected to hear from her again. He had told her she was his ideal, but he had refrained from going into details. She had given him her hand as she went ashore and he had bowed low over it in simple reverence for her monumental dumbness.

And now here she was, asking a favor for her darling little sister. It was like the lovely Clementine to forget that she was married and that Captain Musker could not possibly know her sister's name. He turned to Mrs. Charsley's signature. Clementine V. Charsley. Well, there wouldn't be dozens of V's on the ship and the darling little sister might be among them. He turned to the passenger list. Even now, experienced as he was, disillusioned and cynical, a passenger-list always interested him. There, in regular inexorable columns, lay the facts about the men—and the women, he carried. The only facts about the women you could be absolutely certain of, he reflected grimly. Age, race, nationality, names given and married, occupation, address, destination and (from the accommodation paid for) financial standing. Beyond that, he reflected again, God help us all to find the truth.

Under V, he found only two names, Miss Vanessa Vasey and Miss Annabel Vasey. This, he thought, was no doubt the aunt, aged fifty-two. Curiously enough, the sight



of Mrs. Charsley's maiden name struck him as absurd. Evidently the parents had had grand ideas about names. He tried to imagine Clementine and Vanessa romping together as girls not so very long ago. Mrs. Charsley had told him she had only been married a year, to the second secretary of a United States Embassy in the Mediterranean. Her letter went on: "You must not give poor me away to my dear little sister. She will learn enough of the great naughty world soon enough. We are sending her away on a voyage with her aunt to enable her to forget." He shook his head again. If Miss Vasey didn't know more of the world than Mrs. Charsley she must be the dumbest little fool who ever lived in the East Sixties.

According to the passenger list Miss Vanessa Vasey was twenty-one, unmarried, resided in New York and was on a cruise. A score of other young ladies were also taking the cruise, he noted. Captain Musker, having seen the pilot away and having set the course, was feeling indulgent towards those unknown and probably charming creatures who brightened the voyages with their conversation, their jewels and clothes, and occasionally their rather surprising capacity for folly. Only one had as yet any individuality. Miss Vanessa Vasey, if she were Mrs. Charsley's sister, would have to be given some attention. But Captain Musker was extremely reluctant to waste any time on anybody like the tall, lovely and unexciting Clementine. The place for Mrs. Charsley, he reflected, was with her husband. What a sight she would be at some embassy, receiving guests, accepting their admiration with imperial dignity and that everlasting bright metallic smile of hers!

Captain Musker swung around in his swivel chair to reach the newspaper his steward had brought on board at the last moment and sat suddenly still. His cabin abaft the bridge looked out upon the forward boat deck, which was his private domain. A railing with a peremptory notice board informed passengers that they were not allowed forward of it. Captain Musker was rather strict about this. But as he turned he saw through the after window the head of a girl who was leaning against a ventilator and gazing at the horizon.

One of Captain Musker's officers, who was a sporting character, used to say the old man pointed like a dog when he saw a woman who took his fancy. This was a slight exaggeration, due in part to jealousy, but it did convey something of that alertness and interest which at once entered Captain Musker's life on such occasions. As his envious officer remarked, he was a real sportsman. He enjoyed himself even when the quarry got away!

And on this occasion there was something else besides a zest for sport in Captain Musker's motionless scrutiny of the lovely face framed in his after window. There was a very genuine appreciation of beauty. The trouble with so many girls, he thought, was their lack of repose and their self-consciousness. They were such infernal exhibitionists. Now here was repose, cameo-like loveliness, perfect unconsciousness that any human eye observed her, rapt in contemplation of nature's grandeur as exemplified in the New Jersey shore. What a stunning girl! he thought. She was a blonde, and he was almost sure her eyes were not blue but hazel. One of his most cherished combinations. The white beret was adorable. He rose quietly and moved in a half circle to approach the window. She had no business on his private deck, but if she were alone, he was prepared to overlook it. At close range she was even more—more—what was the word?—more thoroughbred, perhaps, expressed the thought he was fumbling with. He took a cautious glance through the window. No, no one else there. She was wearing a white coat. Her face, in exact profile against the yellow ventilator, was only three or four feet away now. The breeze blew a tiny golden tendril of hair about her neck. Captain Musker rapidly outlined for himself one of those perfect emotional idylls in which he occasionally indulged, an affair of exquisite innocence and honorable gallantry. He was willing to take a chance that there was nothing on the SONAMBULA this trip to touch what he saw right in front of him. He gave a slight cough.

The girl outside started and turned her head. He had been right. Her eyes were light hazel, and in that delicately tinted and sweetly modeled face, inexpressibly seductive. When she gazed at him and smiled, he was moved as by solemn music. He smiled too.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said in a rather low contralto. "Am I trespassing. Shouldn't I be here?"

"Absolutely prohibited by the rules and regulations," he assured her. "Can't you read?"

"Not notice boards," she smiled. "I never take any notice of warning signs. Am I to apologize and stand in a corner?"

"You seem to be standing in a corner now," he remarked.

"To keep out of the wind. And I've just been sending a radio. I wanted to think."

"Well, if you like you can come in and think here. The door is round the corner and the line forms on the left."

"I'm alone," she said. "Does it matter?"

"What do you mean, does it matter? I don't tolerate fresh remarks from passengers."

She disappeared and he went to open the door. Instead of stepping over the coaming she leaned against the jamb and looked curiously round, her hands in her pockets.

"Gee!" she said. "You have a swell cabin."

"Come in!" he said sharply, pulling her towards him. He closed the door, pointing to the steward laying out his lunch. "Join me?" She nodded. "I'd love it," she said, dragging off her beret and scratching her head. "I have an aunt somewhere on the ship," she explained. "I'm afraid she'll tell the steward I'm lost overboard if I don't send a message. She's supposed to keep an eye on me."

"We'll send her a message," said Captain Musker handing her the menu. "What will you have?"

When the steward had gone down the captain had every reason to congratulate himself. If there was one kind of passenger worse than the one who couldn't hold her liquor, it was the girl who imagined a ravisher in every man on the ship, from the commander to the baggage man who came to inquire about her trunks. Seen across the table this girl was even more charming than he had imagined. She gave him the impression, after that vision through the window, of a picture which had miraculously come alive and stepped down out of its frame. She smiled at his frank admiration.

"Who's fresh now?" she murmured in her seductive husky tones.

"What's your name?" he said suddenly.

"Vanessa Vasey!" She rose and curtsied. "What's yours? Oh, of course, you are the wonderful Captain Musker Clemmy raved about when she came home that time. I was madly in love with you just from her description."

"No!" he said, amused in spite of himself and rather thrilled at the look on the girl's face. He got up and went out on the bridge for a few minutes. When he returned Vanessa was holding the young steward spellbound with her description of a yacht race she once took part in on Oyster Bay. She was explaining the rig by pointing to the picture of a yacht on Captain Musker's desk.

"You mustn't vamp my steward," he said drily as the door closed on a hypnotized youth. "I shall get no service out of him now." He took up Mrs. Charsley's letter. "I got my information about you from this. Is it reliable?"

Mrs. Charsley's young sister shook her head, shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

"You'd better read it to me," she said. Captain Musker took up the letter from his desk.

"You are darling little sister," he announced. "And you know nothing of the world. You have been sent away on a cruise with your aunt Annabel to forget. Correct?"

"So far," Miss Vasey admitted uneasily. "Does she say why?"

"Only a casual allusion to an unwise attachment."

"Oh."

"Which, however, seems to have been successfully handled by the family. Rather personal this, Miss Vasey. But Mrs. Charsley asks me to keep an eye on you and see you come to no harm. No unwise attachments on this ship, Miss Vasey, remember."

"Ha!" said Miss Vasey in a very unmaidenly fashion. "With Aunt Annabel downstairs and you keeping an eye on me . . . "

"Two eyes," he corrected. "It's a pleasure, I assure you."

" . . . I shall have a pretty dull time," she announced.

"Oh no. You have permission to follow in your sister's footsteps. She's a very charming young lady."

"Sez you?" retorted Miss Vasey. "I'd like to know just what went on between you two. I never knew Clemmy so completely infatuated. Of course, I know Clemmy. You needn't tell me!"

"Nothing went on that any young sister might not know about," he said with an ironical smile. "I have a notion Miss—Vanessa—you and Mrs. Charsley are not always in agreement. I came to the conclusion, as I watched your profile from that window, that you were an entirely different kettle of fish. What have they packed you off on this cruise for? Running away with the chauffeur?"

"Nothing so Victorian," she said. "The family would probably have stood for that. They couldn't see me as a contractor's lady though. Oh well, we live and learn."

"Contractor's lady?" said Captain Musker, passing her the radishes. "Sounds rather wealthy and so forth. What was the objection?"

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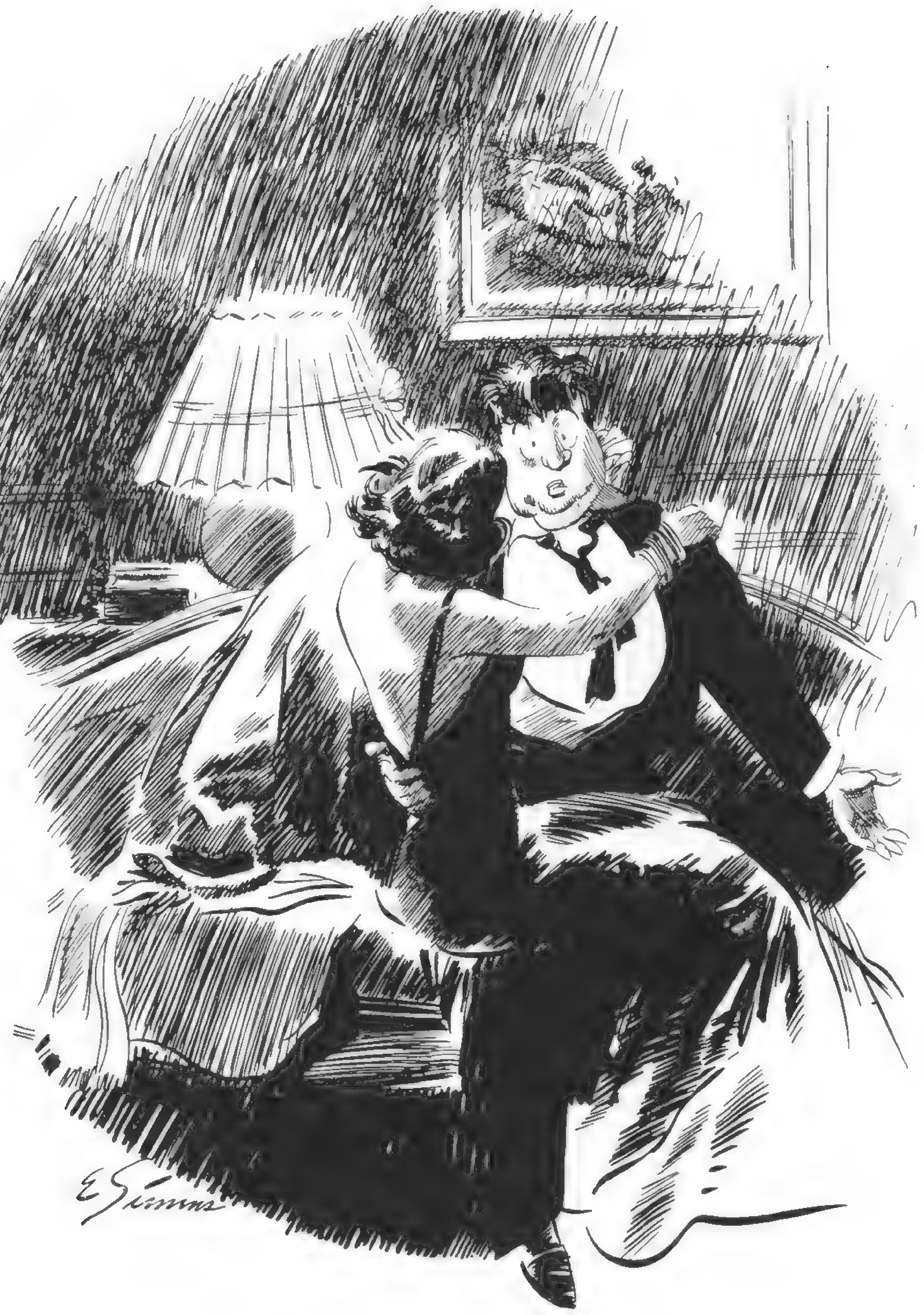

"No, I'm not sore—if you love your husband, why, you love your husband"

Deaf Burke Fights a Ghost

The first of a series of four stories about the days before prize fighting was a business

by LOUIS GOLDING

This is the story of one of the most luridly exciting prize fights in the history of the ring. It took place in New Orleans nearly a century ago, in May, 1836.

It is true that the fight involved fewer pennies than the Dempsey, Tunney or Carnera affairs of a century later involved pounds. It is true that the spectators numbered their hundreds rather than their tens of thousands. It is true that many decades were still to elapse before enormous multitudes in the five continents could be whipped up to a fever heat of excitement by a combined campaign of telephone, cable, radio and talking picture.

Yet the fact remains, that for sheer lurid excitement none of the great championship affairs in recent history can begin to compare with that astounding bout between Deaf Burke and Samuel O'Rourke.

They were both Irishmen by origin, as their names indicate. (The Irish were always lustily to the fore throughout the whole history of the bare-knuckle prize ring.) But on that mad bad day in New Orleans, they were England versus the States, the Old World versus the New World. But more than that, stranger than that—they were a living man versus an unsleeping ghost.

I said that the excitement was *lurid.* I mean precisely that. It was not the glorious excitement of pure boxing, such excitement as very nearly lifted the scalp off at the heroic contests of Bendigo versus Ben Caunt, or Tom Sayers versus John Heenan. It was the excitement not of the bare fist, but of the bared knife. It was melodrama full to the brim and running over.

There were only three rounds fought that day in New Orleans. That is a fairly respectable number, I suppose, compared with one or two hectically advertised modern bouts, which have come to an end in not many more seconds. But it was a very miserable number then, when those gigantic creatures went on pommeling each other for very many more than a hundred rounds. There was one fight between Jack Grant and Mike Madden in 1848 at Woking which went on for a hundred and forty, and then they only stopped fighting because it was too dark. The doughty pair had been at it for five and three quarter hours!

Deaf Burke himself, much earlier in his career, took Bill Fitzmaurice through it for no less than a hundred and sixty-six rounds. Yet compared with those ultraviolent three rounds in New Orleans, the affair with Fitzmaurice was about as exciting as a hard-boiled egg.

Who was this Deaf Burke? And what on earth was he doing in New Orleans? For it is a long way from the Strand now, which was the place of Deaf Burke's origin, and it was a lot farther in 1836.

Who was he? He was perhaps the most engaging of the bare-knuckle fighters, and the most gallant. He made his living as a lad by helping the gentlefolk to land from their pinnaces on the Strand water-stairs; so, doubtless, at this moment some lad destined to the highest fistic honours is opening and shutting taxicab doors on the pavements of the Shaftesbury Avenue or Broadway theatres. He was a game youth. He saved more than one life from drowning, and ran away from the scene of the rescue as if he had done something he was acutely ashamed of. On one occasion he brought out three children from the tottering debris of a collapsed house in Exeter Street, Strand, displaying an agility in skirting the sooty abysses which yawned to engulf him, and a strength in shoving aside huge masses of masonry, as notable as anything he displayed in the ring.

It was a tragic paradox that this gentle pugilist was involved in a fight which ended fatally, his fight with the big Irishman, Simon Byrne. It is true that Byrne himself had been involved in a fight which ended in a trial for manslaughter. It seemed almost as if Nemesis had appointed that the grim lot which had been dealt out by Byrne should be dealt out to him too, in due season.

But it was a scurvy trick on the part of Nemesis to choose for her minister so simple and jovial a creature as Burke. There was something childlike about him from beginning to end. He talked a queer childish language of his own. He cavorted up and down the ring before his fights started, like a huge baby. It was ironical that he never behaved more clownishly than on the fateful day of the meeting with Simon Byrne. He drove off to the ringside in an open carriage, with his face daubed red and white, like Grock's. During the whole journey, he grimaced, he guffawed, he did capers, as if he were on his way to pour out tea for the children at a curate's party. When he got into the ring he drew forth an enormous cigar from nowhere, like a conjuror, and started puffing away at it. His backers nearly had heart-failure, till it was found it was only a toy cigar. Then he thrust his arm through his rival's and marched him up and down the ring, making funny faces at him and everyone else. Little did he suspect that the next occasion upon which he was to see Simon Byrne, he would see him but dimly for the tears which filled his eyes.

There was a bird of ill omen that flapped his wings that day over the ringside. But Deaf Burke looked like some very different sort of bird, as he pranced up and down in his queer fighting togs. "He wore green baize drawers," wrote the oracle, "profusely trimmed with yellow braid, and decorated with flying knots of yellow ribbon at the knees, whilst his calves were cased in a pair of bright striped worsted stockings, and his feet in laced high-lows."

I confess I don't know what "high-lows" are, but they must have looked very dashing, as the feet they shod danced and pranced about the ring. In fact, Burke looked very dashing altogether, despite his bull-dog face, his high Irish cheek-bones, his bulby nose. He was in grand condition. His muscles rippled under the firm satin skin. He tapered down from broad shoulders to slim flanks, in the fashion that the ancient sculptors immortalized in bronze and marble.

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I Am An Unknown Writer

A gentle reminder to collectors of rejection slips: acceptance seldom leads to fame and fortune

ANONYMOUS

There are thousands of us: unknowns who feel privileged to call ourselves "authors," because we have had a few stories or an unsuccessful novel published, but whose names mean nothing at all to the reading public and little more to the editors who hold our destinies in their hands.

You will find our names in the back pages of the annual short story anthologies. You will find our stories chiefly in the "little" magazines, occasionally in the "quality" group, and oh! so rarely in the "popular" magazines.

But you will not remember us. Our intrusions, single or widely scattered, upon your reading consciousness are too brief and too feeble to leave an impression. You may remember our exceptional stories a little while, but you will not remember us, who wrote them. Our appearances are too infrequent, or our tales are too varied to produce a cumulative effect.

We derive, of course, from the vast army of would-be writers, the tens of thousands who think they can write, and who put millions of words on paper, but who never see a line in print, and finally become discouraged and return to more prosaic but less tormenting activities. We are the aspirants who "clicked" once—and were lost.

From our ranks rise the occasional Faulkners and Hemingways, who by sheer artistry and integrity of purpose force their way into the consciousness of the reading public and eventually receive rewards equal to those earned by that galaxy of happy authors, the "entertainment" writers who early find their special fields and cultivate them industriously.

It was my misfortune to sell and see published the first short story I ever wrote. Nearly every newspaperman I know is always "going to write" a short story or a book. Many do actually become sober enough, or bored enough, to begin writing. I did, and my first story was a "natural." I spoiled it, of course, by dragging melodrama by its heels into a tale that was already rich enough in honest drama. The kindly editor of my favorite "quality" magazine sent it back with the suggestion that I temper and purify it. If I would do this, he wrote, he would be glad to see it again.

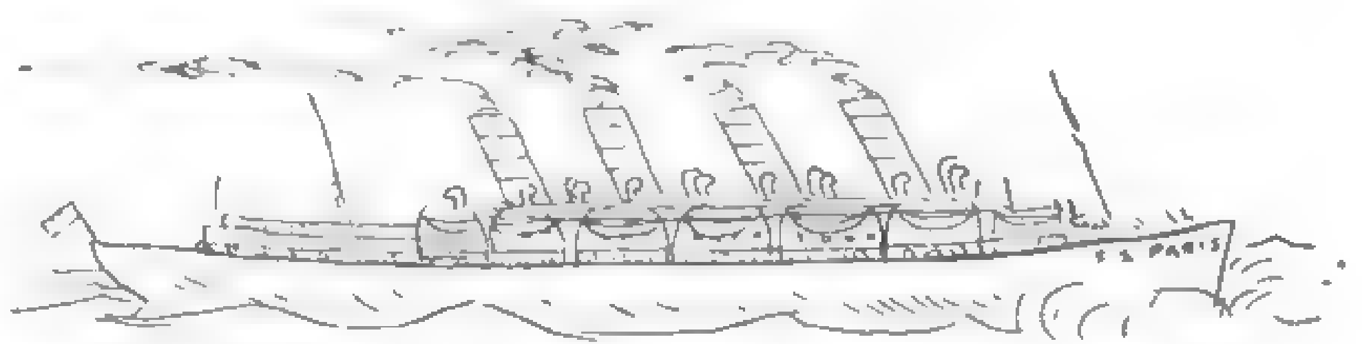
The story was rewritten —I stayed up all night to do it—and the editor promptly accepted it. Oh, joy!

I was twenty-five and wholly ignorant of the ramifications of the writing profession; so you may guess what happened to me. "Well, well," I marveled, "so writing is this easy! I should waste my time in a newspaper office when I can earn a month's salary with a few days' effort at my typewriter."

First, I married The Girl. Then, soon afterward, we sailed for Paris!

It is almost impossible for me now to believe—and admit—that I was ever such a callow idiot. Yet, I find it in my heart to envy that young man, the confident youth I was and can never be again.

Off for Paris, the most romantic city in the world, to enjoy a honeymoon and then to settle down to set the world on fire with my writing! What did it matter that I had less than $100 above our passage, no return tickets and no relatives or friends to whom I could turn in case of need? I had my typewriter, hadn't I? I would write another story, and another and another, as money was needed, and we would live happily and free of care in the City by the Seine.



My high adventure might have turned into tragedy, except for a Providence that must guard over fools, children and newspapermen—and I was all three of these.

The $100 had vanished, of course, before my first story written in Paris had made the round-trip across the Atlantic, bringing back a formal rejection slip and a chill to my heart. My bride was courageous—but hungry. I was just hungry.

Naturally, I turned to the newspaper offices in Paris, and the expatriate reporters on the staffs of The Chicago Tribune and New York Herald smiled cynically—and kept us from starving. Eventually, I got a job as proofreader at 1400 francs a month (about $56) and finally slipped into an editorial vacancy at a slightly higher (and almost livable) salary.

We stayed in Paris a year, and I wrote fiction constantly in my spare time. I sold one story! It was an insignificant story, accepted in desperation by an obscure magazine which paid me $40 for it.

I had gone to Paris with a bride and a portable typewriter to earn my living by writing fiction, and in one year my income from my literary efforts totaled $40. That, my friends, was disillusionment, you may well believe.

Nevertheless, the year was not spent in vain. I made an important discovery: I learned I did not know how to write a short story. It finally dawned upon me that my first story was a freak; it had fallen naturally into an acceptable form, and the writing had required no knowledge of the short story art. The substance was there, and the form had been achieved unconsciously.

My subsequent efforts to repeat this success were dismal failures, because the vehicles I built to carry my tales were clumsy contraptions that creaked and groaned and often wandered entirely off the trail.

So I began studying the short story as a literary form; I took apart stories by the masters, analyzed them, tried to perceive the manner of their construction and to understand what qualities they had, besides intrinsic substance value, that made them complete and perfect. I discovered that the masters, while not slaves to form, had a wholesome respect for it, and deserted it only to achieve a desired and otherwise unattainable effect.

I learned much from this study, and each story I wrote taught me a little more. I began humbly to hope that some day I might learn to write.

Occasionally, my rejected manuscripts were accompanied by helpful, constructive letters from the editors who had the time and the generosity (as well, perhaps, as a faint hope of receiving acceptable contributions in the future) to point out the weaknesses in my stories. These rare letters were encouraging, even exciting.

In this connection, I'd like to record that I have never been guilty of the absurd but common accusation that magazine editors are not interested in manuscripts sent in by contributors who do not have "names." It is manifestly ridiculous, for how else are

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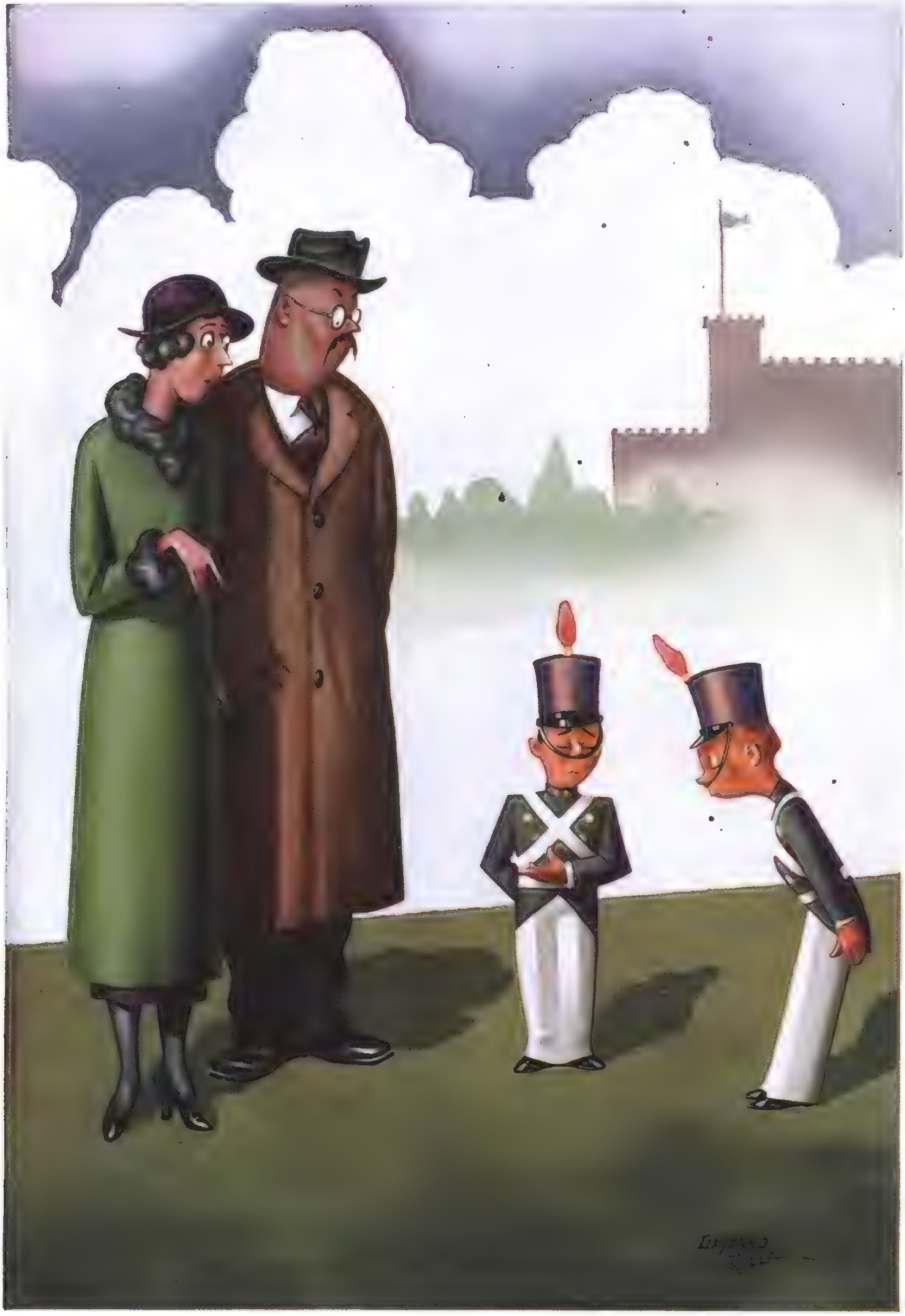
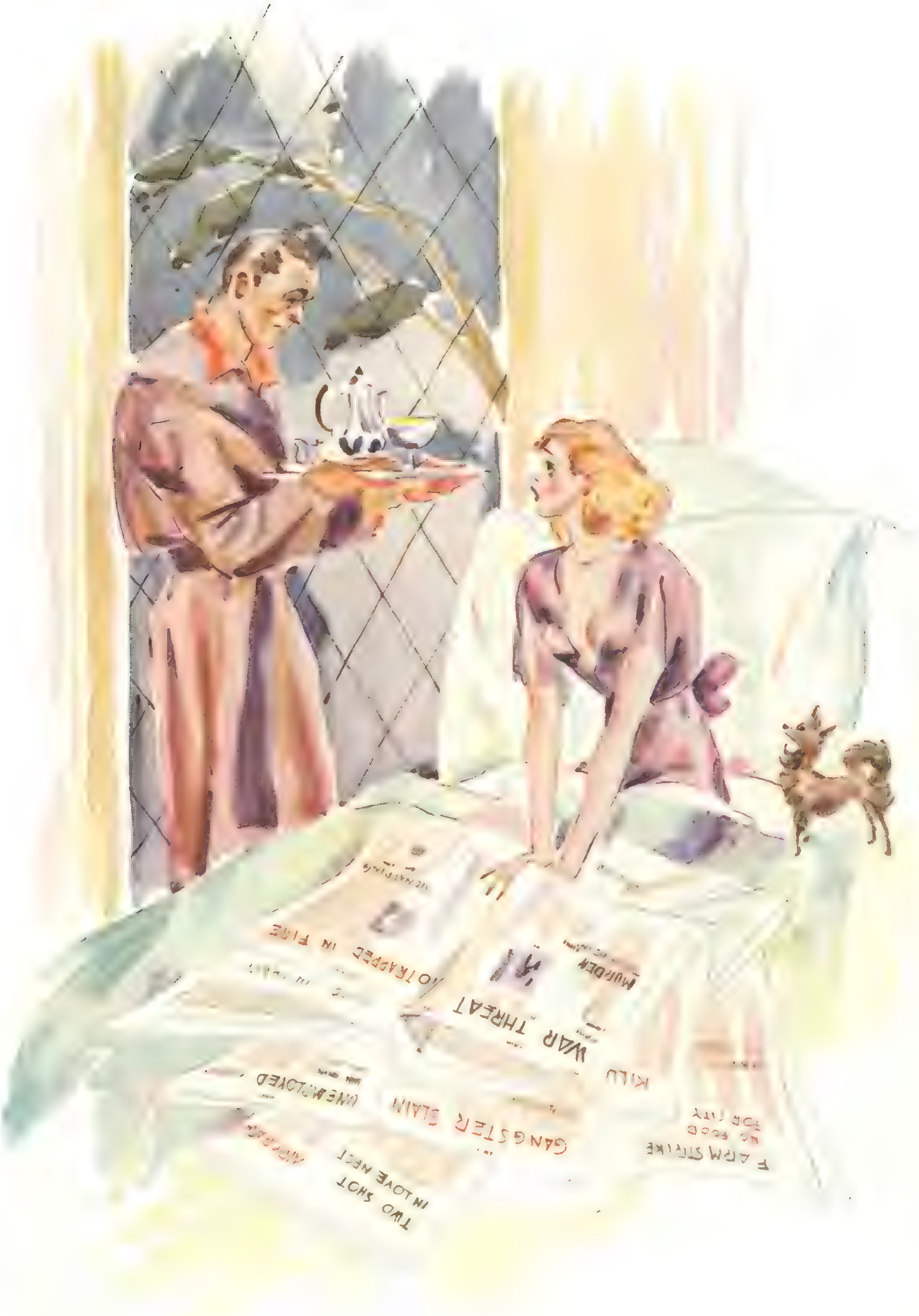


"Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Todd Wanderhust—my father and mother"


TRAPPED IN FIRE
WAR THREAT
MURDER
KILL
UNEMPLOYED
GANGSTER SLAIN
TWO SHOT IN LOVE NEST
FARM STRIKE
NO FOOD FOR CITY

"The horrid things never even mentioned that we might separate"

Who Is My Neighbor?

When a man has a job that is held against him, only a hero dare be his friend

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

THE only reporter on the town paper, The Examiner, was Michael Foster, a tall, long-legged, eager young fellow, who wanted to go to the city some day and work on an important newspaper. He spent his spare time reading books, or loafing on the corners, or talking to men in Wilson's flour and feed store. People knew that Michael was always looking for a story. Everybody liked him: he was a good neighbor to everybody.

But the morning he went into Bagley's hotel, he wasn't at all sure of himself. He was worried and seemed years younger, a big gangling boy. Paying no attention to the four men he had known since childhood who were sitting in the wooden chairs by the window, he went over to the desk and whispered to the proprietor, Ted Bagley, "Did he come here, Mr. Bagley?"

Eyeing the four men by the window over his glasses, Bagley said slowly, "Two men came here from this morning's train. They're registered." He put his spatulate forefinger on the open book and said, "Two men. One of them's a drummer. This one here, T. Woodley. I know because he was through this way last year and just a minute ago he walked across the road to Molson's hardware store. The other one . . . here's his name, K. Smith."

Old man Bagley was now looking directly at Michael Foster. Two of the men, who had been sitting by the window, turned their heads toward the desk, listening, then they got up and sauntered over.

"Who's K. Smith?" Michael asked.

'I don't know. A mild, harmless looking little guy."

"Did he look like the hangman, Mr. Bagley?"

"I couldn't say that, seeing as I never saw one. He was awfully polite and asked where he could get a boat so he could go fishing on the lake this evening, so I said likely down at Smollet's place by the power house."

"Well, thanks. I guess if he was the hangman, he'd go over to the jail first," Michael said, trying to give the impression that he, a newspaperman, would know what most people were apt to do. With a solemn, unsociable nod of his head, he left the hotel.

He went along the street, past the Baptist church, past the bridge over the creek, and over the railway tracks to the old jail with the high brick fence around it. Two tall maple trees, with branches drooping low over the sidewalk, shaded one of the walls from the morning sunlight. Last night, behind those walls, three carpenters, working by lamplight, had nailed the timbers for the scaffold. In the morning, young Thomas Delaney, who had grown up in the town, was being hanged: he had killed old Mathew Rhinehart whom he had caught molesting his wife when she had been berrypicking in the hills behind the town. There had been a struggle and Thomas Delaney had taken a bad beating before he had killed Rhinehart. Last night a crowd had gathered on the sidewalk by the lamp post, and while moths and smaller insects swarmed around the high blue carbon light, the crowd had thrown sticks and bottles and small stones at the out of town workmen in the jailyard. Billy Hilton, the town constable, had stood under the light with his head down, pretending not to notice anything. Thomas Delaney was only three years older than Michael Foster.

Michael went straight to the jail office, where Henry Steadman, the sheriff, a squat, heavy man, was sitting on the desk and idly wetting his long black moustaches with his tongue. "Hello, Michael, what do you want?" he asked.

"Hello, Mr. Steadman, The Examiner would like to know if the hangman arrived yet."

"Why ask me?"

"I thought he'd come here to test the gallows. Won't he?"

"My, you're a smart young fellow, Michael, thinking of that."

"Is he in there now, Mr. Steadman?"

"Don't ask me. I'm saying nothing. Say, Michael, do you think there's going to be trouble? You ought to know. Does anybody seem sore at me? I can't do nothing. You can see that."

"I don't think anybody blames you, Mr. Steadman. Look here, can't I see the hangman? Is his name K. Smith?"

"What does it matter to you, Michael? Be a sport, go on away and don't bother us any more."

"All right, Mr. Steadman," Michael said very competently, "just leave it to me."

Early that evening, when the sun was setting, Michael Foster walked south of the town on the dusty road leading to the power house and Smollet's fishing pier. He knew that if Mr. K. Smith wanted to get a boat he would go down to the pier. Fine powdered road dust whitened Michael's shoes. Ahead of him he saw the power plant, square and low, and the smooth lake water. Behind him the sun was hanging over the blue hills beyond the town and shining brilliantly on square patches of farm land. The air around the power house smelt of steam. No one was around.

Out on the jutting, tumbledown pier of rock and logs, Michael saw a little fellow without a hat, sitting down with his knees hunched up to his chin, a very small man with little grey baby curls on the back of his neck, who stared steadily far out over the water. In his hand he was holding a stick with a heavy fishing line twined around it and a gleaming copper spoon bait, the hooks brightened with bits of feathers such as they used in the neighborhood when trolling for lake trout. Apprehensively, and even a bit afraid, Michael walked out over the rocks toward the stranger and called, "Were you thinking of going fishing, mister?" Standing up, the man smiled. He had a large head, tapering down to a small chin, a birdlike neck and a very wistful smile. Puckering his mouth up, he said shyly to Michael, "Did you intend to go fishing?"

"That's what I came down here for. I was going to get a boat back at the boat house there. How would you like if we went together?"

"I'd like it first rate," the shy little man said eagerly. "We could take turns rowing. Does that appeal to you?"

"Fine. Fine. You wait here and I'll go back to Smollet's place and ask for a row boat and I'll row around here and get you."

"Thanks. Thanks very much," the mild little man said as he began to untie his line. He seemed very enthusiastic.

When Michael brought the boat around to the end of the old pier and invited the stranger to make himself comfortable so he could handle the line, the stranger protested comically that he ought to be allowed to row.

Pulling strongly at the oars, Michael was soon out in the deep water and the little man was letting his line out slowly. Michael

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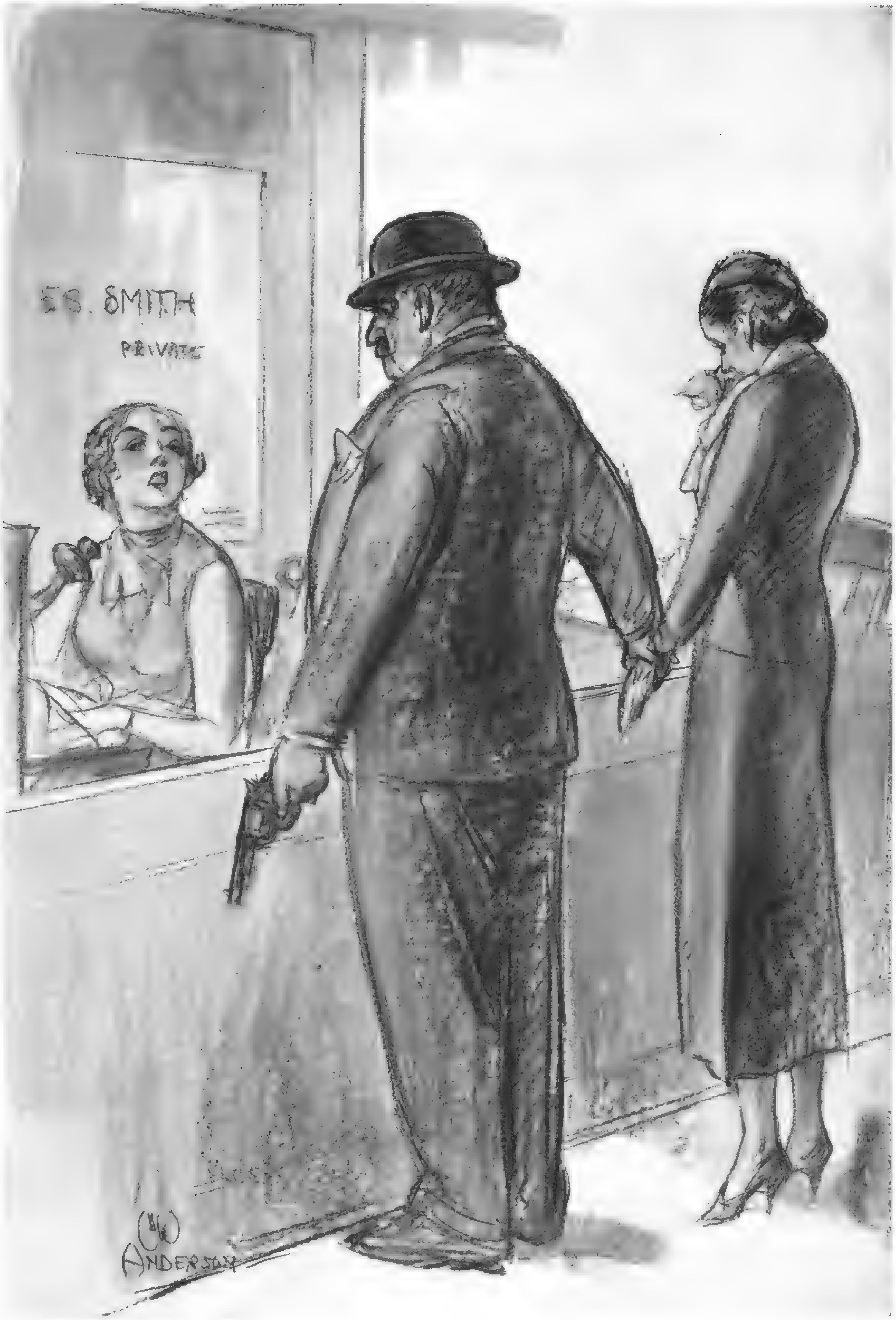

E.S. SMITH
PRIVATE
ANDERSON

"Is Mr. Smith expecting you?"

Have You An Appointment?

A lusty razzberry for the business system that makes a nation of heel coolers

by MONTAGUE GLASS

One of the live problems which confront the American people today, is what shall we do with the time we waste while waiting for the time fixed for an appointment with a dentist, a doctor, a lawyer or even in some few instances, with a banker? "Have you an appointment with him?" is the first question asked of anybody who wants to see anybody else, particularly if the anybody-else is going to make some money out of the meeting. On West 57th Street today, there is a popular Russian restaurant which is filled with doctors, dentists, musicians and business men of the neighborhood, who usually begin their lunches at one and end them indefinitely around half past five in the afternoon, and yet if you were to ring up the office or studio of any of these slow-motion lunchers, a nurse or a secretary would ask: "Have you an appointment with him?" And before you would be able to say: "No," she would come right back at you with the offer of doing you a favor by trying to slip in an appointment for you somewhere around ten o'clock the following day.

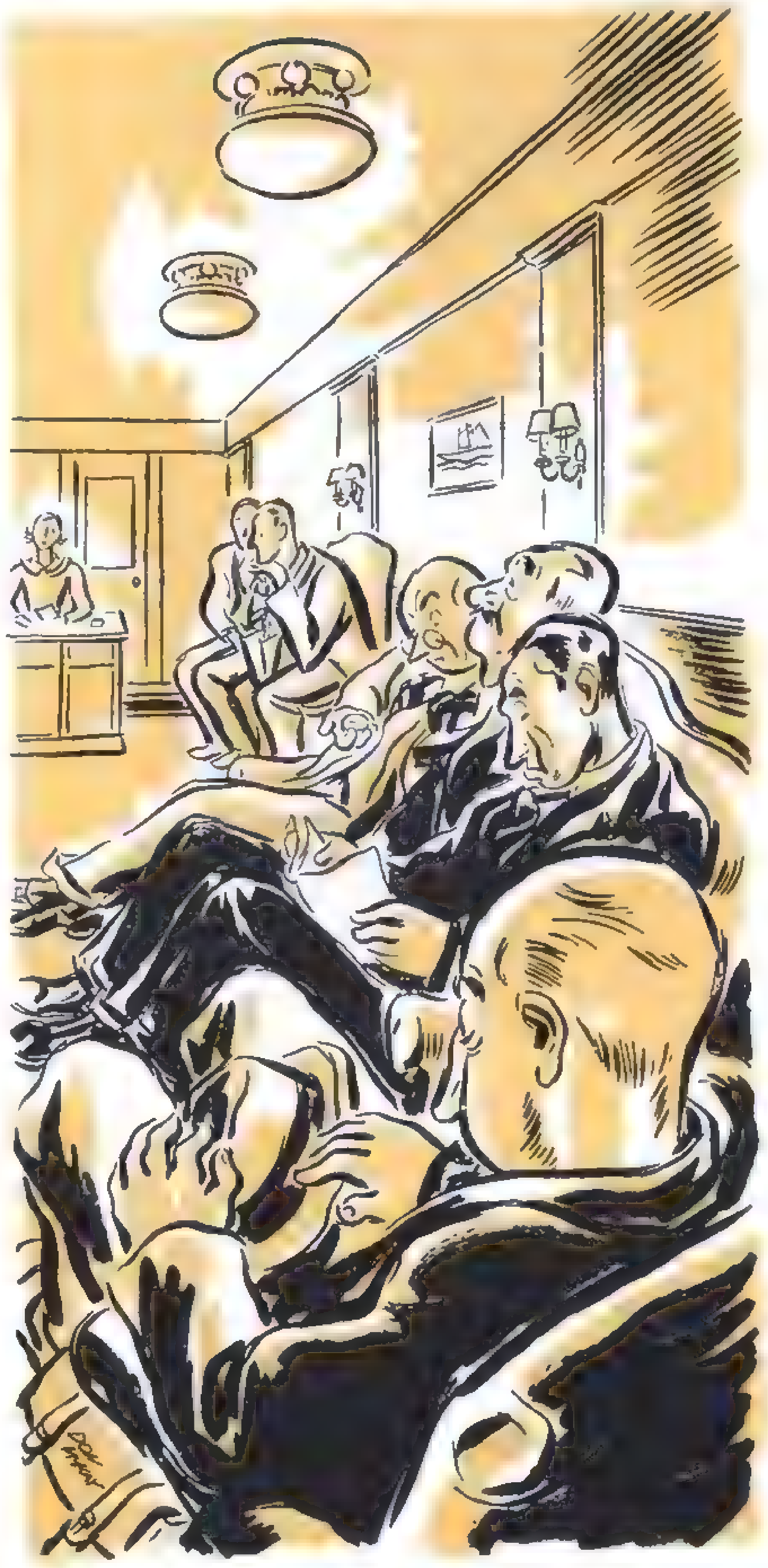
This cult of the *appointment*, in my opinion, is retarding our recovery of whatever it is we are recovering, and what's more, the cult is spreading. In the large hotel opposite where I live, the management encourages patronage by a sort of policy of discouragement—such as asking you if you were the man that rang up for the appointment with the large, fat barber who usually cuts your hair, and when you say that you never make an appointment with a barber, a bootblack, a Collector of U. S. Internal Revenue, or Death, you are asked to sit down and wait a few minutes as the large, fat barber, who is in only too plain sight, has an appointment to cut Mr. Van Damrak's hair.

During the time consumed by an examination of all the old comic papers available for customers, the hair cut by another barber, the shave, the vibratory massage and the shoeshine, Mr. Van Damrak does not keep his appointment and when at last your hat and clothes have been brushed and you are just about to leave the hotel barber shop, Mr. Van Damrak enters.

Thus when we have returned to the normal conditions of 1913, or thereabouts, we still have the machinery for making it easier to buy theatre tickets, get shaves, teeth fillings, etc., which was so necessary when everybody wanted to get his shave, teeth fillings or theatre tickets at the same time as everybody else did. Only yesterday, I took advantage of this machinery, inaugurated during the abnormal busy-ness of 1928, and bought three theatre tickets at an advance of about seventy-five cents apiece over the box office price. Later in the afternoon, I needed another ticket for the same performance, and back I went to the agency and put in my application. After a deal of telephoning, I was accommodated with a seat, way over on the side of the house, and then at 8:45 p.m. I picked up the tickets at the box office.

You remember the actor who said business was so poor during the run of his show, that you could have shot a deer in the balcony. Well, at the performance of which I am speaking, you could have introduced a couple of polar bears into the balcony and frightened nobody but one usher. As for the lower part of the house, where I sat, there was an audience of perhaps a hundred, with accommodations for seven or eight hundred, and the courteous treasurer in the box office exchanged my assortment of tickets for four adjoining seats, plumb amidships, in the fifth row.

It therefore seems to me that these vestiges of over-prosperity, such as making appointments with barbers and buying theatre tickets at enhanced prices when the theatres are half empty, ought to be swept away, but even business men who ask you to do them the courtesy of calling on them for their convenience, still keep up the bluff that every moment of their business life is crowded with appointments. I have not visited one executive recently, at his own request and for his own advantage, when upon arriving at the appointed time, he has not sent out word that he would see me in just a minute.



This minute usually expands itself into a quarter of an hour, and I have no doubt that many an amusing conversation between executives about what happened at the eighteenth hole, has been interrupted by me with a sordid business transaction, involving profit to the corporation employing these executives. It's just too bad—that's all. I am speaking now of banks, insurance companies and the like, but when one descends to an appointment with a theatrical manager or a motion picture producer, the appointment becomes what was once called, in the church calendar, a movable feast. That is to say, just as those feasts were determined by the date of Easter, an appointment with a theatrical manager is determined by the blonde with whom he is "conferring."

Neil-Lyons tells of an appointment with the owner of a prominent theatrical journal in London, where sounds of the conference issued from the owner's private room in the form of a chorus sung in unison. The words were as follows:

"I've been knocking at every door, ringing at every bell,
Trying to find the furnished room where I left my little Nell
I just went out for an hour,
To see a man on biz.
I've got a honeymoon waiting for me,
But I don't know where it IS.

Now, I don't claim that even a small percentage of conferences are as ribald as this, but it does seem to me that the business of the country has been too long a victim of appointments, conferences, and luncheons for the purpose of discussing monetary transactions. We all agree, that we eat too much *anyway*, so why should the customer of a bank, for instance, who wants to open a custodian account for what he once proudly called his securities, be obliged by the fifth vice president to take lunch with him at the Bankers' Club? You'd think that an account of this sort could not be opened without six Cherrystone clams being also opened, followed by a Spanish omelet and coffee and just a small piece of French pastry.

Business men may deny it all they want to, but they can't convince *me* that the procedure devised for speeding up business, such as filling out a form before calling on a business man, stating that *Mr. Immerglick of Immerglick & Schuldenfrei wants to see Mr.*

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Bird of Passage

An emperor of the air swoops down to a domesticated swan and takes flight late, alone

by BOB DAVIS

Elmer Garland, swayed by his loathing for manual labor in all its forms, took one long, final inhalation from his cigarette, flipped the butt into space and rolled over on his side into the realm of siesta.

One passing by, and taking the time to observe the recumbent figure would have wondered at its frailty. A lithe, thin body, tapering to small feet and narrow hands with long fingers. On the slightly receding pallid forehead lay a wisp of damp, dark hair and on his cheeks reposed long eyelashes, suggesting the terminal feathers of a blackbird's wing. In truth the sleeper looked more like a harrier that had fallen on the grass—and was too weary to rise again—than he did like a human being. Benignant shade from a spreading elm sheltered the dreamer. Currituck Sound spread northward like a sheet of glass.

Two miles distant, resting on an autumn pasture, stood a ramshackle flying machine, about which puttered a greasy mechanician, behaving for all the world like a cockroach crawling in and out of the fuselage. No sooner did he emerge from one aperture than he slithered back into another. Grouped around the machine was a nondescript assortment of country folk, all wondering why the man-made bird had settled on the outskirts of the village. The Cockroach finally set all conjecture at rest by driving two stakes between which he stretched a cambric placard bearing the great news:

Fly With Garland The Great
Emperor Of The Air
15 Minutes—$3.00
See the World from on High.

Murmurs of ecstacy and apprehension mingled.

"I'll take a piece of that," said a raw boned youth to his neighbor. "We gotta be air-minded these days."

"Not with my money," said another, "I believe in keepin' one foot on the ground."

Divers and sundry opinions were offered, to none of which the mechanic paid the slightest attention. An inquisitive old man, goaded by anxiety for particulars, made bold to inquire, "Are you Mr. Garland?"

"No, Grandpa," replied the Cockroach, wiping his hands on a wad of cotton waste, "Elmer is taking a short walk through yonder grove, like as not he is having a nap in the shade. All first class flying men train on sleep. Here he comes now."

All eyes turned toward the tall figure approaching from the direction of the wood. Forward, with easy stride, swinging his arms, ambled the airman, his head high, his whole person emanating buoyancy. A girl, standing beneath one of the monster wings, leaned forward, catching her breath. "He is like a great bird," said she with a halting choke in her voice.

"Gawd Almighty," murmured the Cockroach, once again among the struts and oil cups, "how they fall for that guy. And he's always there to take 'em when they light."

"How's the Sea Gull, Pete?" asked the wind-rider, making his way through the expectant group.

"Everything jake."

"Turn her over." Reaching inside the front seat the man who "looked like a bird" shifted an electric switch. Pete with a mighty heave of his arms and shoulders swung the propeller into action.

A miniature sirocco, heavy with the stench of lubricating oil, redolent of gasoline, swept over the dry grass. Just at the moment when the machine seemed to become a sensate thing, quivering to spread its glistening pinions and leap into the impenetrable, Elmer diminished the roaring note to something that sounded more like the flutter of lazy wings.

"Now folks," said he in a voice that sounded even caressing, "gather about and listen to Garland the Great, Emperor of the Air." The group remained static. " . . . See the world from on high. Come aloft into the blue. . . . " His hawk's eye fell upon the figure of a girl outlined by the gentle zephyr that was wafted from the slowly revolving propeller blades, against her youthful body. " . . . Trust Garland the Great . . . Put yourself in the hands of the Emperor of the Air."

A few of the less timid, among them the Phidian model, came nearer to the uncrowned king, now waxing importunate.

"My friends," said he, directing a swift glance at the girl, avidly drinking his words, "It will be a privilege to escort into the sky, free of charge, one among you. . . . "

"Would you like to go, Ada?" The query directed at the wind-swept beauty came from an elderly woman standing apart on the fringe of the circle. In her face lingered something of the younger's inheritance.

"Yes, mother. . . . May I?"

" . . . If the gentleman is willing—and there is no danger—"

"Madam, with Garland the Great," interrupted the flyer, reaching for his helmet, lying on the front seat, "all risk departs and safety becomes a habit." He bowed to the girl called Ada, and offered his long white hand, which she accepted with limp fingers.

"Up three steps on the ladder . . . now slip down and come forward. . . . Just a moment—" The Emperor pressed about the soft knees the thin fabric of her dress, lingering at her shapely ankles. "I will make you Queen of the Air," said he, smiling into her wide, limpid eyes. "Garland the Great will take you to Heaven." For a split second he closed his hand upon her white arm—"If you would care to go—with me."

Her bosom rose and fell; her lips parted; her cheeks mantled with rose hues, but she made no reply. Above her towered The Great, his form for a moment shutting out the blue sky.

"Let her go, Pete," said the wizard of the winds. "And while I'm up with the angel *sell these suckers some rides.* Shoot!"

In accentuating staccato the propeller blades, rising at last to a high droning note, reached the hurricane climax. Gathering momentum the Sea Gull, rolling out on the smooth brown grass, shook off the dust of the earth.

On even keel, they glided over forest and field, above Currituck Sound and into the reaches of the higher atmospheres. Garland the Great, disdaining the stunts that were part of his training, occupied himself with soothing all fears in the breast of the girl on the rear seat. If the Queen of the Air was to share the throne with the Emperor she must be brought to the coronation with an exultant heart and unwavering faith.

Hers was a beating heart tuned to the mutter of motors, and in the girl's imagination the mortal at the controls became the Viking of Infinitude. Beneath, huddled like a colony of pygmies, stood Ada's neighbors, among them her mother, each and every one marveling at the spectacle aloft. The Queen of the Air gave herself up to the ineffable joy

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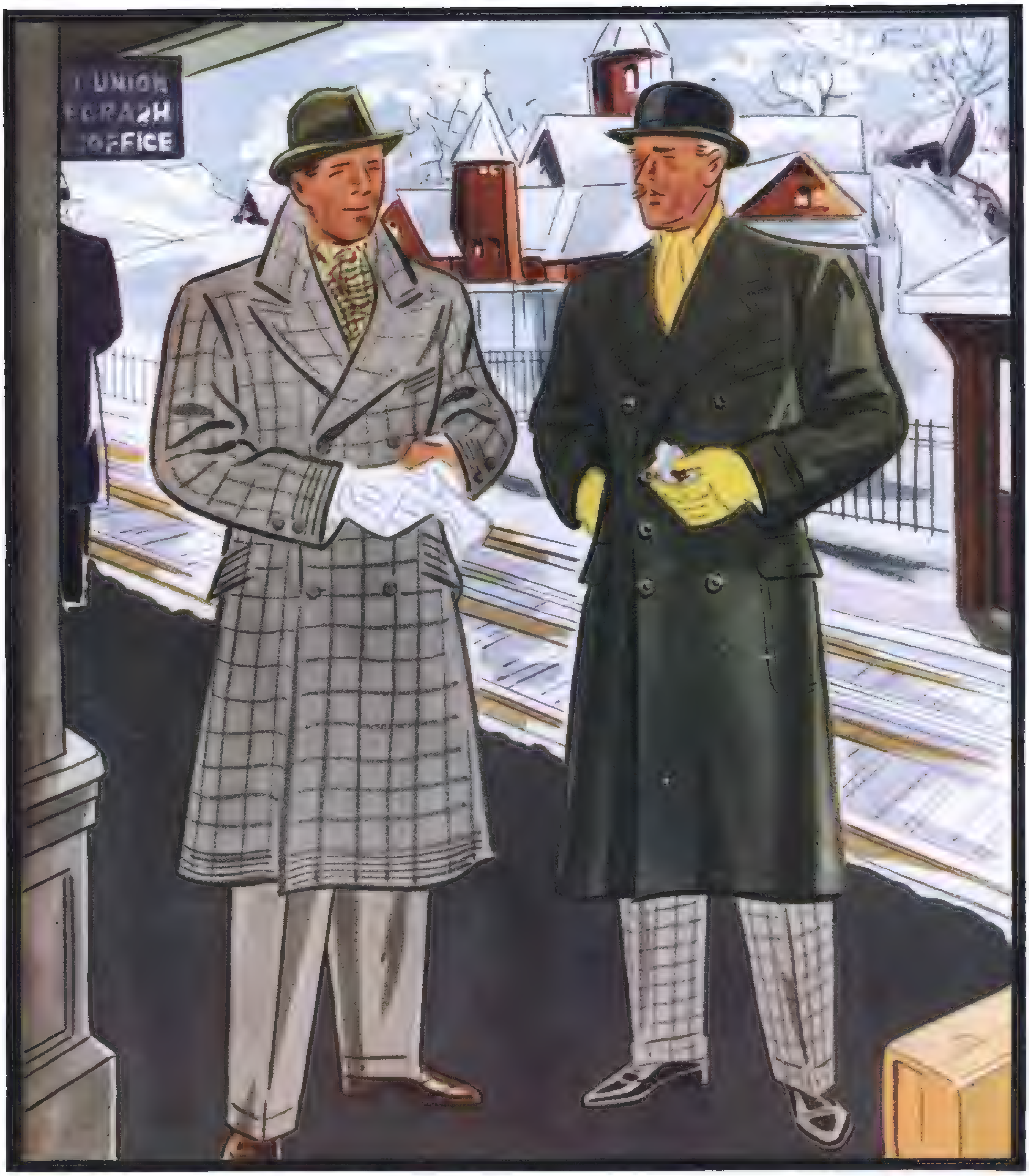
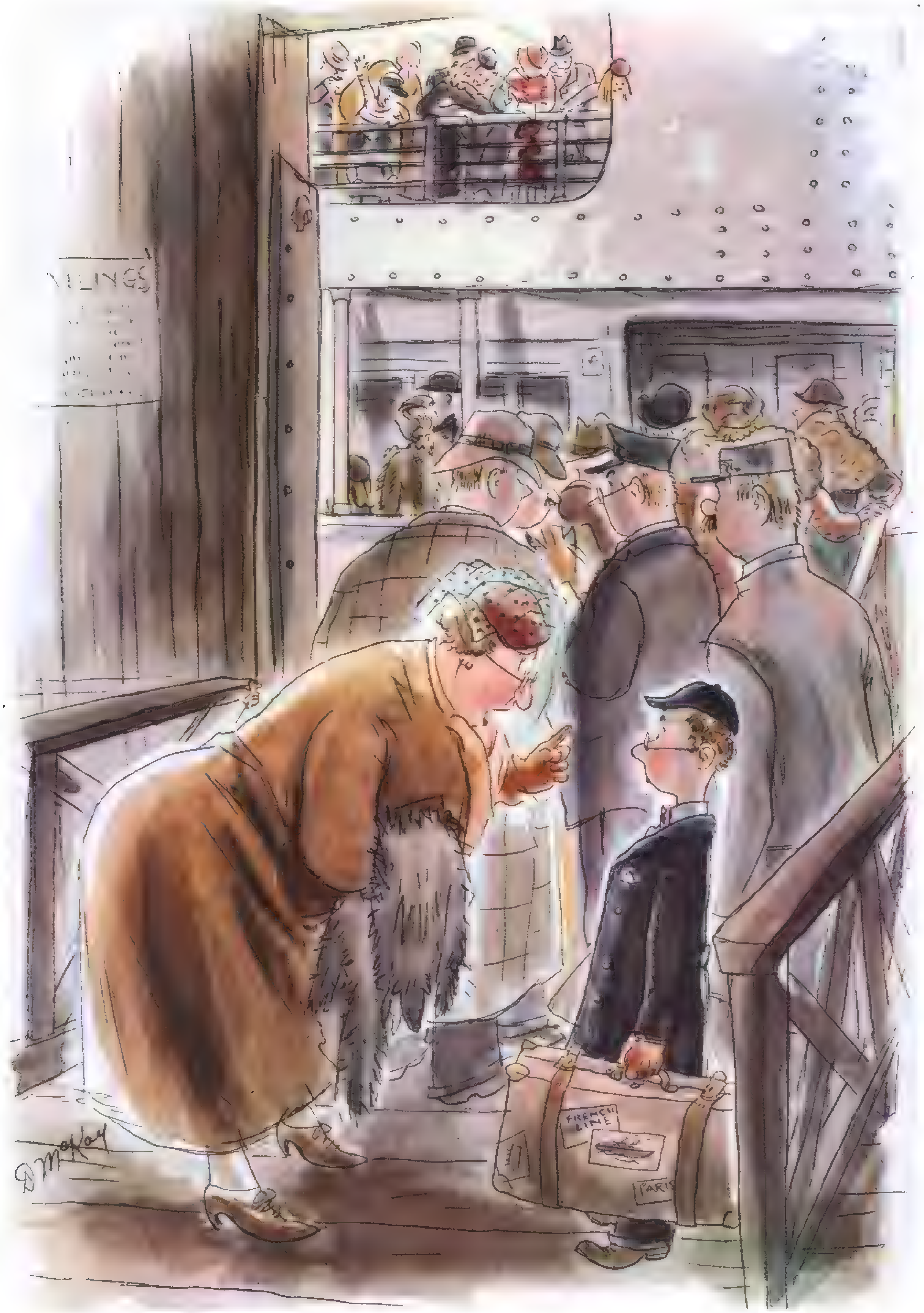


FOR THOSE WHOSE ROUTINE COMBINES TOWN AND COUNTRY

THE man who commutes to a job in town can call the postman brother, for he, too, must face all kinds of weather, and it is something of a job, in itself, to stand and wait for the 8:31 when all the elements of nature are combining in a symphonic rendition of Whittier's "Snowbound." The man whose lot in life prescribes this year around routine is fully justified if he brings with him, into his office, along with gusts of wintry air, an appearance that suggests the great outdoors. The man at the left may, and probably does, wear a derby and a sedate Chesterfield on his daily trips to town, throughout the early autumn months, but when the wind begins to probe at his wishbone, he is both sensible and smart in choosing an ulster like this. It is a double breasted English model, made up in a plaid pattern fleece fabric. The grey cheviot suit goes well with it, as do the heavy brown brogues and the plaid cashmere muffler. Cashmere mufflers, by the way, have enjoyed a steady popularity for many years, but their fashion stock has gone up with a sudden tremendous boom during the past season, the reason being a pronounced new favor for authentic Scotch Tartan plaids, which call for execution in cashmere almost as a matter of course. A Homburg hat of rough felt with stitched brim is ideal for a turnout of this kind, and helps to take the curse off the general suburban effect, making it fully suitable for winter time appearances on city streets. Green is a leading color in this hat. Also highly recommended is the outfit at the right, a tweed ulster in Lovat color, a wool muffler, a rough finished derby hat and black brogue shoes.


ILINGS
FRENCH LINE
PARIS

"Be a good boy and don't go near Germany"

Personally Not Anti-Semitic

Jew-baiting is not Jew-hating as the Nazis told a young Irish reporter for Jewish newspapers

by PAT McGRADY

SOME DAY an advanced student of mob psychology will analyze the current German situation and find therein gems of study. For Germany, *personally*, is not anti-Semitic, much as her present national policy against the Jews may indicate a relentless fanaticism toward everything and everyone Hebraic.

After consulting some hundred great and small leaders of the Nazi Party and a thousand or more clerks, ditchdiggers, small business executives, and general nobodies, I am convinced that there is a decided variance between the personal opinions and the political policies of the Third Reich inclusive of all its classes. Few of these persons attempt to rationalize their part in the national movement toward the extinction of the German Jew. All, however, have heard from their men in power that the Jew is the enemy of the nation and therefore must be exterminated; and all, with typical Prussian discipline, fell into the goose step when the order came to march.

Pinned down to their own reasons for anti-Jewish sentiment, many of those interviewed dismissed argument with the statement, "... but I, personally, am not anti-Semitic."

"Julius Streicher, fanatical anti-Semitic leader of the Nuremburg storm troops" is a phrase which frequently appears in the foreign press. The wording seldom varies from the above sequence.

Perhaps the reason for the type phrase lies in the fact that Streicher invariably introduces himself to foreigners as "the fanatical anti-Semitic leader of the Nuremburg storm troops." It was Streicher who sandbagged Hitler into declaring the one-day boycott of Jewish goods last March (against the will of the original brownshirt). It was Streicher who gained Hitler's first support in Bavaria purely on racial issues; and it was Streicher who held and extended Hitler's influence with a relentless campaign against the Jew through the medium of his periodical, "Der Stuermer," a cheap sheet, the sole policy of which is to ridicule the Jew.

And yet even Streicher is "personally not anti-Semitic."

The admission came after we had taken dinner with Prince August Wilhelm, the fourth son of the former Kaiser and the Nazi's proudest boast of blueblood coursing through a brownshirt, and Balder von Shirach, leader of the German national youth movement. With the gruff humor of the trenches, with which he is quite familiar, Streicher announced at his introduction that he intended hanging every Jew in Germany. As he mellowed under the influence of good Bavarian beer, however, the fanatical old anti-Semite grew sympathetic toward the Jew.

Earlier he had narrated how a Jewish dealer in house furnishings had once sold him furniture on the installment plan, how the goods had been reclaimed when Streicher failed to pay the third month's installment, and how Streicher, subsequently in purchasing new furniture, discovered that one of the "new" chairs was really one he had sent back when he couldn't pay installments. He identified the chair by the initials he had cut into the wood, which still were evident despite the fact that three coats of paint had been employed in the renovating process.

"But I personally am not anti-Semitic," Streicher assured me. "Why it was only last January I rescued a Jew from an angry mob. He had shot a Nazi; the mob closed in about him; but I hustled him off to the safety of my home."

I am certain that Streicher glowed with the kindly feeling of championing the underdog at that particular moment of his recital. And yet, I knew that a few days prior to this narration he had dragged 300 Jews from their breakfast tables and marched them, with the aid of his brownshirts, out to "choir practice." In a public square the Jews were forced to march to his commands, eat grass, dig up roots with their teeth, and sing Nazi anthems. One old man had broken a leg and two boys were severely bruised in falls incurred while climbing trees at Herr Streicher's orders.

PRINCE August Wilhelm likewise was profuse in championing the Jew. He was rather eager to discuss the Jewish question in order to avoid the embarrassment of my questions regarding the possibility of restoring the monarchy. Concerning the latter, he disclosed in an offstage voice, at a moment when the attention of the others had been diverted, that Germany had not begun to consider bringing back the Kaiser *yet*. Regarding the first issue, he too was personally not anti-Semitic

Neither was Balder von Shirach personally anti-Semitic, although earlier in the day 80,000 Aryan boys in his organization engaged in a military demonstration the precision of which the Japanese Army would envy, while all Jewish lads were ordered to stay in their homes "to be kept out of mischief."

To none of these men, nor indeed to any of the other Nazi officials I met in Germany, did I mention the fact that I was Pat McGrady of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency. Had I done so I do not believe their reception would have been so cordial. I base my belief on the fact that prior to my accepting a three months' assignment in Germany for the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, the largest Jewish press association in the world, and again shortly after my arrival in Berlin, the organization's bureau was padlocked and the editor imprisoned.

I HAVE never been so thankful for the full Aryan qualities of my last name or for the intuition of my good parents in christening me Patrick Michael as during my trip through Germany. The name previously has had miraculous consequences in my dealings with traffic cops, in gaining me access to various inner sancta of political administrations in those parts of the world where ambulant sons of Erin have established themselves in positions of power, and once in passing through attacking Japanese lines while working for a Chinese newspaper. It seems that the Irish had taken some part in Japan's military scheme, thus raising the Irish to a position of favor with the army of the Mikado.

Alfred Rosenberg, despite the Semitic properties of the name, despite the fact that during the world war he was most active as a non-combatant refugee from his native Russia, and despite the fact that his knowledge of the Russian language and people is considerably better than that of German and Germans, is today the chief of the Nazi foreign office. He made good by supporting Hitler's anti-Semitism.

And yet, Rosenberg too is personally not anti-Semitic. He made his debut in parliamentary activity by paying a call on the British foreign office shortly after Hitler came into power, a call which was designed to win the moral support of the British Empire for the Nazi Government. His first official act in London was to place on the cenotaph at Westminster Abbey a wreath in the form of a large floral swastika. Contending that the unknown soldier resting there might be Jewish, British veterans tore the token from the tomb, dismembered the hakenkreuz, and raised Rosenberg to ridicule, an act which made his visit abortive and embarrassing until he hastily left British soil. Since then he has been assigned to minor jobs on the home lot

I met him while he was greeting a group of American teachers. Queried as to the reactions of the world to the position of the Jews in Germany, Herr Rosenberg declared, "Some misunderstanding troublemakers are causing us no end of worry on that question. I personally am not anti-Semitic."

THE strong man in German Silesia is Edmund Heines, the massive blond president of Breslau police and stormtroop leader. Heines became famous, or infamous (depending upon one's pro-German patriotism) at

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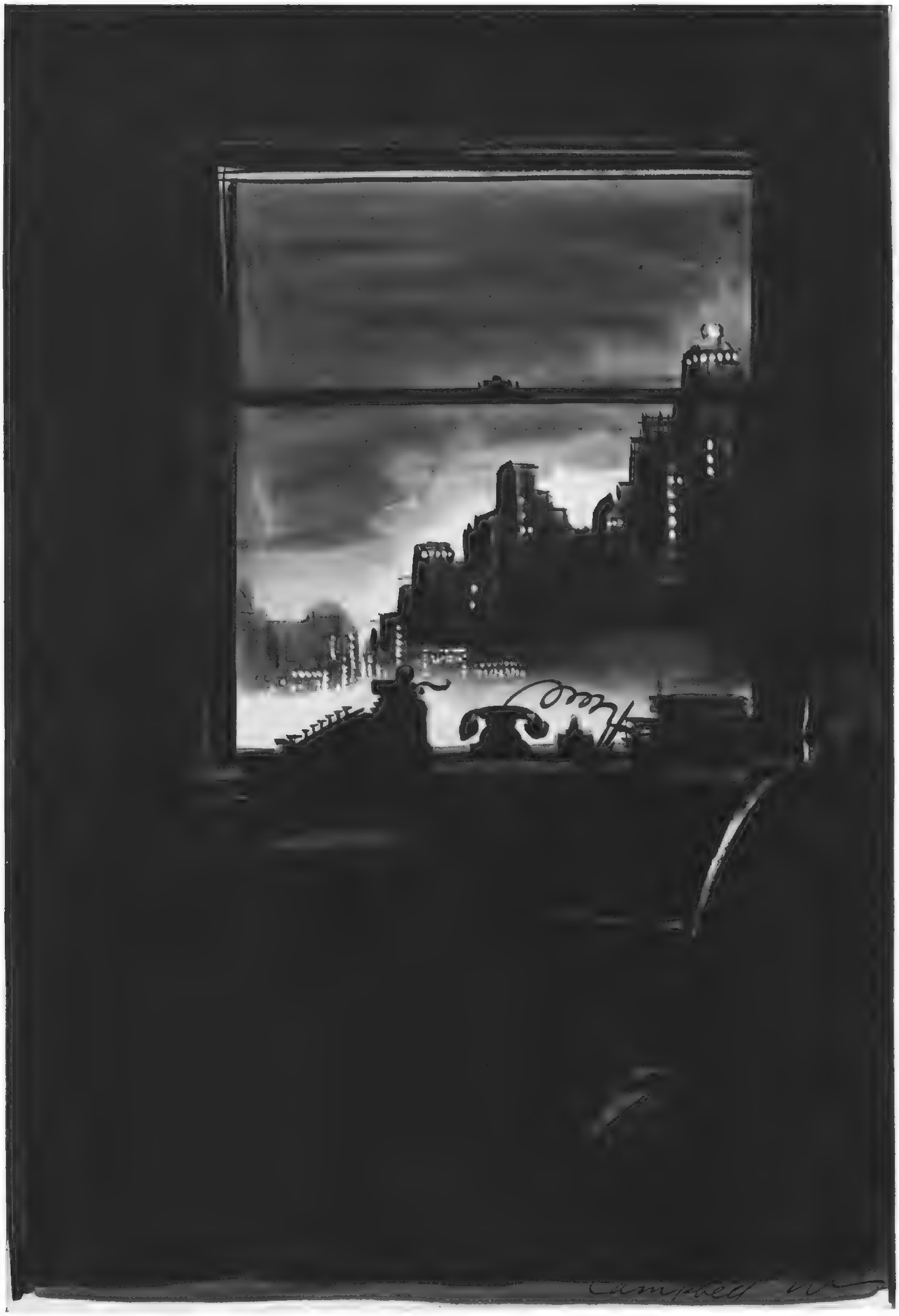


"That reminds me—I forgot about that form letter that was to go out today"

On The Rebound

A short, short story about a husband who followed wifely wishes, by a roundabout route

by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Daniel looked at his wife with surprise. It was seldom that she went to his study in the morning.

"You wished to speak to me?" he asked.

"Daniel," she said, "do you wish to do something to please me? Go to the concert tonight . . . Rubinstein is playing Chopin's Preludes and I would be so happy if I could be with you to hear them. It is three months now since you have gone out with me for a single evening."

"It is three months," Daniel said with annoyance, "since you asked me to."

"I did not ask it of you because your refusals had become humiliating for me. I promised myself, Daniel, never to offer you my company again, and to wait until you yourself expressed a desire for it; but this morning, Anne, for whom I had reserved a seat next to mine, telephoned me to say that she was not feeling well. For two hours I've tried in vain to replace her. I must say that I find it both ridiculous and sad to have to spend the evening next to an empty seat."

"Ask some man to take you," said Daniel.

"You know," she said, "I've vowed never to go out with another man."

"Avowals!" said Daniel.

He paused a moment then said hesitatingly, "You know I should like to please you, but I had already made other plans. I'll try to get away and if I can, I'll go to the concert with you."

"You are kind," she said.

"Oh, I haven't made any promises," Daniel snapped. "I've only said I would try."

He went into the next room and called, "Gobelins 43-14." It was the number of Beatrice de Saulges, whom he had known only a few weeks—his mistress, whom he loved with an awkward passion, the passion of a man who was no longer young.

"Is that you?" said Daniel in a low voice. "Tell me, it is understood, isn't it, that we are going out together this evening? You're not going to break our engagement at the last moment, as you have been doing of late?"

"Oh, how annoying you can be!" she said. "You know how I am . . . nothing amuses me unless I can decide upon it at the last moment. Do you want to spoil all my fun?"

"I beg your pardon," said Daniel. "On the contrary, you know how, since we've known each other, I've catered to your slightest whim, but tonight I must know what you are going to do, because I too have an answer to give."

"You are terrible," she said. "I can't tell you a thing about it now . . . telephone me in a hour. I'll think about it, and will do my best to decide by then."

During luncheon, Daniel's wife asked if she could count upon his going with her. He replied, with a touch of humor, that he knew nothing about it, that he hadn't yet had time to telephone. At this very time, Beatrice was calling Pierre Pradier, a young radical Deputy, somewhat eloquent, whom she had met in Geneva, and with whom she was in love.

"Is that you, Pradier?" she asked . . . "Oh, it is you, Mademoiselle Drouet? . . . I had wanted to speak to Monsieur Pradier . . . No, if he doesn't wish to be disturbed, please don't bother him . . . No, no. I understand perfectly . . . besides he might be annoyed . . . I only wanted to know if it is still understood that he will call for me this evening to take me to the night session. Yes? It's on his pad? You are sure he won't change his mind as he did last night? . . . You don't know? . . . Yes . . . Of course . . . Well, for the moment then he has said nothing to you? . . . Thank you, Mademoiselle Drouet, goodbye."

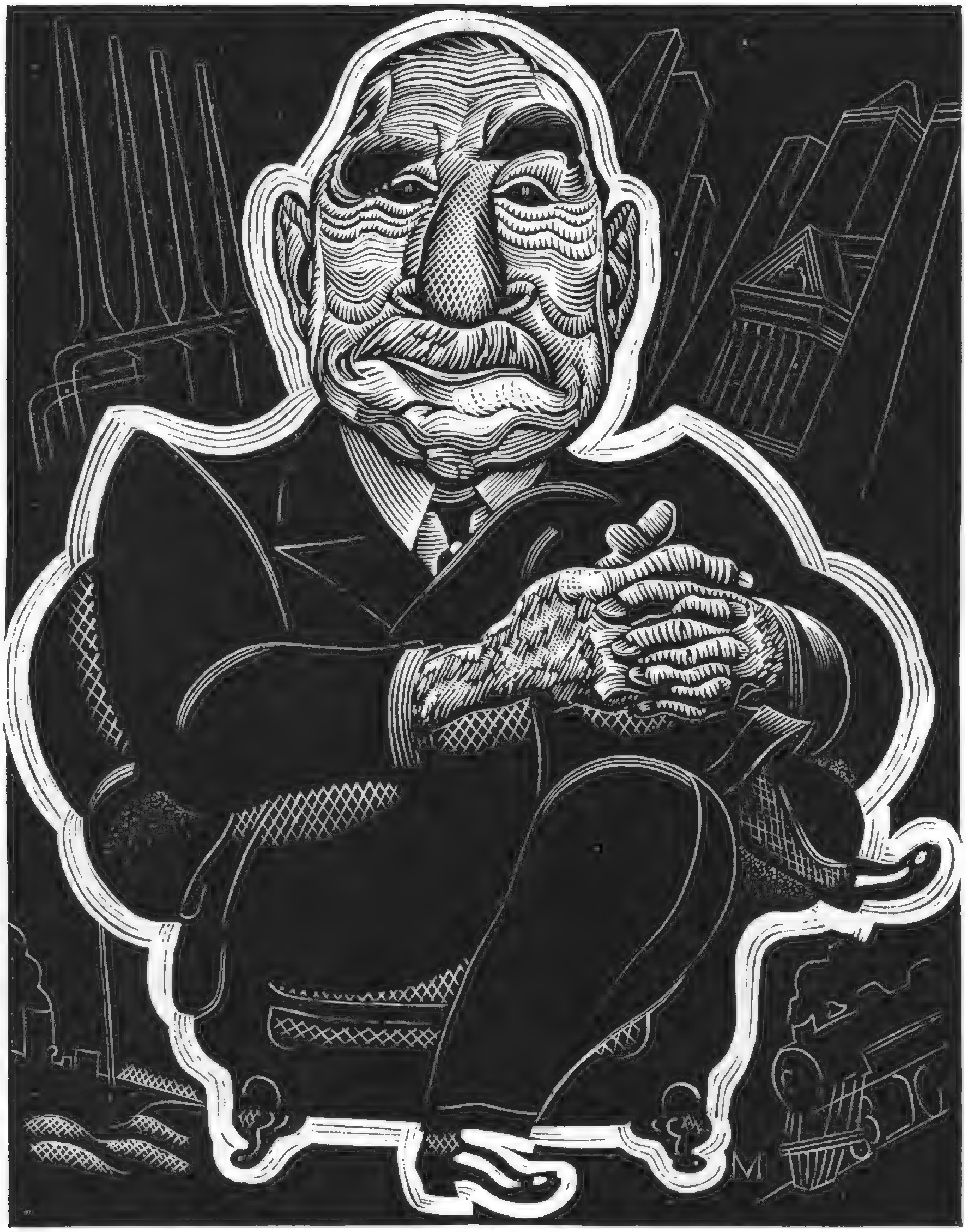
When Daniel telephoned a little later, a maid informed him that Mme. de Saulges was very sorry but that she would not be free, as she had to attend a family dinner. Daniel went to see if his wife was still at home. He found her stretched on a divan, reading.

"Darling," he said. "I'm so happy. I've been able to break my engagement. As I was hoping, I will be able to go with you tonight."

"How nice you are," she said. "I am delighted."

"I am just as delighted as you are," he said.

After he had left, she lay a long time deep in thought. She was severely reproaching herself because she had misjudged Daniel so badly.



J. P. MORGAN *by* **JACK McCLAREN**

The Mythical Morgan

Peering behind the traditional Morgan falseface to discover the potentially useful citizen

by FRED C. KELLY

IT seems amazing that such a fellow as John Pierpont Morgan should exist at the time and place he does.

Not only has he been operating on a scheme that is for all practical purposes a remnant of ancient feudalism, but—as one gets better acquainted with him—he is about the last fellow one would expect to seek control of banks, industries and people. At heart he is a simple soul, a scholar and recluse—a type of man who would be more at home in a monastery than in a counting-house. He would rather read the Book of Revelations than the book of Bradstreet.

It is surprising enough that Morgan is what he is, but still more surprising that he should be almost totally unknown. For years the most powerful man in America, and one of the most powerful in the world, the Morgan that people think they know does not exist. The public has accepted the mythical Morgan, a brusque, arrogant, big, bull-in-china-shop of a fellow, with a megaphonic voice, cold and austere as the average polar bear—no more companionable than a hyena.

Not one person in a million ever suspected, before the Senate investigation of Morgan's firm a few months ago, that the real Morgan could be a shy, rather sweet old chap, whose soft voice has almost a caress in it (reminding one of the voice of Paul Lukas in the movies), whose servants and associates all adore him, whose rare charm and personality might have enabled him to amount to something in a truly "big way"—something far beyond mere money success. Except for his inheritance of wealth, financial power, and an unusual family tradition, Morgan might have been one of the best loved men in America

If he should ever be completely stripped of his power—and I'm by no means certain he won't be—his fellow citizens may yet gladly and unanimously rise to pay tribute to his great personal charm. Old Rockefeller was wise enough to retire from active business and has spent his declining years in almost complete immunity from what was once public hatred. His son is well thought of. Yet old John D. has the most drab personality imaginable and the younger John D. has hardly a fraction of the physical and mental force of Morgan. So there's no telling. J. P. Morgan is only sixty-six years old. There is still time for him to make something of himself. He is handicapped by being surrounded by twenty partners who appear to be not exactly divorced from certain elements of human greed; but keep your eye on this fellow Morgan.

OF course, one reason we have never known Morgan is that we thought he was his father, J. P. the elder. True, we knew the elder Morgan was dead; but nevertheless we have carried over traits we heard existed in the Old Man and applied them to J. P., the younger, who succeeded his father back in 1913—sixteen months before the World War. His firm went on increasing in power, due to war opportunities and war profits, and we somehow thought the old Morgan personality marched right along without interruption.

It is doubtful if the House of Morgan would have been the kind of institution it is —or J. P. Morgan the kind of man he is— except for the chance of having had its real start in England. The original Morgan bank was founded in London by Junius Spenser Morgan, one time partner of George W. Peabody, and grandfather of the present J. P. Morgan. There in London it still exists, no longer as J. S. Morgan & Co., but as Morgan, Grenfel & Co.

With its real inception on English soil, it is not surprising that the House of Morgan early took on an old world character. Plenty of forms of feudalism still existed there, and the feudalistic spirit was easily absorbed. Thriving in a great republic, the American House of Morgan has been essentially feudalistic.

Now that the once-closely guarded secret of the so-called partnership agreement of the Morgan firm has been made public, as it was some months ago, we find it is not a partnership at all, but more of a profit-sharing arrangement between a great feudal overlord, in whom rests all power of important decisions, and his barons, or assistants, who receive their rewards in proportion to their ability or success in helping him to retain *his* wealth and power. Some of these receive each year, besides salary, only one per cent of the total swag. No one can will his partnership interest to his heirs. Partners surviving Morgan can use the Morgan name only for fifteen years unless there is in the firm, with complete control over decisions, a lineal descendant of J. P. Morgan. In other words, here is a modern form of the ancient Family Statute idea, long used by old established ruling or banking families of Europe, such as the Hapsburgs, Rothschilds and de Medicis.

Morgan has carried out the feudal plan not only with his partners, but in his relations with other banks and industries. His power has not come so much from mere money—of which he has had relatively little —as from clever use of his prestige. As fiscal agent for Great Britain, France and other European countries, he has had tremendous deposits at his disposal to place in other banks as he saw fit. By this means he has exercised much control over nearly all important New York banks, and through them over smaller banks and many industries. Here again he was the Grand Duke and the other bankers his barons. Like the overlords of olden times, he has held his power by skillful handling of other people's treasure.

Even the bestowing of special favors on people from a preferential list is somewhat feudal or at least regal in character. The Bourbons were always granting inside opportunities to favorites. Louis XV gave favors to Du Barry, because he wanted Du Barry's wife, and it was common practice to bestow wealth or position on this person or that whenever by so doing it was possible to gain a Bourbon advantage. The same device of an inside list was used at the time of the great South Sea Bubble—but it all dates back to feudal practices.

Moreover, in accordance with the ancient idea, Morgan has taken complete responsibility for the acts of his partners—that is, of the barons in his immediate entourage. After it came out in the Senate hearings that one or two of his partners—had erred—as for example, "Buck" Ewing, in sending that silly just-wanted-you-to-know-we-were-thinking-of-you letter to Willie Woodin—some of Morgan's friends said to him:

"Well, after all you can't be held accountable for everything your partners do."

Whereupon Morgan pounded the table and exclaimed, in substance:

"But I *am* responsible for whatever my partners do. Whether they make mistakes or not, I am the one to take the responsibility and I have no intention of shirking it."

See? The Grand Duke again.

There is no gainsaying that Morgan has instilled into his associates this ancient code of one for all and all for one, as once expressed by the Three Musketeers. You might think the partners in secret groups would say to one of their number who had blundered:

"Say, what the heck got into you, anyhow?"

But I am assured, by those who know, that no such mild remonstrance has been uttered—neither by Morgan himself, nor by any partner to another.

These boys all stand together through hell and high water!

EVEN in the physical arrangement of their offices at 23 Wall Street, there is this community of interest, this standing together, or rather sitting together, one for all and all for one. The partners have desks in one big room. It may be remarked, too, that there are no series of outer offices, no endless chains of secretaries to make it difficult to

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Pick 'em Where You Find 'em

Introducing a series of articles on things that lowbrows all know and highbrows have to "discover"

by GILBERT SELDES

I am not, on the whole, an annoying writer; neither my successes nor my failures have been due to any capacity for irritating the general public into buying what I write or refusing to buy. When I wrote for The Dial I was probably the least "advanced" of its contributors and I suppose readers turned to my pages with relief or turned away from them with the (unjustified) suspicion that the editors (who happened to include myself) were trying to seduce a few subscriptions from the reactionary; but people were too busy protesting against Pound and Cummings to bother with me. And when I wrote for The Saturday Evening Post, I was probably one of the most "highbrow" of their writers and readers skipped those pages knowing that a magazine must put in something to fill up space. So far as I know, no one grew furious with enthusiasm or with rage. A confirmed moderate, I fear; a middle of the road man.

This makes it all the more surprising for me to look back at the time, almost ten years ago, when I annoyed dozens of people merely with the title of a book: The Seven Lively Arts. I am not, at this late date, complaining of the reception of that book, which was praised beyond its deserts by people who ought to know better, and which sold reasonably well. I am only mystified by the cries of rage which went up from all the cardinal points of the compass and some between. I am still not sure what the causes were that made it imperative for three hundred newspaper and magazine writers to say that I was trying to do something which I had not attempted and to fly to the defence of certain artistic fortresses which did not need their defence and which I had not attacked. I suspect that I must have been more aggressive than I thought.

The title came suddenly into my head. I had written a piece about Krazy Kat for Vanity Fair, of which John Peale Bishop was then managing editor, and, walking with him along Broadway one evening, suggested another piece and then said, "I think I'll do a series and call them 'The Seven Lively Arts,'" and Bishop, looking up at the gymnasts of the Wrigley sign, said, "Including chewing gum?" and I said, "Why not?" If I had anything in mind, it must have been James Huneker's phrase about the "seven deadly arts" (I remember only recitals as one of them); and the general reference was, of course, to the Seven Arts usually known as the fine arts. It never occurred to me that anyone, even Ernest Boyd, would be stupid enough to say that by calling my group of arts "lively," I implied that the great arts were dull. If I say that one of two tennis balls is lively, I may imply that the other is dead; but if I say of two old literary critics that Mencken is lively, I do not imply that the other is dead; only, shall I say, not lively. And the contrasting word in connection with the lively arts is certainly "fine" or "noble" or "austere" or even "great."

My theme was that, in the words of Havelock Ellis, "there are many arts, not among those conventionally called 'fine,' which seem to me fundamental for living." I found them in the typical popular forms of entertainment in America: the slap-stick movies, the comic strip, ragtime in songs and jazz in dance music, musical shows, comedians, tap dancers and the like. On the first page I noted that I was concerned with arts which had already given pleasure to multitudes, to the millions who had loved Chaplin and George M. Cohan and Al Jolson, and sung the songs of Irving Berlin and crowded to hear Paul Whiteman and recognized something of themselves in the stories of Ring Lardner—in short, I was dealing almost entirely with headliners, with great popular figures. And I added that these multitudes had taken to their bosoms people who were really of the first order while critics, befogged perhaps by canons of good taste, had neglected them while they devoted themselves to the second rate figures in the line of the fine arts, whom I suspected of being bogus.

It was there, I suppose, that I made my mistake. It was all very well for me to suggest that Alexander's Ragtime Band was great stuff, but I shouldn't have added that it pleased me more than A Perfect Day or India's Love Lyrics; if I like the dancing of Frisco or Bill Robinson or the Astaires, I might escape rebuke, unless I noted that ninety-nine per cent of the dancers with scarves in imitation of Isadora Duncan gave me a pain. I thought a good Ziegfeld show better than a second-rate opera at the Metropolitan and the Marx Brothers better entertainment than the Barrymore family (who were then "legitimate," God save the word). These dislikes, I fear, betrayed me.

But the reply of my adversaries was not that the aesthetic virtues of Chaplin, Herriman, Cohan, Lardner, and the rest *had* been widely canvassed and that books of their praise could be consulted in every library. It wasn't even that I exaggerated a little; or was too harsh on those half-created girlish works I called bogus. Not at all. The answer was that I was pretending to discover the Chaplins and Kerns and Brices and Tads and Lardners and Berlins—"as if they weren't the most popular people in the world already!" It was quite useless to answer that my only reason for writing about them was that they *were* popular; for five years or so I was tagged as the man who thought he had discovered electric lights on Broadway. At the end of that period I gave up any attempt to deny the accusation and grew actually to think that perhaps my accusers were right.

Once every ten years or so a critic makes a temporary name for himself by suggesting that the vulgar entertainments of the people have great merit. Arthur Symons did it at the beginning of the century; Percival Pollard did it about 1910; my luck was that when the next time came, I happened to be there and happened to have a friendly editor. Once I had started refreshing my income by writing for him, I couldn't stop and my real discovery was that I had been getting a tremendous satisfaction in unexpected places. This satisfaction I tried, with some success, to communicate; with less success I tried to erect my prejudices into principles, as, according to T. S. Eliot, bad critics often do. The satisfaction I have now is that my judgment was not altogether wrong and that some of those I chose for the highest praise have been pretty generally accepted as masters in their field. I can think with pleasure that in 1915, within a year after his first appearance, I had recognized not only a great comedian, but a great artist in Chaplin; and that I was lucky enough ten years ago to avoid both mistakes so common about Ring Lardner: the mistake of thinking him only a funny man in slang and the mistake of thinking him so great a satirist that he isn't funny at all. Some of the boys have let me down: the movies debauched the talents of Al Jolson and the symphonic halls have led George Gershwin a little astray; I made some bad guesses, I omitted the incredible W. C. Field and hadn't enough to say about Moran and Mack. But even if my guns backfire, I stick to my guns.

Usually when I have written a book, I lose interest in the subject for a long time. (I wrote one about the depression last year and have no interest in the subject to this day.) Luckily for me, I still get a deal of pleasure from popular entertainments; new people have come up in these ten years, including the top-man Jimmie Durante; the talkies have killed the movies, but they themselves have changed from a braying nuisance to moderately good fun and they have evolved an artist as important for the 1930's as Chaplin was a decade ago—I mean Walt Disney; radio has shown a faint intention of developing its own material and making itself tolerable; the crooners have come and almost gone; musical shows are now satirical exercises, not exhibitions of legs and

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR ESQUIRE BY GILBERT SEEHAUSEN

MASTER OF THE LIVELY ARTS

Slapstick movies, the comic strip, ragtime in songs and jazz in dance music, musical shows, comedians, tap dancers—these were the popular entertainment that comprised the chosen field of criticism for Gilbert Seldes ten years ago. In "The Seven Lively Arts" he explored this exciting ground, without pretending to discover it, in the endeavor to measure it with a special yardstick of esthetic values. Ten years have wrought unnumbered changes in the form, if not the quality, of popular taste. These changes Mr. Seldes will consider—and hopes not to be accused of attempting to "discover"—in a new series of articles to appear in this magazine.

Masters of Myth

Almost all the lies about the Foreign Legion start nowhere but within the Legion's ranks

by GEORGES SURDEZ

THE LEGION? The Legion is what you make it.”

That is the standard answer given by any member of the French Foreign Legion to questions concerning his existence. And active members of that most famous fighting Corps grow indignant at the wild stories published about them.

They state that the Foreign Legion is composed of the same elements as the world outside. The vast majority is made up of solid, steady soldiers, who enlisted because of a combination of motives: maladjustment at home, an unfortunate love affair, unemployment, hunger. Naturally, there is a notable proportion of born adventurers, professional soldiers who have served with other armies, many of whom have the education and the opportunity to embrace calmer careers and remain in khaki from choice. Those men, that fighting élite, are the leaven of the Legion.

Then there is a sprinkling of disgruntled chaps, as there must be among over twenty-five thousand men, individuals who are disappointed by what the Legion offers them. And there is a small percentage of criminals. But despite accredited legend, the Foreign Regiments of the French Republic are not a safe refuge for fugitives from justice. Extradition will be granted for serious, common law crimes. Murderers and thieves have been located and arrested in isolated outposts of Morocco, Algeria, the Sahara, Syria and Tonkin. The police organizations of Europe know of the popular belief that the Legion is a haven outside the law, and never fail to consult the records for trace of the men they seek.

I have been interested in the Foreign Legion all my life. For several years, I have written of the French Colonial Forces in general, of the Legion in particular. And at one time, I spent the better part of two years studying the Corps at close range, visiting various headquarters, garrison towns and outposts in the Sahara, in the Middle Atlas, in Syria. Everywhere, I found Legionnaires of all ranks suspicious at first contact, hostile at the mention of writing. They resent what has been written about them, the way moving pictures and books have represented them.

After the ice was broken, I would entertain them with relations of books and movies dealing with Legion existence. They would pass from loud laughter to incoherent rage. In connection with a famous picture, which was forbidden to be shown in France and her colonies, a sergeant challenged me directly:

“Why do writers confuse the Legion with the penal battalions, with the prison camps? You know that regulations forbid a man not merely to strike a subordinate, but to use foul language to him? Look, you cannot say that these were printed especially to deceive you. . . . ”

He produced a sheaf of mimeographed sheets, regimental orders-of-the-day, outlining the routine of his unit. He pointed out a few cases: ‘Sergeant X., reduced to second class private, three months in prison, for striking an inferior.’

“See? Isn't that proof? Why do people write such things, why do intelligent people believe them? Take, for example, that episode of the brutal sergeant, the tyrant of a Saharan outpost. The author has described his men as tough, resolute fellows, many of them veteran soldiers, one or more admittedly criminals. The post is isolated. No investigation can go beyond their testimony if anything happens to the sergeant. They have bayonets, rifles, cartridges. Yet he lives —isn't that nonsense?

“Sergeants do strike men in the Legion—I have myself. Some years ago, I was serving under Captain C., at Kenadza, Sahara. He was a fine man, but he had for principle that a non-commissioned officer who could not obtain obedience and respect should turn in his chevrons. Which meant that if you had a balky private, you could not report him for punishment. You had to challenge him, take off your coat and lick him. If he won, you lost your ranking.

ADVENTURE STORIES

“Another place where men are sometimes struck is the Disciplinary Company. But that's its purpose, to break in men who deem themselves too good to work or obey. You've seen the inmates of the Company—how long would it take you to sock one of them? Not long, eh? They're men who have been in trouble everywhere, and who try to get tough in the Legion. They must be tamed. What's the name of a fighting outfit like the Legion in America? The Marine Corps? And is there a military penitentiary there? Leavenworth? All right—suppose you read a story of the Marine Corps stuffed with episodes that could happen only at Leavenworth, how would you like that? Yet that's the way authors write about us. Flogging, beatings, tyrannical sergeants!”

I gently explained to the sergeant not to blame the writers of fiction, but to direct his anger elsewhere. Strange as it seemed to him, the lies about the Foreign Legion start in the Legion! Writers of fiction naturally seek beyond the fact books written by officers of the Corps. That leaves one source of information, the ex-Legionnaire, the man who has served and who is presumed to know. Unfortunately, a good proportion of ex-Legionnaires are absolute mythomaniacs.

An American magazine published a series of articles recently, purporting to be the memoirs of an ex-Legionnaire. Although the whole teemed with exaggerations, inaccuracies and ludicrous details, the chap who inspired it had been a member of the unit. He borrowed here and there, from the adventures of Private Klems, who deserted and became Abd-el-Krim's minister of war in the Riff, and credited himself with a love affair with no less a person than a princess!

To anyone who knows the Legion and Legionnaires, the conditions under which they serve, the countries they operate in, the articles were immensely amusing. To understand, imagine a book written about the New York Police force by a man discharged from it for taking graft. He describes third degree scenes as taking place on a lawn in Central Park. For relaxation, he repairs to luxurious speakeasies. There he witnesses gun fights between gangsters, sees the dead casually thrown into an alley. He meets a society girl, daughter of a multimillionaire, at a fire, scrapes an acquaintance with her. She falls in love with him.

It is admitted that the third degree exists, we are sure that Central Park exists. There are luxurious speakeasies, and gangsters fight with pistols. Dead men are picked up in alleys. There are society girls, and some of them have fallen in love with policemen. So that there is nothing impossible in the above synopsis. Nevertheless, the whole does form an incredible, comical exaggeration. Nine

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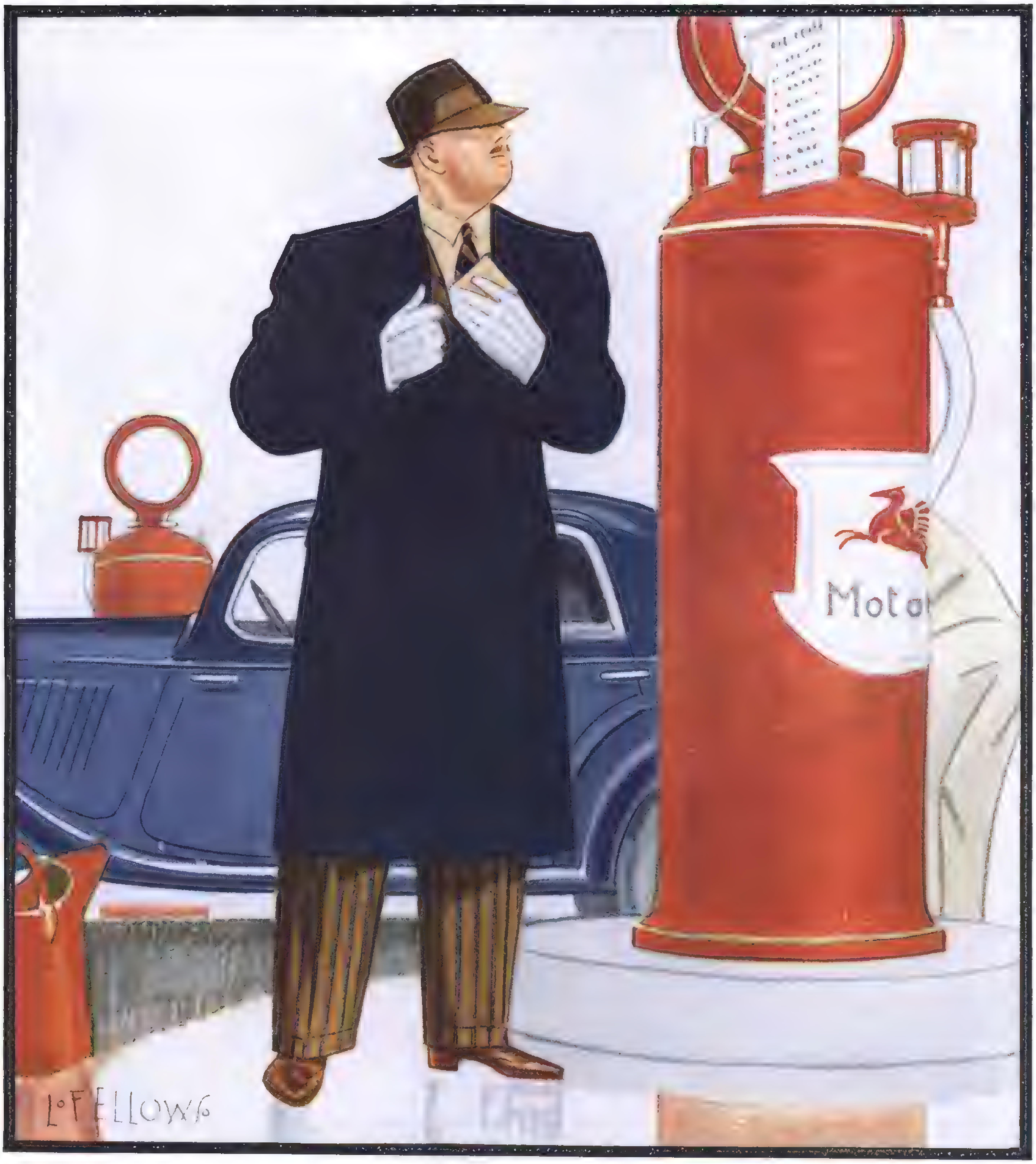
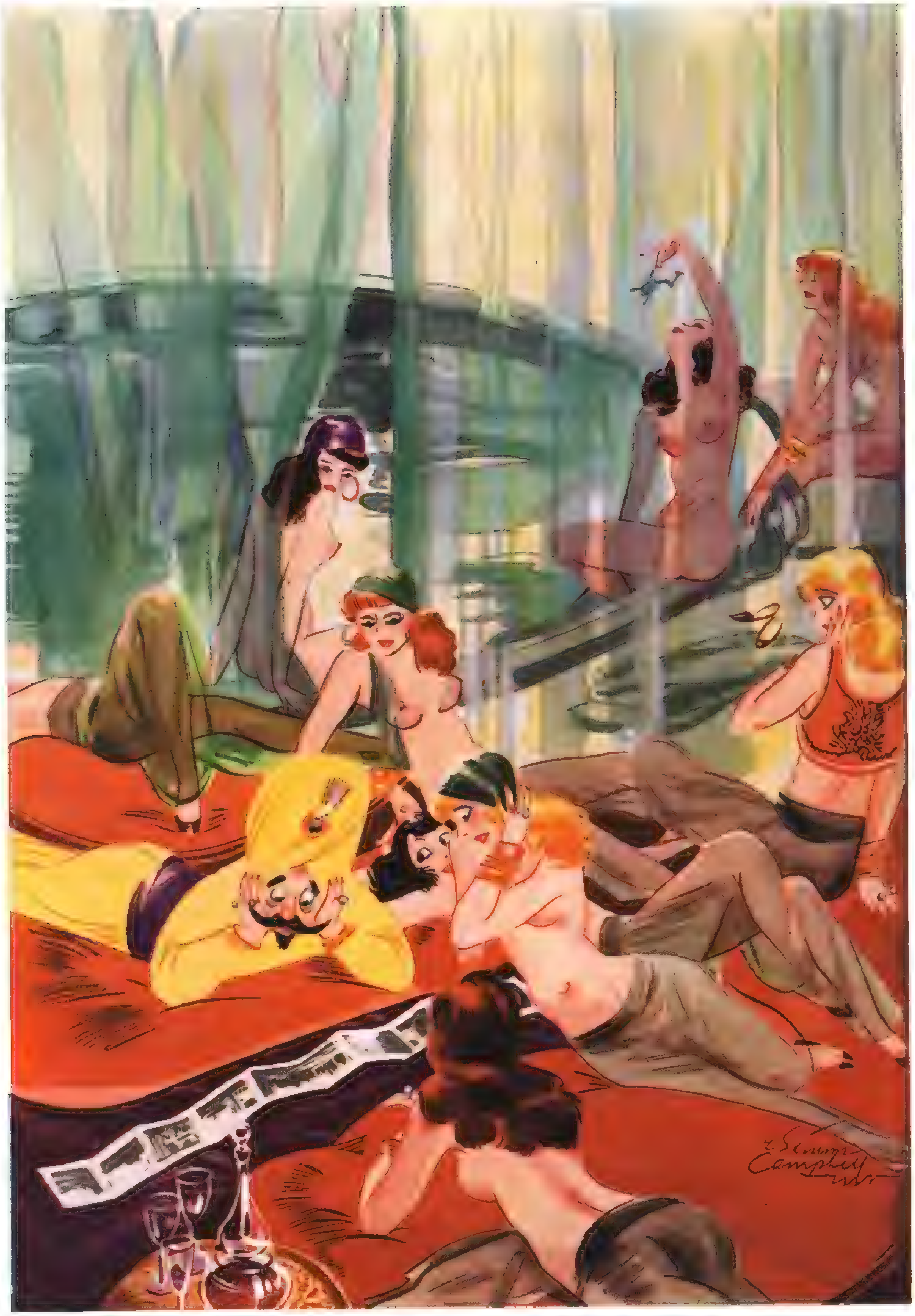


FINDING FASHION'S OWN FORGOTTEN MAN —THE SHORT STOUT

We have harbored for years a secret sullen gripe against the tendency, well-nigh universal among fashion artists, to try to make the average man picture himself as a Gary Cooper body job. So, to remember what too many stylists seem to have forgotten, we picture here an outfit designed with the avowed intention of sprucing up the appearance of those whose every line is a reminder of the not necessarily unpleasant fact that nature, as often as not, builds for comfort instead of speed. The first and most obvious detail is the bold striped suiting. Good tailors and merchants are, by long habit, much too nice in their speech to call it the "runt special," but that is what it ought to be. It gives a lofty grandeur to too, too solid flesh. Most people will tell you that stubs should avoid a double breasted overcoat, but we won't—we merely caution against getting it too short, or with too much skirt flare. Another wise little touch is the choice of a narrow necktie—and we'll bet that's one way of achieving an illusion of added length that you haven't thought of before. Another good trick is the choice of shoes of a long custom last with a slightly pointed toe cap. Thus, without doing anything to make it obvious that you are attempting to disguise the shape God gave you, you are doubly successful in doing so. A choice demonstration of how another old taboo of the stylist's creed may be dealt a swift kick amidships is given here, in calling your attention to the fetching effect that may be achieved by the reconciliation of those two reputed ancient feudists of the color scale, brown and blue. They take to each other like ducks to water or dogs to trees, and there's no reason to keep them apart.


E. Simms Campbell

"Skyscrapers, traffic lights—oh boy, that's a real country"

Choice of the Harem

Story of the Sultan who granted, very strangely, a soldier's wish to have an inmate of his harem

by BRUNO FRANK

“A soldier who has fought in fifteen wars cannot have kept his hands clean,” de Fronsac remarked quietly.

“Not in war!” the *Maréchal* cried, shaking his wrinkled head. He made a few quick steps, and leaned against the fireplace between the two candlesticks, near him. He began to speak and as he talked on the candles flickered, now from the right, now from the left, lighting one of his dark eyes.

“At that time, *he* had sent me as his ambassador to Constantinople.” His gesture, almost an obeisance, indicated the portrait of Napoleon that hung on the wall. “I don't know whether you remember?”

Fronsac grunted, with a kind of laugh.

“One can't help but remember, you know.”

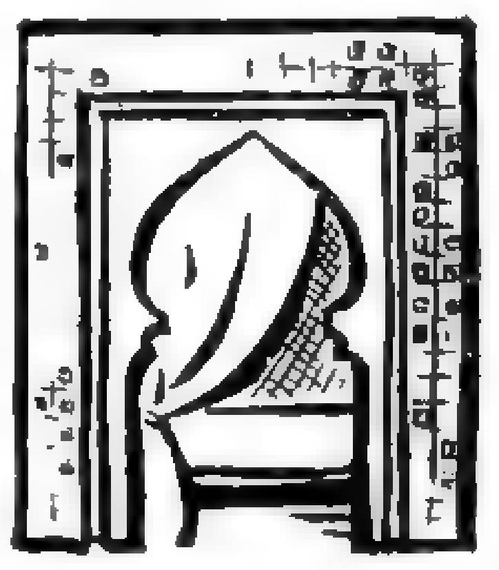
“There was a great deal of work. There as everywhere else we found those damned English. Well, my task was to protect the Sultan, before them, and to make him believe it was done out of love for him. Incidentally, it was a good thing there was so much work to be done—otherwise we should have been bored to death. Le Verrier was my colleague. We were both just over thirty, and we lived alone with our servants in this cold house in Pera. By the way, what were you doing about that time?”

“1806? I had an easy job—counsellor of a field court of the guard.”

“It was boring. Particularly, we missed women. We were accustomed to Paris, and to *his* campaigns, you know. You remember how it was when *he* returned to his quarters after a victory . . . '*Duroc! Une femme!*' . . . Well, and there was never a time when something not unworthy of him was not in readiness. And none of us was much worse off than he. No, one was not bored, in those wars.

“Down there, however . . . the ladies of the embassies were all old and ugly; whether incidentally or on principle, I still don't know. Oh, yes, there was a Russian; but she was true to her husband, a horrible old hippopotamus. And of the light ladies from Western Europe, none. Even then the city was filled with the restlessness of the *janizaries*, and the sweet children were all afraid. Turks—not to be thought of. One day a certain dignitary of the Ministry of Finance volunteered to introduce us to his harem; but this speculator had simply collected a few cheap, unattached females. I can still see Le Verrier's face. He stood in front of the dignitary, and repeated slowly, over and over: '*Honteux, mon cher pacha, honteux!*' The Pasha turned gray. He saw himself already hung, for we were secretly the masters. We departed from the place wearing sinister masks. On the street we burst out laughing. We were just thirty, we statesmen. When we sat facing each other at night in our house in Pera, Le Verrier would suddenly break the silence with an oath. 'This damned Mehmet!' he would say. That was the Sultan, and he damned him because he envied him. At certain moments he would say, with a grimace: 'Just once through the *Bab-i-Seadad!*' This is the inner door of the seraglio, 'The Door of Bliss,' and it is the only Turkish word Le Verrier could ever remember. He was so completely French. A fine fellow. He fell at Hanau. I laughed over his jokes—and was full of the same thoughts.

“Otherwise, we did not have such an easy time in this cesspool of diplomacy. But I was rather successful, as successful as one can be against the English, a people with neither weakness nor imagination. One day, after eight hours of conferences, I again forced a concession out of one of their emissaries, one of their famous concessions which had to be renewed on an average of every five weeks. That evening, Le Verrier and I sat, or rather lay, exhausted, in our living room, when suddenly a great noise rose outside the door. Without further warning, the door opened and a gigantic warlike Moor, a sort of a *chasseur*, whom we knew, appeared; and in front of him the Sultan passed into the room!



“That was something unheard-of, an unbelievable honor, for Constantinople. But under *him*, we were accustomed to honors.

“This Mehmet was so fat that his eyes were hardly visible, and he could scarcely stand on his feet. As a matter of fact, he was no fool, and rather good-natured. There were four of us in the room, including the Grand Vizier, an individual who smiled eternally, who had been to Paris once, and who still raved about the galleries of the Palais Royal.

“The visit was brief, but solemn. The Sultan sat, the three of us stood before him. He said: 'You have saved my realm, General.'

“I bowed. I did not think of contradicting him.

“ 'Have you a wish, General? You may have what you ask.'

“That was unexpected. I did not quite know what to answer. What could we, who served under the Emperor, have to wish for? After all, the world was ours! Isn't that so?”

“Yes,” Fronsac answered from his chair.

“I thought, and while I thought I looked at Le Verrier who stood by, not understanding one word of the Turkish conversation. It all seemed, then, like a good joke to me, so I said:

“ 'Then I ask permission to see the harem.'

“ 'It is well, you shall see it,' Mehmet agreed. He rose and immediately left the room.

“The next afternoon, the Grand Vizier called for me. Le Verrier came along, but the smiling Grand Vizier explained that he did not think the permission included him too. At the famous Door of Bliss the armed guard confirmed this with evil intensity. With a grimace, Le Verrier turned back. The Chief Eunuch welcomed me in the hall, and I began my round under his guidance.

“In its entirety, the harem was rather middle-class. I had been told that in the selection of inmates, influence and intrigue played by all odds the most important part; and now, when I saw these fat, banal creatures, I was convinced of it. Besides, the whole performance was somewhat painful. For, of course, these ladies were not sitting around in flocks as we Westerners might imagine. On the contrary, each one who amounted to anything at all had her particular quarters; and I was led into every one of these, one after the other, feeling like an idiot. Even though my arrival had been announced, I found my intrusion painful. I saw a few pretty faces, but nothing to rave about, nothing dream-like or exotic. The only thing I really admired was the furniture.

“Later on, we passed through a huge room with a cupola, which really looked like the harem a Frenchman would conceive of. A dozen lesser wives sat around chattering on colored stone steps and on cushions. When we entered, they seemed to be struck dumb, and stood up together in peasant-like embarrassment. I looked into their faces; without a single exception they were all coarse peasant girls from Asia Minor.

“I began to regret having so senselessly squandered that wish the Sultan had granted me, and I was anxious to get away. But the eunuch, with relentless conscientiousness, led me into another suite of rooms, across the hall. And here, finally, it happened. Here I saw the first and only woman of this collection who stirred my heart, or at least

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All My Love

Continued from page 43

paring his nails.

"Anything for L. A. or the West Coast, Lou?" Chick called.

"Nawp, not a thing, Chick," Lou said, giving them a bleary-eyed look. "Say, Chick, come on back a minute."

They went through the oblong hole cut in the plaster board. A few minutes later Chick came hurrying up toward the front again.

"You guys wait here a while. I got to go see a fella," he said.

He went out the front door and drove off quickly.

An hour passed. Red and Bob paced the barren tourists' bureau. Lou sat at the desk rubbing his long nose thoughtfully. Noon passed.

Red was even more nervous than Bob. He said, with a worried look on his big blank face, "You know, I hate losin' all dis time we made drivin' nights. I sure wisht I could get woid to my old lady."

"That's easy, Red. Send her a telegram."

"Yeah, I would, but I ain't much on writin' telegrams."

"I'll write it for you, if you'd tell me what to say."

"Could you write a telegram?" Red asked, looking doubtful.

"Sure, I can write a telegram. Find out where the telegraph office is, and tell that guy we won't be gone but a minute."

The college boy sat with a pencil poised over a telegraph blank. The tough boy sat on the other side of the desk, his hands gripped tight, his small eyes bulging, his tired, simple face tortured with thought.

"Now what was it you wanted to tell her?"

"Well, just tell her dat I am now on my way for more'n two days now, and I'm gettin' dere as fast as I can, see, and if we don't lay over here too long and we get a break, see, I should oughta be at her bedside wit' her pretty soon, see. And I'm riding respectable in a—"

"Wait a minute, Red! This is a straight telegram. You have to say all you want to say in ten words, or it costs you plenty extra. Now how does this suit you?" Bob began reading as he printed rapidly on the blank: "'Hoping-to-arrive-there-in-few-days.' How's that?"

"O. K." Red said, looking relieved, but not satisfied.

"You've still got three words. What else you want to say?"

"Don't dat what you just read off say all I need to say? What could anybody say wit' t'ree woids, anyhow?"

"Well, you could put 'all my love.' It won't cost any more."

"All my love?" Red said, gaping.

"Sure. 'Hoping to arrive there in few days all my love.'"

"Yeah!" the tough boy said loudly, expelling a long breath. "Dat's the very t'ing I wanted to say! 'All my love.' How'd youse happen to t'ink of dat, kid? 'All my love,' hunh? Dat's swell!"

"Signed 'Al' or 'Alfred'?"

"Sign it 'Alfred Emanuel McCleary.' Jeez, dat'll sure make my old lady proud. How'd you know I wanted to say dat, kid? Hunh?"

"Oh, I don't know, Red," the college boy said. "It just happened to come to me. Just an inspiration, I guess."

When they got back to the tourists' bureau, the long-nosed Lou beckoned for them to follow him back of the partition. "You fellas are sure outa luck," he began sadly. "The Feds got old Chick just awhile ago. Chick was hauling junk."

"What do you mean, 'hauling junk'?" Bob said hotly. "We paid our fares. I paid him $17.50, and I don't know how much Red paid him."

"I mean he was transporting narcotics," Lou said mildly, blinking his swimming eyes. "White stuff. The Feds knocked over a $10,000 load of heroin before Chick could dump it. The Feds got ever' deck of it."

"Hell!" Bob said. "Where's the car? My suitcase is in that car!"

"If your suitcase was in that car, son, the Feds have got it ripped all to pieces searching for dope long before now, don't worry." The long-nosed man's loose lips were quivering as if he wanted to weep.

"Well, where can I find the Feds?" Bob said frantically. "I've got to see if I can't get that gladstone of mine back."

"Now, looky here, boys: this ain't none of my put-in, of course. I was just tippin' you boys off, and I don't aim to get messed up in this. But if you boys aim to get to wherever you're goin' any time soon, you'd best stay away from them Feds. The Feds don't know they was anybody with Chick. They'd want to hold you boys for witnesses."

"What do you think, Red?" Red stood there glaring.

"Me? I suspicioned all along the bastahd was a bingle-pusher."

"Sure," Lou said quickly, "but the passengers always come first with Chick. He says to me just before he went out to dump that load, 'Lou,' he says to me, 'if they get me, you be sure and take care of them two boys,' he says. Then just a few minutes ago a fella comes by and—"

"O.K." Red put in impatiently. "When do we staht?"

"Well, I'll tell you boys. We got another driver headed southwest due here in about an hour. I'll start you with him, and I ain't going to charge you boys a penny commission. You give me the money and I'll fix it with the driver just as soon as he comes in."

"How much more will it cost to get to Tulsa?" Bob asked.

"Tulsa? Have you got $8? Give me $8 and I'll garntee to have you in Tulsa tomorrow morning."

"I don't believe I've got $8," Bob said hesitantly.

"Well, then, gimme $6. That leaves me not makin' a cent, though!"

Red reached out and caught Bob's arm. "T'hell wit' dat noise," he said. "Come on, kid. Quit foolin' wit' dese petty larceny chislers."

As they went out the front-door the long-nosed man called timorously, "I'm just makin' you boys that offer cause you was with Chick!" Red put his tongue between his thick lips and released a bird.

They found their way to the railroad yards on the river flats.

"We'll walk along here till I spot a right guy," Red said. "I'll ask some right guy where is the best place to glom her. You stick wit' me, kid. I'm gonna take you right straight home and I ain' gonna charge you no six bucks to do it, neither. You done somethin' for me, now I'll do somethin' for you. I'm gonna get you back to Tulsa the fastest and surest way goin'."

The college boy lagged along complaining. "I don't like the idea of this bumming on trains, Red. If anything, I'd rather hitch-hike."

"Naw, kid, you're soft. But don't worry. We'll get the blinds outa dis boig. Nobody ain't never done anything for me before like what you done dis afternoon, and I'm gonna do somethin' for you."

Red stopped suddenly and put his hands on his hips and smiled broadly. "'All my love,' hunh? Ain' dat swell. How'd you come to t'ink of dat, kid. Hunh?"

"Gosh, I don't know, Red. I told you it was just an inspiration."

They walked on along the tracks. Red strode on in front, grinning and chuckling to himself. They walked along an aisle made by two strings of boxcars. All of a sudden a hand caught Bob's neck.

"All right! Come on, you!" a harsh voice said.

Up in front Red whirled at the sound of the voice. He came lunging back to where the railroad detective was gripping Bob's neck.

"Watch out dere!" Red yelled. "Don't use no sap on dat kid!" He ran up and grabbed the plainclothesman's upraised arm. Panting, he said, "I'm taking all the lumps for dis kid, see? Dis kid's a *poet.*"

The yard dick let go of Bob's neck when Red closed with him. He slapped the blackjack up against the tough boy's head. The leaded leather pouch made a soft sick sound. Red staggered into a clinch, screaming hoarsely, "Run, kid!" Bob ducked behind the string of boxcars and ran.

When he hurried into the tourists' bureau fifteen minutes later, he called out to the long-nosed proprietor, "Does that offer of fare to Tulsa for $6 still hold good?"

"It sure does, son; and the driver's right out there in front now, ready to start. What become of your red-headed friend?"

"Hell, he wasn't no friend of mine," the college boy said, swaggering. "I never saw him in my life until seven o'clock day-before-yesterday morning."

Yokel, Yokel, Little Star

Continued from page 37

ones, the Savile Row ones, even the Unter den Linden ones. I am certain, however, that I do not care to import them from France: I have seen too many a boulevardier trotting up and down the Champs Elysées in tight-fitting trousers, white socks and black patent leather shoes.

I would meet my experts at the Pasadena Junction and rush them away in a closed car with drawn curtains. The first clause of our contract would read: "While in the employ of this motion picture company, the expert agrees not to leave the grounds of the studio, not to accept invitations to parties, not to go out except for a short constitutional under the guard of the studio officials." Why this strange clause? Well, did I ever tell you of that professor of diction and elocution who was brought to Hollywood a few years ago to teach us the King's English and who wound up by saying about his star pupil: "Hell, he ain't such a bad guy, just slightly nuts." And then there was that European matinee idol highly appreciated

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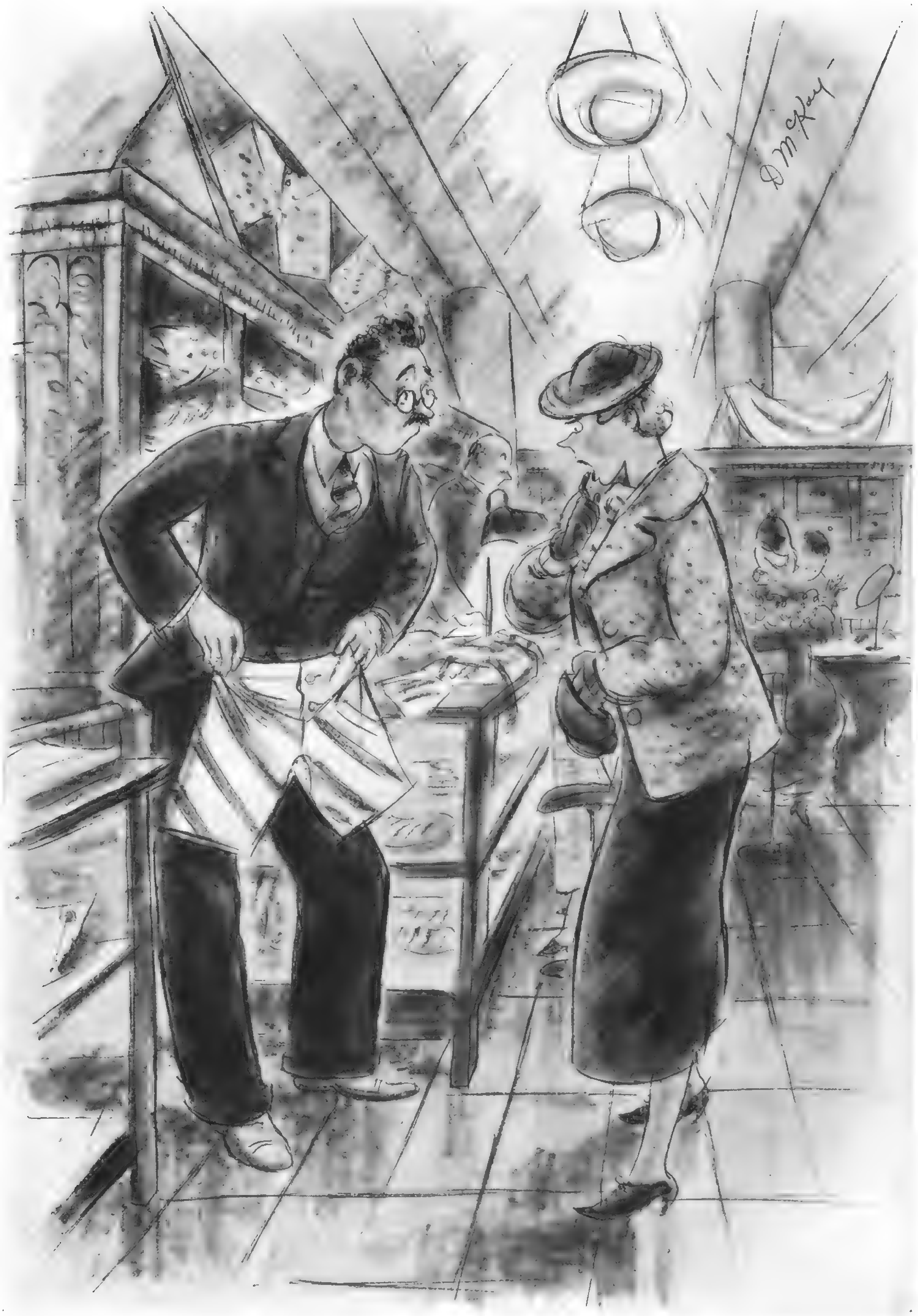


"He wears a size 16 collar"

On Being a House Guest

In case you wish to become the very embodiment of the social virtues from Friday to Monday

by STUART HOWE

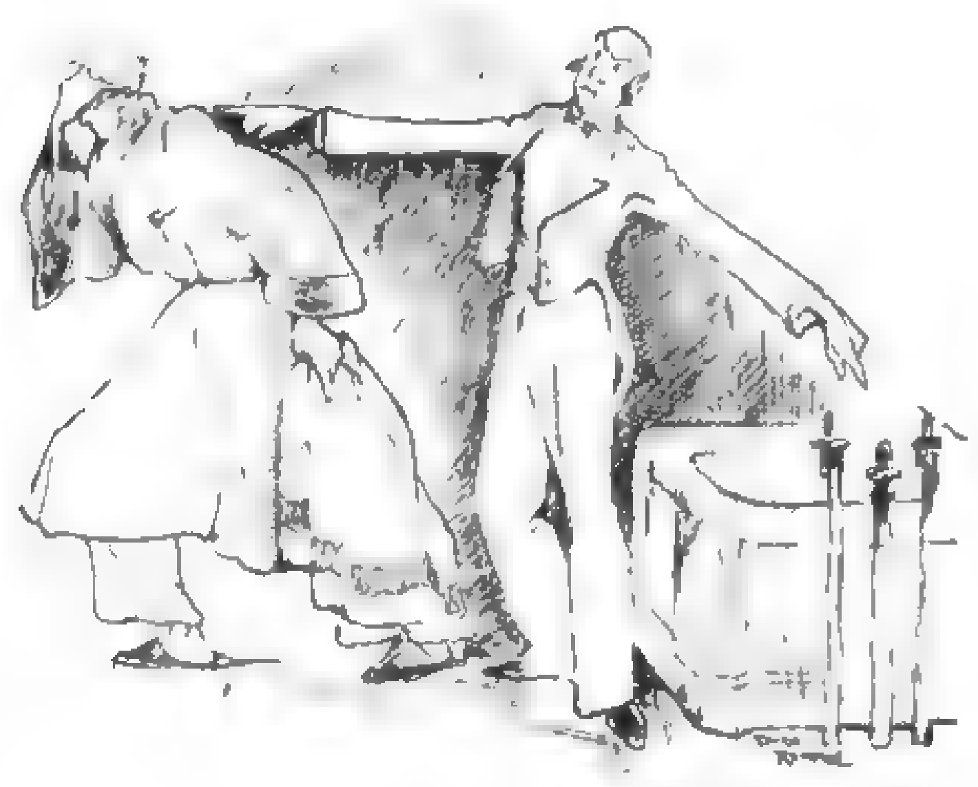
THE confirmed week-ender, having made the Friday to Monday period the important business of life, should be considered to have forfeited his amateur standing. Like the jockey, he should be required to take out a license (issued, perhaps, by a National Association of Country Householders); then he might be set down for long or short periods or even, in more serious cases, have his license revoked for infractions of the rules. Regulation of this sort would enable the stewards to have a man up for being a bore, for being unable to hold his liquor, for being bad at sports, for leaving a ring around the bathtub or for any one of a hundred similar misdemeanors. The bore, of course, would be set down for life if convicted, while the bathtub ringer might escape with a three-weeks' suspension.

If you are a householder given to entertaining, consider the advantages of such a system. Professional standards would be raised to a degree hitherto unknown. A list of highly competent performers, carefully rated as to type and capacity, would be issued to members of the Association, who could then round out the most hopeless house party with one or more guests of known ability merely by consulting the dope sheet. I suggest that the following form might be usefully employed, as it incorporates all necessary data and records the candidate's most recent effort:

NAME: Smythe-Smythe, J. Eustace.
ADDRESS: 941 East 57th Street, New York.
BREEDING: Brunette, twenty-eight. By Park Avenue, out of Harvard by Groton.
WEIGHT: 165 lbs. No allowances.

Mr. Smythe-Smythe was rated along under stout restraint from Friday evening until Saturday at seven. He made his move at the fourth martini, pecked badly on landing and was beaten a scant head for the "Life of the Party" in a stretch drive. Smythe-Smythe was a bit short of work and should do better next time out.

From such a dossier it is simple to estimate the capabilities of Smythe-Smythe and to recognize his desirability as a house guest. One must, of course, in recapitulating, consider the going; for a man who might break the course record on House of Lord's gin would run out on inferior stuff. Furthermore, our system eliminates the possibility of harboring a guest of unknown antecedents and curious interests, as did an unfortunate acquaintance of mine, a sporting host, who found among his huntin'-shootin'-fishin' week-end party an individual who professed a keen and articulate interest in beagles until it was discovered that the dreary fellow thought of these pedestrian creatures as predatory birds who, hooded, perched upon one's wrist, thinking long, heraldic thoughts in Norman French.



For those of us who, for one reason or another, do not qualify as professionals, there are certain simple rules which, followed out, will go a long way toward eliminating the pains of week-ending. As Max Beerbohm so charmingly proved in his essay on "Hosts and Guests," it is far easier to extend than to receive hospitality; upon the guest is placed the onus of responsibility for the success or failure of the entertainment. He must exercise tact, appreciation, wit and charm; he must fall in with the plans of his host and further them to the best of his ability; he must, in short, and regardless of his everyday failings, become the very embodiment of the social virtues from Friday until Monday.

The first rule, and one of the most important, is to consider the character of your host and the type of house to which you've been asked, to make what the military call an "estimate of the situation." In this way you will be able to avoid the more obvious blunders, such as turning up at a yachtsman's house with bags stuffed with riding kit, or arriving at a six-room country cottage in expectation of finding accommodation for your chauffeur, your valet and your wife's maid. If, by the way, you insist upon traveling with one or more servants, do not expect your host to put them up unless his is known to be a very large house. Rather, arrange for them to board and room at a nearby inn or village.

Do not carry too many clothes. In making your selection try to recall what you know about your host's hobbies and sporting activities and be governed accordingly. It is very easy to go wrong here. For example, a dinner jacket is generally regarded as sufficiently formal for the country, yet should you happen to attend a hunt ball or some similar function, you'd feel lost without tails. On the other hand, on a golf and bridge week-end in the suburbs, you'd be overdressed in a white tie.

Turn up on time. If you are traveling by train, wire the host your time of arrival. It's no fun for him to meet a half dozen trains and even less for you to cool your heels on a deserted station platform. If the house runs to a butler, he'll tell you about meal hours and you can arrange with him to have breakfast served in your room. If the house boasts only a single servant, or none, you'd best go down for breakfast.

The gift of a book or candy is a pleasant attention to your hostess. If you are a friend of long standing, a more elaborate gift may be acceptable, but you'll have to use your own judgment on this.

Tipping is a real problem, but it is safest, in most houses, to tip everyone who gives you personal service; the groom, if you are riding your host's horses, the butler and the man who valets you. Your wife should tip her maid. As a matter of fact, some hosts prefer you not to tip their servants; but if they feel this way they ought to warn you about it. I once had a very pleasant butler refuse my tip, and both of us were pretty darned embarrassed about it.

Try hard to remember the names of the other guests if they are unknown to you. Unless you are a noted authority on something or other, do not attempt to hold forth at the dinner table. Rather content yourself with finding out what interests your dinner partner and talk quietly to her; make her talk if you can and you will soon find you've built up quite a nice little reputation as a brilliant conversationalist. If the talk becomes general, take as little part in it as possible without being glum—unless, of course, you are a famous wit. Laugh at your host's jokes no matter how often you may have heard them before; admire his pictures, his bibelots, his boats, his horses. Tell your hostess that her house is charming and her garden remarkable—although it is always best to ascertain first if there is a garden.

If you discover yourself to be in a critical mood, watch your step. Do not, as I did once, speak of a fashionable portrait painter

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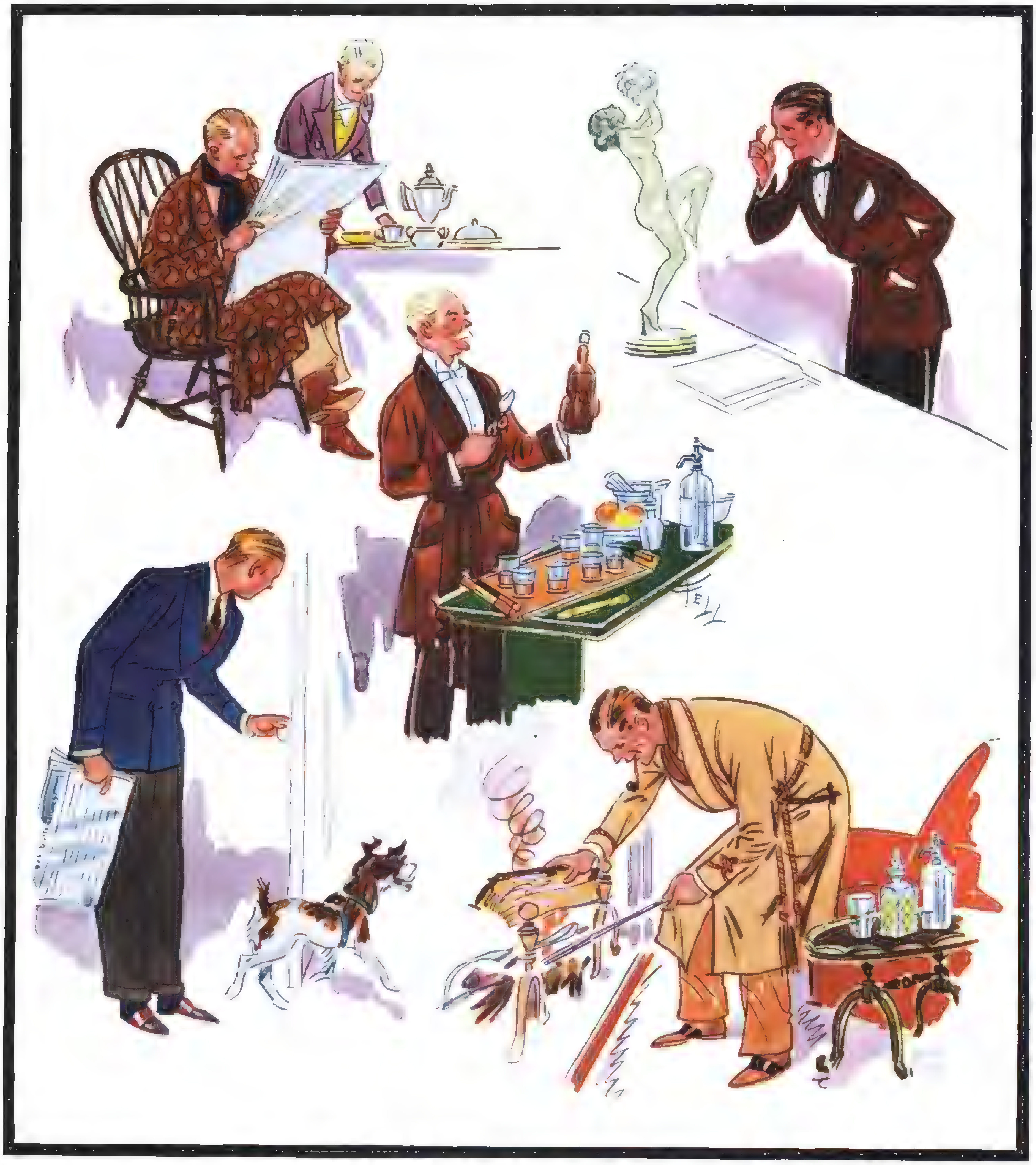
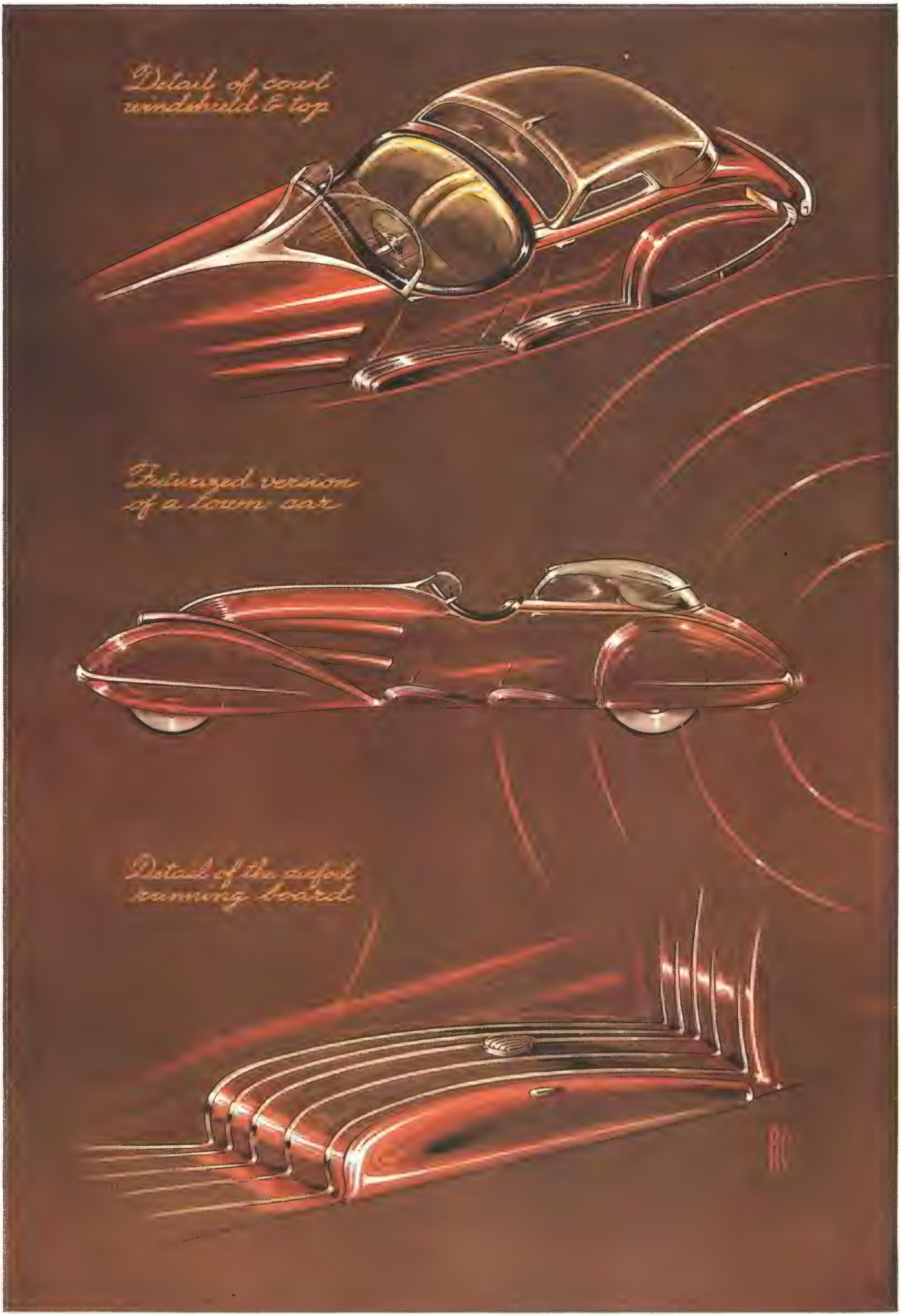


PROVING THE MALE CAN BE BOTH HAPPY AND HOUSEBROKEN

You read a lot, nowadays, about the breakup of the American home, the lively prints inferring that it survives chiefly as a place to change clothes and take baths. But you sit at home to read that stuff, which is as good a denial of its truth as any. Without further pretense at preamble, then, we present (*upper left*) a light weight silk foulard shawl collar wrap around robe in the Paisley pattern that has been the gentlemen's favorite for over a century. This model obviates the necessity of buttons and allows tightening the robe as much or as little as desired. Ideal for year around wear (if you have steam heat) as well as for warmer climates. *Upper right*: Here is the newest version of the old fashioned smoking jacket, in solid color velveteen, cut exactly like a regular double breasted suit coat. This is preferable to the informality of a robe, when company is present, and may be worn correctly with dinner clothes—that is, with the black tie—at home. In the latter instance, patent leather pump slippers are called for. *Center*: A cocktail jacket of three-quarter length, reaching not quite to the knee, in a wrap around model, depending largely for its effectiveness on unusual colorings. This one is a brown velvet with a wine colored silk used for the collar and the cuffs as well as the sash and trimmings. It is also seen in flannel in many colors. While worn here by a festive old soul in evening clothes—and perfectly proper to wear it with them, too, we'll have you know—it goes just as well with street clothes or, for that matter, with pajamas. If you want warmth, and there are a lot of furnace tenders left who need it, then nothing equals flannel, as shown in two models below.


Detail of cowl
windshield & top
Futurized version
of a town car
Detail of the airfoil
running board
RC

Action

by

ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY

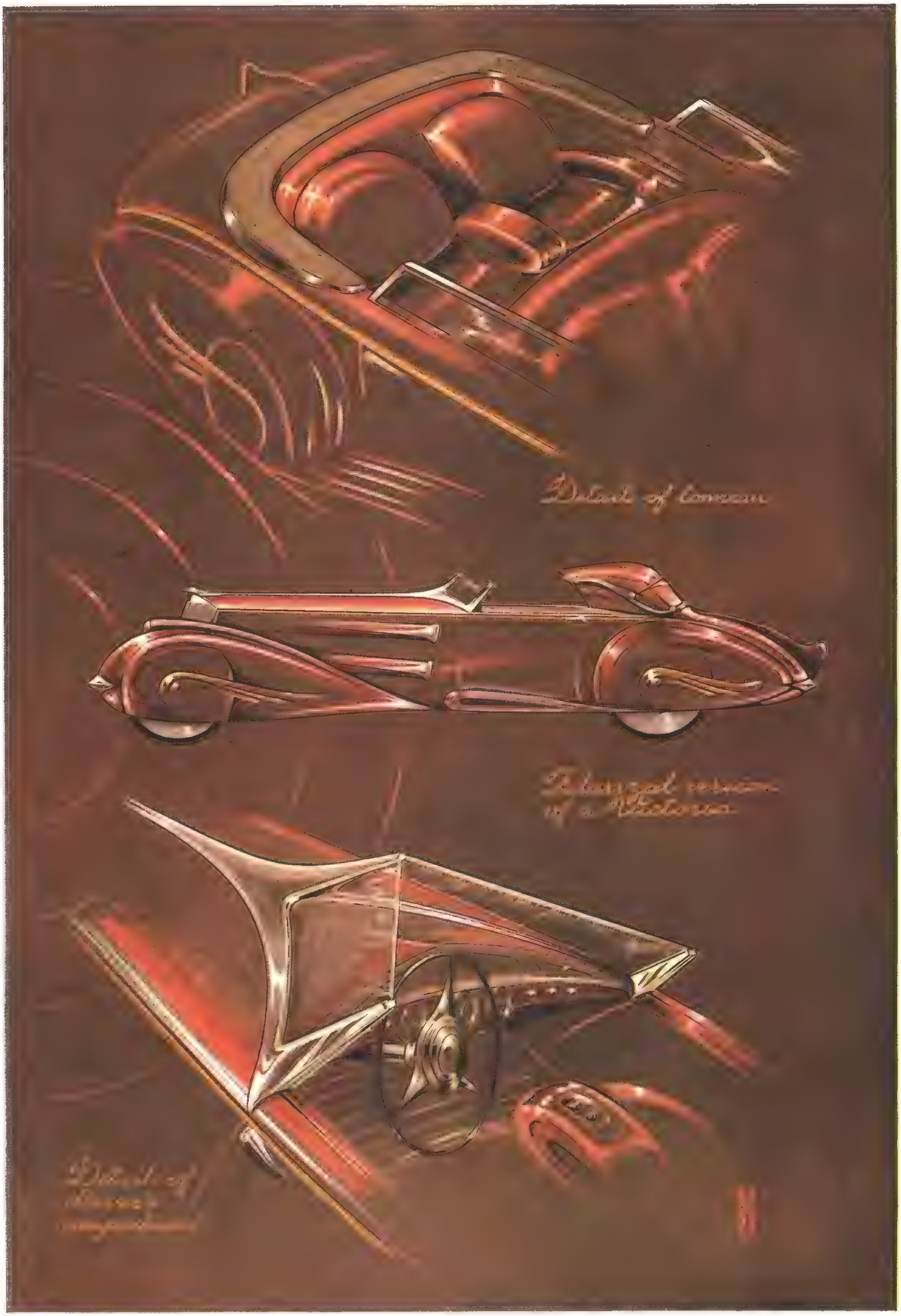
In the January issue of Esquire we showed the method of applying lessons learned from the fastest existing vehicles to their slower relatives. Still, even those slower vehicles were the "over 100 MPH" kind, therefore in this issue we want to show how we can modernize the slowest looking vehicle.

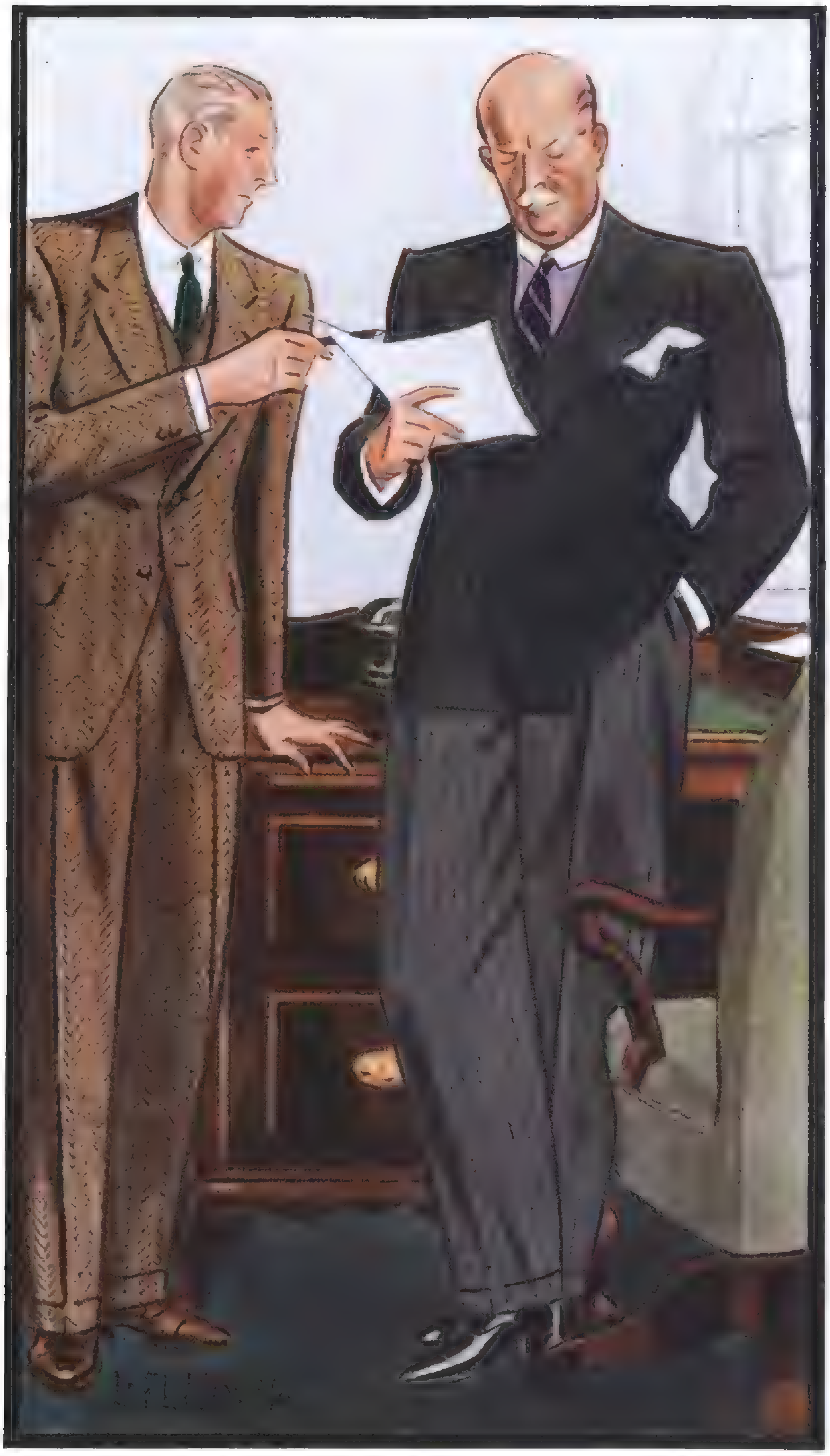
A type of vehicle always associated with slow motion, a dowager occupant and an old, old driver, is the chauffeur driven town car. Not the misnamed close coupled sedan called town car by some sales manager ignoring the traditional names of bodies, but the good old square two passenger car with no roof over the driver's head. Almost extinct in the U. S. A. where it is seldom encountered even in the largest cities, it is still considered a smart vehicle in Europe, and every year quite a few of them are shown at the Paris Salon. And it is entirely erroneous to consider it solely a dowager car, because a lot of gay young continental people own them as part of their line of cars. Our problem will be to incorporate the latest streamline features into this slightly antiquated model.

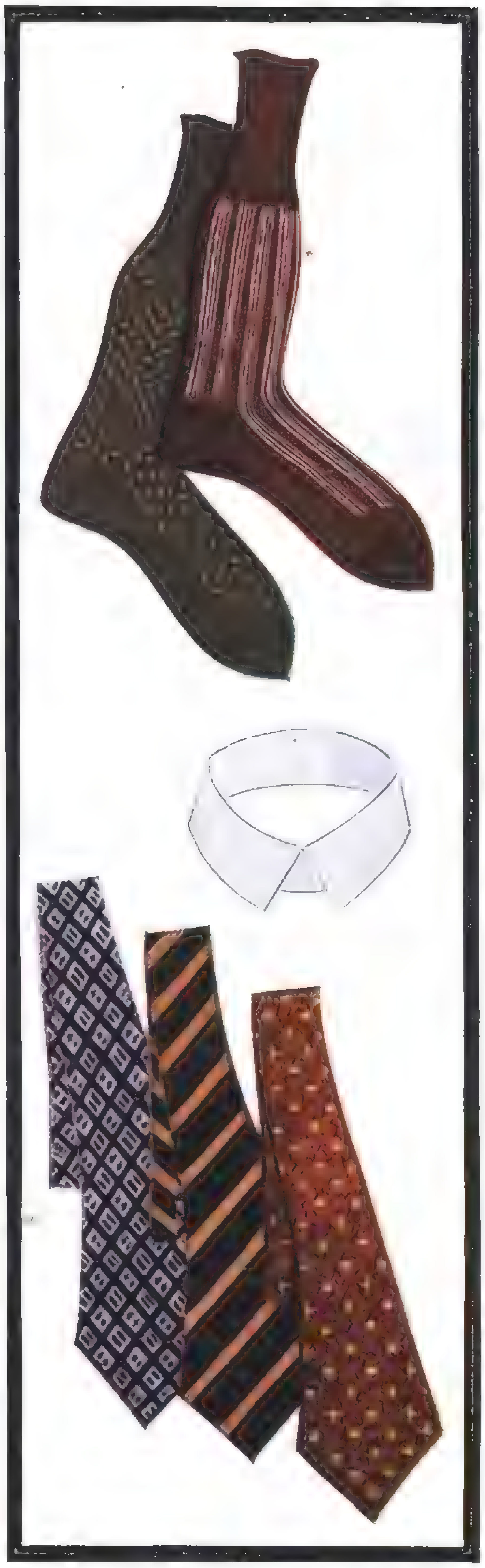
The details which "make" the design include: new funnel type louvres in the hood, a racing type front compartment with a V windshield and belt cut out for the elbow. A new type running board, which was originated by H. M. Coachbuilders Barker and Co. and having an airfoil outline, completes the streamlined effect. The practical feature of this running board is shown in the detailed sketch, bringing out a side door hinged at the bottom and giving access to a spacious tool compartment.

The courtesy light is sunk into the top portion of the rear running board and is illuminated when the door is open. Finally, an opera light with the owner's own color combination is streamlined into the front of the partition. Its individual color will help to locate your car in the long stream of automobiles at the Opera entrance.

Another type of body apparently derived from one more old timer is fast becoming the most fashionable type of vehicle on the Continent but as yet is practically unknown here. The sketches on the second page illustrate our version of it. The Victoria top which makes it so distinctive is a modernized version of a collapsible top widely used in the horse-drawn carriage days. When folded it is stowed away flush with the sides into a compartment back of the rear seats. The advantage of this type of body is that an extension can be quickly fastened to the front of the top, joining it to the windshield. By winding up the door windows you obtain a regular five-passenger Victoria.







PRESENTING THE TWO EXTREMES IN BUSINESS WEAR

HERE, gentlemen, reading from left to right, are the farthest points South and North, respectively, in clothes for wear to the office. The bright young man at the left is a bit too obviously the young alumnus for our private taste, and we have a sneaking hunch that the lowering of his right arm would reveal some collegiate gadget on his watch chain. But that is poking our big nose in where it doesn't belong, since our function is simply that of serving up the facts, and it is a fact beyond dispute that a great many young men in business like to carry over the campus manner for a few years after graduation. This is the way to do it. Note the looseness and length of the jacket and the carefully calculated carelessness of the tweedy effect as a whole. At the right, on the other hand, is the way to dress if you are so sure of yourself, under the New Deal, that you are unafraid of offering a striking similarity to the Socialist cartoonist's conception of a Capitalist. Since a good appearance is about all that's left to the Capitalist, now, anyway, why not go ahead and enjoy it? We warn you, however, that acceptance, without wide-eyed wonder, of an outfit like this is still pretty much confined to the metropolitan area, meaning the three or four largest cities. Colored shirt and neckwear proves that you know what you are doing in wearing this outfit to work, and that you didn't stray in under the impression that the affairs of the day were a morning musicale and an afternoon tea. Sketched at the right are some of the newest and smartest items in accessories. Note, particularly, the Spitalsfield and the striped rep ties.

What Chorus Girls Talk About

Continued from page 44

show and nervous about his investment?"

"No," said Jack. "It's a little gal he likes. She's making a monkey out of him, or at least she's assisting nature to complete the job."

An expensive but none the less shabby romance between this banker and this chorus girl—one of those slips of a girl who occasion slips among men—was the talk of all the girls of that show.

You could hear them chattering as they pranced past the star's dressing-room on their way upstairs to their own quarters. Likewise you could hear them chattering later when they came down again to start the evening show. They were joshing the youngster whose emotional watch-dog, for the time being, this rich man was.

She was a startling girl. By no means the most alluring in that collection. But she looked as though she could think for herself. Evidently she did think the thing out. At the end of the run of that show, I happened to be backstage again. The girls were en fete. A party was in progress. Its recipient was the sloe-eyed young woman who had turned the banker's heart, or, at least his head.

There was talk of nothing but her name and his name. She was having the party in honor of the catch she had made—in marrying his name—but not him. She married his son.

That case is traditional among the chorus co-eds of that year. (Remember, always, that the professional careers of chorus girls are brief and their traditions evanescent.) Among her contemporaries she's regarded as one of the most skilled of sirens. For months speculation as to her technique in steering clear of the affections of the father until she could contact and capture the son, was the theme of all the girls of her company and of most other companies that knew about the sequel to the banker's watching and waiting at the stage door.

If you hear chorus girls talk much, you will realize that among them, as among unmarried young women of all classes and callings, men as prospective partners in marriage are their chief concern after the necessities of living—food, rent and clothing—have been disposed of in casual talk.

An abnormally beautiful girl, the pride and joy and chief cause of anxiety of a suburban family I know, once asked me for an introduction to the late Flo Ziegfeld. He at once gave her a job in his chorus at $40 a week. She had the imprimatur that is supposed to seal good looks in every sphere or hemisphere—she was a Follies girl.

A season on Broadway and a season on the road, and she returned to the home roof, through with Follies-girling forever. She was determined to find and marry what she called a home-loving man, and it didn't seem to matter much whether or not he was young or middle-aged, so long as he could support a home. Likewise she cared little whether or not he was a banker or a garage-owner so long as income was secure.

"I was shocked," she said in detailing her experience, "that first night I appeared in a dressing-room. The girls were sneaking smokes, although smoking was strictly forbidden in dressing-rooms to anybody but the stars. One or two tippled from whiskey bottles they had hidden in their lock-up make-up boxes. They seemed to be the older girls. They certainly were the girls who led in the rough and raw conversation.

"One of these, I recall, told a smoke-room story, and all of them laughed, except one girl—a nice girl I thought. She was very quiet, and as that loud laughter died down she bent over me and said: 'They're initiating you, youngster. Don't mind it.'

"I found out that their usual conversation wasn't as tough as they made it that first night—for my benefit. But there was always an undercurrent of the underworld about those dressing-rooms.

"I remember one night a racketeer I recognized not only from his name, but because at that time his picture was in the papers in connection with police trouble—he came around to see one girl. He met in a passageway another man who had called to see the same girl. There was a scuffle. That was the talk of the dressing-rooms and led to the management making it very plain that if girls couldn't keep their aggressive boy-friends in front of the theatre, the girls would be fired.

"Really, the rules for conduct are pretty strict around the theatre. The press agents are ready enough to exploit romances among the girls; but the management tries to run a show in as businesslike a manner as possible. They work the girls extremely hard, with the result that the dancing master and the stage manager receive frequent and uncomplimentary mention.

"Once the hero of the whole world of chorus women was a chorus boy. He wasn't in our show, but we soon got news about him, and his name was blessed.

"A teacher of routine dancing liked a girl in this other show. But evidently she didn't like him. He pushed her in a rear line and kept her there. Even with that undeserved penalty he picked on her constantly, accused her of being out of step. To humiliate her during the rehearsal of a new and difficult number, he barked:

" 'You there! You're as clumsy as a cow.'

"One athletic young man stepped from the chorus.

" 'Listen,' he said, 'You can't say that to this girl.'

" 'Can't I?' snapped the dance director. 'She's as clumsy as a cow and you're just another——————!'

"The chorus boy let fly his fist, the dance director went down. The chorus boy went out—of a job; but that dance director never called another girl a cow that anybody heard of."

On the road, as in New York, I gathered that the gathering places for the girls, their gossip and talk exchanges, are restaurants innocent of cover charge, but famed in the profession for good food. Chorus girls are notoriously judges of good food.

Their interchanges of opinion are not as much about rates of pay as they used to be in the old days, when a show getting girls under the scale was fearful that they'd be raided after hearing of better money from girls in other shows. Then a common warning was for the girls of a show to keep to themselves. Equity has largely solved that problem, by protecting them and demanding that they receive a minimum rate, around $50, from which they are usually compelled to buy items of their wardrobe, and to pay for repairs to the wardrobe the management supplies—although genial wardrobe mistresses can usually be coaxed into making these repairs without charge.

What stirs the girls to communal ire is compulsory party attendance, when they're drafted by some sub-manager to go to a hotel jamboree with a pretty broad hint that if they don't show up to amuse his friends, their jobs will be made difficult or non-existent.

Another of the known but unsung heroes of chorusdom is the assistant manager of a big revue who makes no compromise with moneyed men wanting girls for gay parties. Once requested by the scion of a wealthy family to make him acquainted with a pair of chorines that attracted him this straight-shooting young executive made his stock reply:

"You've got sisters, haven't you?" he asked the young Lothario.

"Yes," said the young L. "Two darned nice-looking sisters. What about it?"

"Well, you give me a knock-down to them and I might introduce you to these two girls you want to meet."

Once I sought an authority on the subject of chorus girls and their compulsion to be hostesses and playmates for playboys. She was a handsome woman, still quite young, who had forsaken the chorus ranks where the most she could get was a small speaking part, and that not for long. She had obtained far more remunerative work as "stripper" in a burlesque show—making her $200 a week and making it for many, many weeks every year.

"Sugar-daddies and show-angels are rarer than you think—especially in the big towns like New York and Chicago. It's in intermediate towns that the elderly boys of the community like to get a tete-a-tete with the ladies of the ensemble. I remember in one city, the mayor was such a nuisance bringing his political friends backstage that the owner of the theatre issued instructions to stop him at the stage door."

It was backstage in this burlesque house where stage stars sometimes begin their careers and chorus girls customarily end theirs, if marriage doesn't intervene—that I heard the ladies talking.

They didn't compare jewels in the way of suitors or jewelry in the way of gifts—as do the rising generation of chorus maids in the more ambitious shows. They were all good-looking, strong and clean of speech.

They were talking about how to bake lemon pies.

"That's my recipe," said one, with finality, "and I won the prize at our church social last summer in Hazleton."

Six voices eavesdropped—they were shrill enough so that a reporter on legitimate business outside and inside Will Mahoney's dressing room not long ago, couldn't help overhearing what he wanted to overhear—typified the context of chorus girl intercommunication.

First Voice: "He says he'll get the divorce in February. And if she won't give it to him, he'll take it."

Second Voice: "He's a sweet kid; but his father is going to chase him to Europe. He thinks I'm a terrible influence."

Third Voice: "I'm going to stop getting tight. It gets you nowhere and these old

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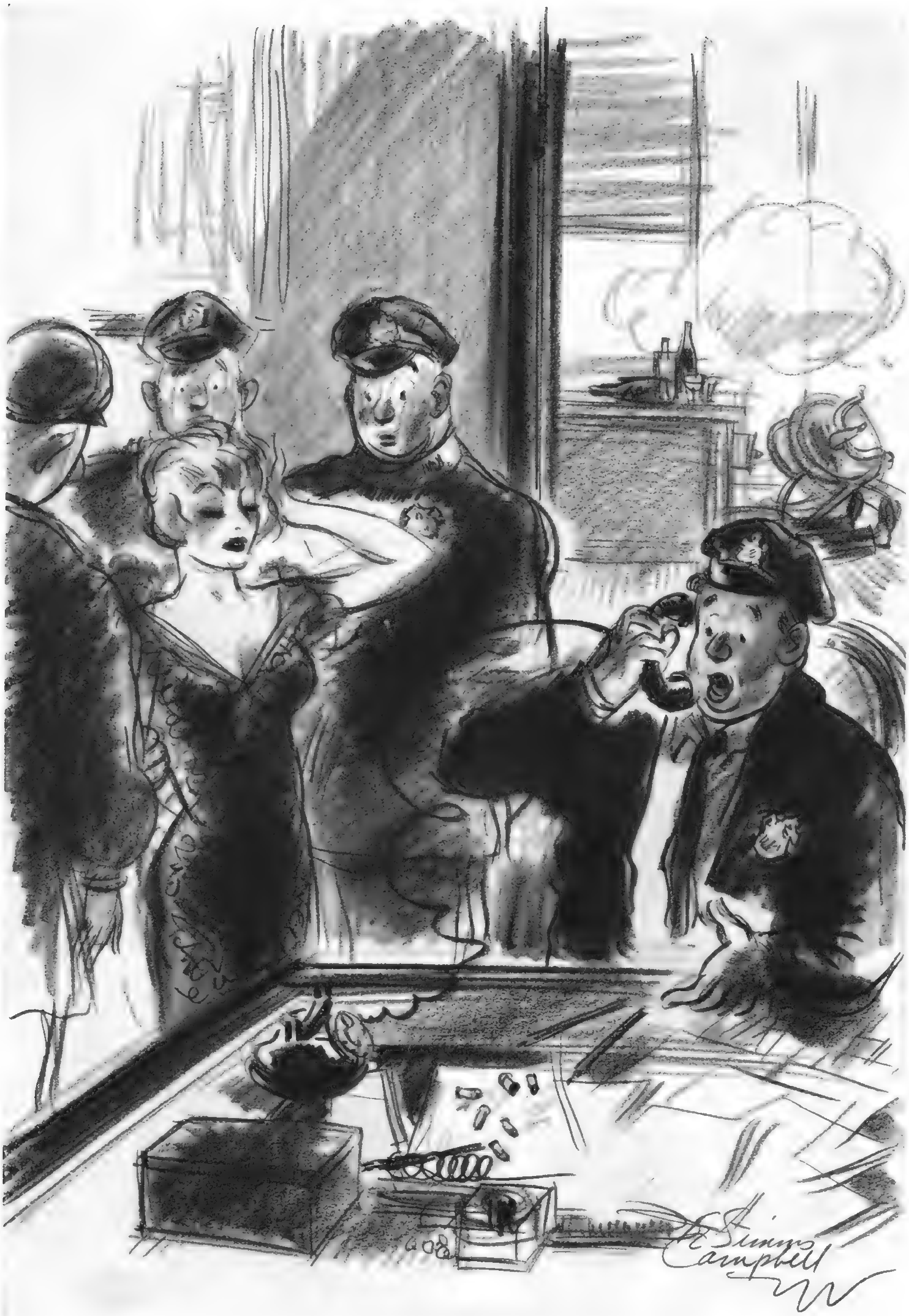

"Hey, chief, y'know that honor slayer we got down here? Well, she just shot the captain"

Greek Tragedy

Continued from page 19

"That's the tough part of it, Tom," said Buell. "The little rat ain't going home. Hey! Watch yourself! I could of got up and sat on you then if I'd wanted to."

Big Bill's last bit of news had shocked the Greek into utter insensibility of where he was and why he was there. Mechanically he resumed operations while the referee cursed both men.

"He's got a job, is why he's here," Buell continued, "and it ain't going to make you no happier when I tell you what the job is. He's going to write up sports for the Dispatch; maybe wrestling, too. How he landed it was through some radio contest. I don't understand it, but as I understand it, this young Clayton boy, he win."

"Sure!" said Alexis. "That's just like him, the dirty little rat!"

"Well, I tried to phone you by phone, to tip you off, but they tell me you're out."

"I was to the dentist with this tooth. It's infested. You can see how it's swole."

"You better forget your tooth and think about young Clayton, because he's thinking about you."

"What do you mean? How can he? He don't know who I am."

"He knows who you was, and that's who he's thinking about. He says—Let's see what he did say. He ast if I had ever ran acrost any traces of Tom Meyers."

"Lay off that name!"

"I says no, and he spoke of how you and me always used to be wrestling and he says you might of turned out as good as me only for—you know. And he says he would certainly like to run acrost you and grab that two thousand reward."

"The dirty little rat!"

"So I says that was a lousy way to make money, and I says if I ever run acrost you I would keep my mouth shut, providing you was reasonable yourself and slipped me, say, a thousand or fifteen hundred."

"What did he think of that?"

"He didn't think nothing of it. He says it wouldn't be honest and if it was ever found out, the guy that done it would land in a cell next door to yours. So I says, even if you was living in America, you'd be disguised so as nobody could reco'nize you. But he says he would know you in a minute even if you had a complete, entire new set of features, by the shape of your head."

"I'll have to lay low. I won't dast show myself nowheres."

"And some of the papers is sure to have your picture tomorrow. Some of them always has a picture of which of us win."

"Yes, and that dirty little rat will reco'nize me, and then I'm gone! What can I do!"

Referee Hoffmann was speaking to them sharply:

"What's the matter with youse bums? Are you deef? Can't you hear Schwartz and Morris? The crowd's been booing you for a week! Now one of you get a fall in the next half minute or I swear I'll call it no contest. You ain't going to make a sucker out of me!"

"All right, Fred," said Big Bill. "We haven't seen each other in two months and we had a lot to talk over. We forgot you was in a hurry. Come on, Alexis; take me. Anything but a toe-hold."

So the Greek, spurred to action once more, won the first fall with a body scissors and double wristlock, or whatever it was, and went to his corner looking thoroughly licked.

He seemed not to listen while Lou Schwartz scolded, though ordinarily he was inclined to talk back.

"What got into you?" Schwartz demanded. "What was he doing to you, reciting poetry? That was supposed to be a quick one and you was out there pretty near half an hour. Even the crowd seen you wasn't trying. They never rode you like that before. When Buell wins this fall, he'll have everybody with him. And tonight I wanted you to look good on account of Jack Wells. A swell write-up he'll give you for this exhibition, after me turning him down cold. Ike Morris is laughing and you must be the joke."

Ike was laughing all right, and the cause of his amusement was Big Bill's description of the piteous manner in which the Greek kept asking, "What can I do!"

"He'll faint away when you pull the rest of it," said Ike. "Look at Schwartz. He's bawling him out plenty and the Greek ain't even listening. It was a great idear! And what's twenty-five dollars a week? Chicken's food!"

At the resumption of hostilities, the men remained on their feet only long enough to exchange punches, and I regret to report that the absent-minded Buell's punch landed on the sore side of the Greek's jaw. Alexis was still moaning when Big Bill brought him to the mat, but before he had a chance to mention the ailing molar, Buell ignited the fuse of his final bomb.

"Did you see him?" he asked in excited tremolo.

"Who?" demanded the Greek, the ugliness of his face enhanced by the panic that seized him.

"Young Clayton," said Buell, speaking rapidly. "He's here, eight or nine rows up that aisle, right over Jack Wells' head. I happened to see him and he waved to me and then pointed at you. I don't know what he meant."

"He's reco'nized me, the dirty little rat!"

"I don't know, but if I was you, I wouldn't look in his direction."

"What can I do? What can I do? Listen, Bill, you got to help me!"

"Sure, I'll help you, but how?"

"The first thing is to throw me and throw me quick. That'll give me a chance to think up something. Wait! I got an idear. You win this fall and the next one, too. I'll flop to you. Then I'll be out of it. But I got to have money and Schwartz won't give me none. Will you give me twenty-five hundred if I flop? You'll get the match with Leach and Lamont both and that means twenty or thirty thousand to you, maybe more than that."

"It wouldn't be honest," said Buell. "I've always played square with Doc Bishop and everybody. And Schwartz would never stop squawking. He'd tell the whole gang that I and you and Ike Morris had give him the works, and he'd be right. I can't do nothing crooked. I got a future to think of."

"My God, ain't I!" groaned Alexis, and groaned it so loudly that he drew a warning from the referee.

"Pipe down, you sap!" said Hoffmann. "If it wasn't for the crowd making so much noise, people could of heard that in Europe, and it wouldn't of been Greek to them, neither."

"Get it over with, Bill," said Alexis. "Use a toe-hold and hurry it up."

"How about a split?" said Buell.

"You don't do it good."

"I may hurt you more with a toe-hold."

"I don't care."

Eighty per cent of the sweet-natured customers yelled in delighted anticipation as they saw the German reach for his adversary's foot. Alexis undoubtedly had lost friends. This particular toe-hold will go down in wrestling history as a record-breaker for the speed with which it got results and the queer sort of results it got. Scarcely a minute after Big Bill had grasped Alexis' foot, Fred Hoffmann was patting the German's back in token that he had achieved a fall and squared the match. The crowd, surprised into silence at first, soon was cheering Big Bill with more unanimity and volume than he had ever been cheered in his life. Then the cheering ceased as suddenly as it had begun, for the Greek did not get up, but lay there apparently dead to the world.

Big Bill and the referee dropped to their knees beside him, one feeling for his pulse, the other listening for his heart. They were joined by the Commission's doctor and the rival managers, Schwartz and Morris, the doctor looking important, the managers anxious.

"He's all right," said the doctor, after a hurried examination. "What's the matter, Alexis?"

Alexis, forgetting that he could neither understand nor speak English, was about to reply when Lou Schwartz forestalled him and asked the doctor's question in good Brooklyn Greek. The recumbent wrestler grunted briefly and too softly for his manager to hear. He beckoned Schwartz to come within whispering distance.

"He says," translated the manager, "that he's unconscious and his ankle's sprained."

"Which ankle?" demanded the doctor.

There was more whispering.

"The one that hurts," translated the manager.

The doctor roughly squeezed both ankles. The Greek howled and pointed to the left one.

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The Champagne of Thrills

Continued from page 29

each season, in the four-man, two-man and skeleton divisions. The skeleton is always held on the Cresta at St. Moritz, but the bobsledding rotates. Since the 1928 Winter Games at St. Moritz, when Billy Fiske and the Heaton brothers swept the sledding events, the young Americans have dominated this sport on the international scene. Billy Fiske repeated his winning performance in the 1932 Olympic racing at Lake Placid, driving his four-man sled, Satan. Hubert Stevens drove the two-man sled to another victory for the United States.

Few persons, enjoying this thrilling winter sport sandwiched in between a licensed driver and brakeman, with nothing to do but hold on to the straps and "bob" in the straightaways, have paused to consider what constitutes the sporting proposition of bobsled racing on the days when the runs are closed to joy riders. The thrill of mere speed on a snow-and-ice packed course which is diversified by long and short straightaways,

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Grim-Visaged War

Continued from page 26

the United States. They must be billeted. The billets would cover a number of villages—my recollection is that it was twenty-one—see map herewith. These villages had never been billeted before. No subordinate officers immediately available as assistants. Transportation one motorcycle and orderly, with one of these baby bathtub side cars. I caught a sardonic gleam in the general's eye. He was giving me an impossible job; and he knew it. But he had successfully transferred the buck handed him by some bigger general up at H. Q. It was now up to me.

Each of those twenty-one villages must be visited. In each must be selected and designated individual quarters for officers, housing for men. Appropriate division, regimental and company headquarters must be found; kitchen locations; supply depots. A sufficiency of wood and straw must be arranged. The water must be investigated. All these things must be done individually and the quarters plainly chalk-marked. Sketch maps must be prepared showing their locations; for obviously I could not conduct personally to twenty-one villages at once. Furthermore, the inhabitants must be educated to understand what it was all about; for, it must be remembered, this was their first experience.

I started out at once. I was going to show that general. Early in the forenoon the motorcycle broke down, between villages, out in the middle of nowhere.

While we tinkered a huge army truck came rattling along. I stopped it. Besides the driver, it contained an incredible number of trunks and a very beautiful brass-bound second lieutenant.

"Whither away, lieutenant?" I asked him.

"I am delivering the personal baggage of General Blank and staff to his new headquarters," said he.

"You are wrong," said I, "you are going with me."

"But, major!" cried the young man in dismay, "I have positive orders!"

"What are they?"

"To deliver this baggage at the earliest possible moment!"

"And that," said I, clambering aboard. "is exactly what you're going to do—at the earliest *possible* moment. Let's go."

I outranked him, so the five-ton truck, and the driver, and the baggage, and the beautiful second lieutenant and myself proceeded across the smiling—or possibly grinning—French landscape. He was a capable second lieutenant, and proved to be almost as helpful as his truck.

Well, we made it. I worked just fifty hours out of the fifty-two. When the troop trains carrying that division steamed in, we were ready for them. By this time someone had dug me up some assistance, so guides were ready to conduct the various units to their various happy homes where awaited them wood, water, straw and a place for each and every man—thirty thousand of them—to sleep. It was a darn good job, if I do say it as shouldn't, and with a sense of satisfaction I retired to my own humble billet, and ungirdled the Sam Browne, and prepared to sink to the husks for a much-needed rest. A rap at the door preceded an orderly. Colonel Dingbat wished to see me: at once!

Wearily I rebuckled the Sam Browne and went. He outranked me. I discovered him to be a nice fresh Colonel, newly minted, and therefore terrifically important and military. In the civil life from which he had so recently sprung he must have belonged to one of the self-important stations in life—senator, or head butler, or bow-wow lawyer, or proprietor of a hole-in-the-wall exclusive haberdashery, or something like that. He told me that his quarters did not suit him, and that he wanted them changed at once. He pounced upon my slight expression of doubt. I could change them, couldn't I? I was Billeting Officer, wasn't I?

I acknowledged this. Rather wearily I tried to explain to him that squeezing thirty thousand men in on top of the normal population was no idle joke. Men were tucked into every conceivable vacancy.

"I could not displace another Colonel to give you other quarters," I told this one. "It would have to be a Major or someone of lower rank. And in that case you would get very much less desirable rooms, for I have tried to grade all billets according to rank. By the way," I enquired as an afterthought, "what's the matter with these?"

"Sir," said this nice, new, freshly-minted Colonel just landed from the United States, "I do not like the pattern of the wall paper."

At this time there was a war going on outside: I had slept but two hours out of the past fifty-three or four. I was not myself. I committed a Military Crime against a superior officer. I turned around and went out, without reply, without a click of the heel, without saluting!

Having by some miracle escaped Court Martial, I continued my philosophic collection of the varied types the ploughshare of war turned up so abundantly. The A. E. F. was a big show. It had all kinds. The most of them were good sensible bodies, doing their best in very trying circumstances. One did not notice them so much, though occasionally some stood out through the brilliance of plain common sense. It was at one time the fashion to extol the civilian officer over the regular as being less hidebound, more inclined to cut red tape; as being more flexible; as, in short, possessing more plain common sense. Of course there were Colonel Dingbats on both sides of the fence; but my own experience was that, with certain notable exceptions, and on the average, I'd rather deal with the regular than the amateur when it came to getting things done. Ordnance officers and quartermasters were likely to be the worst. That was natural. They were in charge of values, in property and money; and they had to sign papers and vouchers and such things to represent these values; and somehow they never got over a quaint idea that the papers really amounted to something in the way of responsibility. In civil life and in the peace-time establishment undoubtedly they did; and these poor ginks could not rid themselves of the notion. As captain, and later as major in command of troops, I signed and sent on tons of papers, mostly in triplicate. Some days, it seemed to me, I did little else. There must have been literally thousands of them. On just three occasions it became desirable to refer to one of the things: and on precisely those three occasions the papers could not be found. When I reflected on how many captains and majors, not to speak of ranks above and below, were also signing tons of documents, likewise in triplicate, I was not surprised. I do not know what ever became of them. I suppose they must have satisfied someone's idea of the fitness of things.

Certainly the average ordnance and quartermaster officer—at least of the lower ranks—took them seriously. I never could. I would sign anything to get what filled the moment's need. My impression is that I made myself liable for about three million dollars, deductible from my personal estate. I have never heard from any of them. Perhaps they are keeping them for my autograph.

Once I was going somewhere on some urgent official errand when my motorcycle went bust. By good fortune this happened near a transportation dump where were six other motorcycles of the same make, that had also gone bust, and were awaiting spare parts that had been duly requisitioned. A canvass of the situation showed that by taking parts from several and concentrating them on one, we could put that one in condition for the road. Then when the requisitioned parts arrived, the ones we had taken could be replaced. Simple. But would the officer in charge consent? He would not! These parts had been requisitioned each for a certain motorcycle, and they must go to that particular motorcycle *and to no other!*

"But they are interchangeable," I argued, "what difference does it make?"

He started all over again to tell me that the Papers—

I cut him off there and went to hunt up the local General. Of course I was supposed to go on up Through Channels; but I early found that usually—not always—if you skipped over some intermediates and could go high enough, you got into the common sense stratum. Sure enough.

"Major White," said this General, "If you can find any way to make one of those damn contraptions go, you do it."

So I did: and I did not sign a thing.

I knew of another chap, and this was an officer of lower rank, who had charge of an ordnance dump. If anybody asked for something, such as the breech-block of a three inch gun or similar knick-knack, he got it; with Papers if possible, but without them if necessary. This man said that it did not seem to him credible that anybody wanted these things as personal souvenirs.

But everybody, in every army, skirmished and circumvented ordnance officers. Major Ian Hay Beith once told me an engaging tale of the British Service. Either he, or some other British officer, I forget which, broke the breech-block of one of his field guns. He put in a requisition, followed it personally through brigade and division, after which it disappeared into the outer blue. Time passed. Following the usual custom, he swiped a breech-block from some other battery and went on with the war. He forgot all about it. And then, after weeks had passed, his requisition came back to him—but no breech-block! At the head of one column, in red ink, was written in a clerkly hand:

"You have not stated in this column your reason for desiring this breech-block."

Major Beith seized his fountain pen.

"On account of the great European War," he wrote, "which has now been raging for

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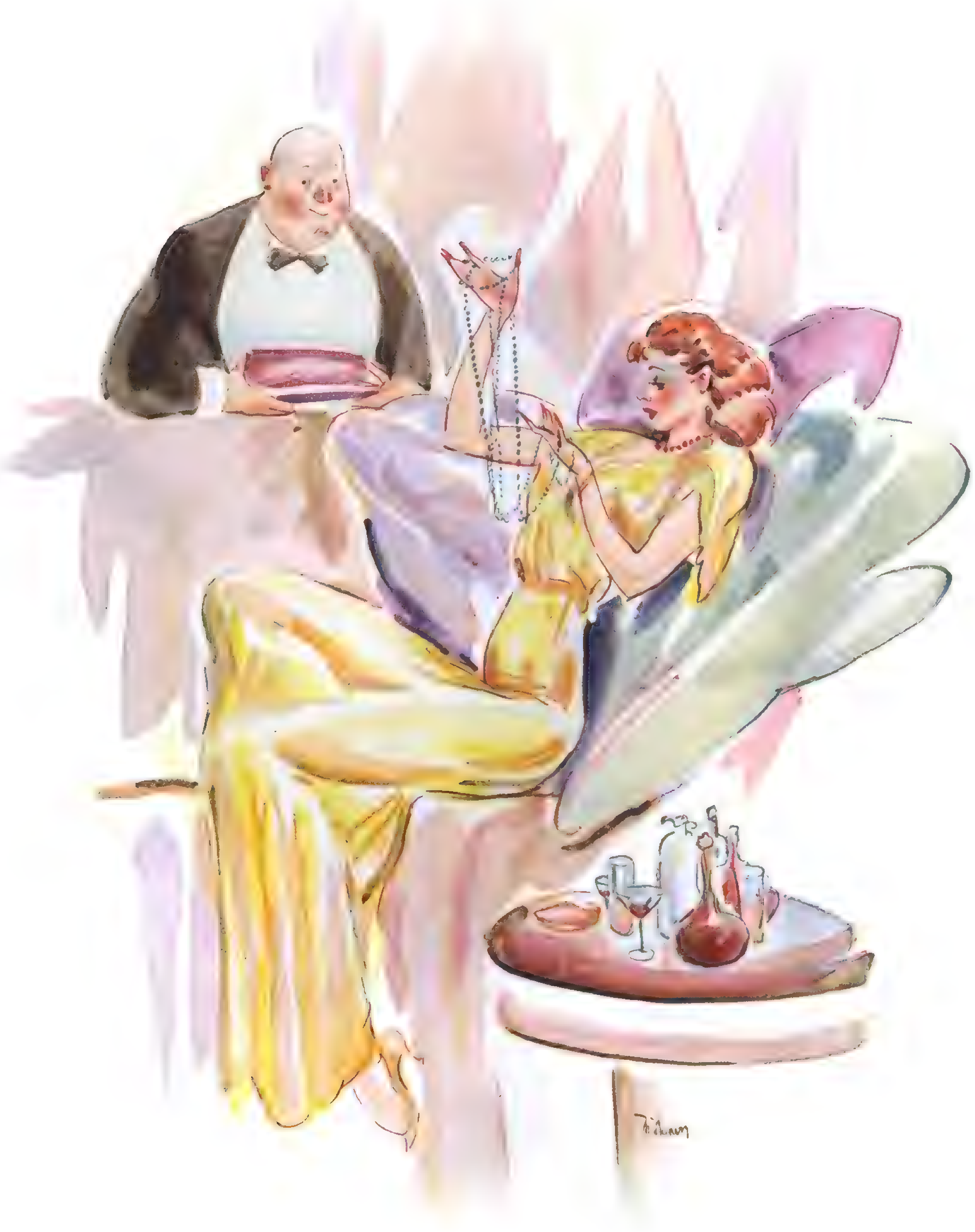
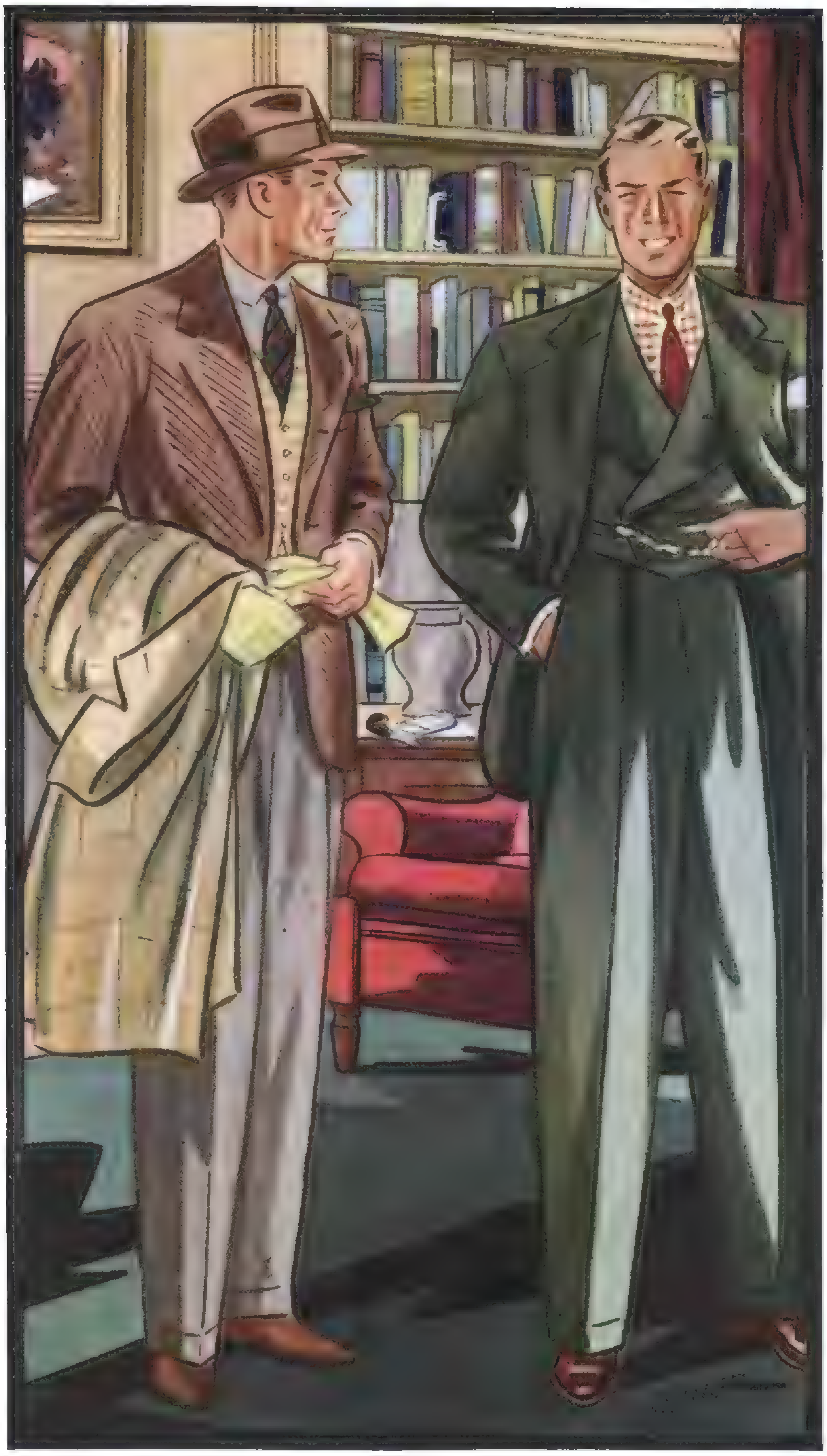
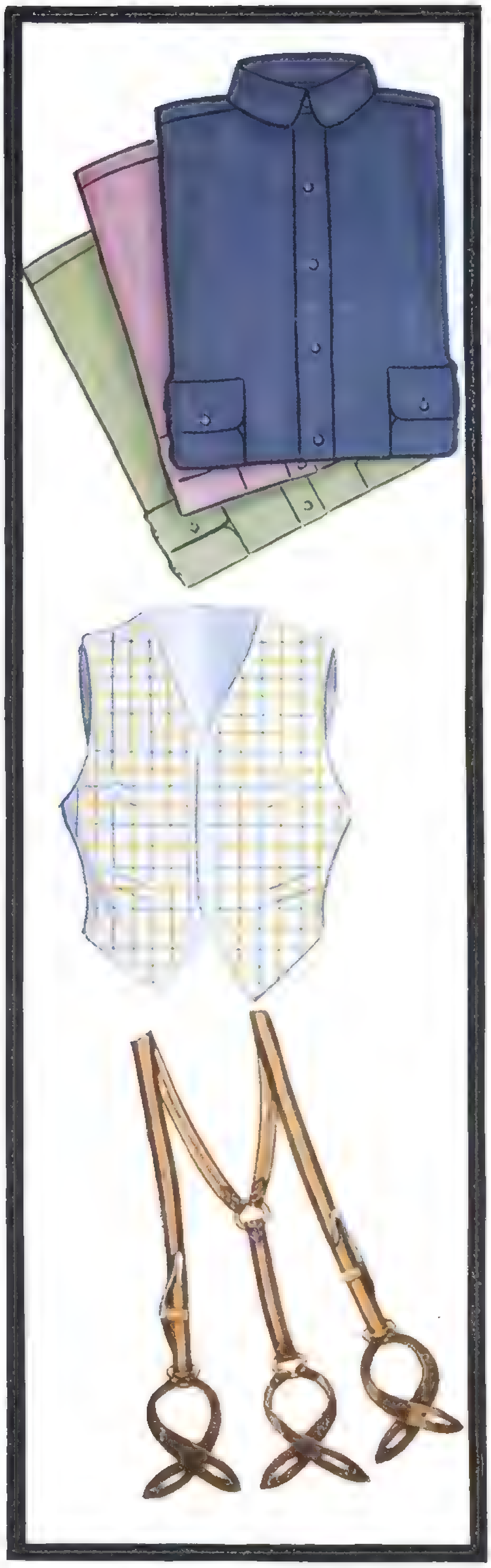


"Of course, our beautiful friendship is all that matters"





CLOTHES THAT GET THE CALL AT THE EASTERN COLLEGES

We have talked about the new nonchalance in undergraduate clothes so much that some of the leaders on the campus at eastern universities have decided to cross us up, because there's been a sudden burst of sportiness in those parts. Notice, for example, that while the fellow at the right is wearing a coat of conventionally conservative cut—being essentially the old tried and true Brooks Brothers model—the fittings that he is wearing with it are the kind that you might, if you are crusty on the subject, term neat but gaudy. The brown Glen Urquhart oxford shirt, the solid color crocheted tie, the double breasted vest adorned by the kind of heavy link watch chain your grandfather used to wear—all these reflect a new tack in the course of college fashions. Of course, the change is not so sudden as we may make it sound—the soft rough suitings that we have been talking about are still evident and so, as the figure at the left bears witness, are the combinations of odd jackets and trousers. In this case, the jacket is of brown Shetland, with the ever popular grey flannel slacks, worn in combination with a Tattersall weskit of yellow flannel, a medium grey flannel shirt and plain brown buckskin shoes with black soles and heels. Notice also the reappearance of the colorful striped rep ties that have only recently emerged from a state of almost complete eclipse The hat is noteworthy, too, typifying the most recent crazy impulse—that of combining a brown body with a black band. Round collared shirts and relatively narrow elastic braces are both getting a heavy play from the better dressed boys at the leading eastern universities.

One of Those Literary Guys

A city editor, in one dose, cures a cub reporter of a yen for the purple patches

by WHIT BURNETT

SURE, that's a pretty good story. That one you just told. That goes to show what kind of a sap a guy is when he starts in. I was sure one. I was even one of those young saps with *literary* leanings. You know, read O. Henry, and de Maupassant. I thought getting a job on a newspaper was one of the ways. You know, be a reporter and then turn out later to be one of those literary guys.

I don't know, though. I remember the Old Man, I guess he had it about right. He wanted me to get a job in a shoe store. I was too damned high hat for that. No shoe fitting for me. But in high school I got next to the English teacher who knew a city editor, and say, boy, I sure pulled a fast one. Flunked out of every damned thing in that high school, I guess, except English. Civics. Zero. Physics. Ditto. I even tried bookkeeping, but, you know, outside of making an expense account jibe with the cashier, I still don't know a debit from a credit.

But I could put a lot of words on paper that sounded pretty good to me. And when I got out I went right back to that English teacher and I said, Here's a great reporter, yes, sir, a great *writer*, but how to get started.

Well, I got the job.

I got the job. And the Old Man was sure surprised. A reporter? Hmmmm, says he. I guess it's all right, but the only reporters I ever knew were all souses. There used to be a couple of them hung around the Crystal Bar, and damned if I ever saw them sober

Well, I was sixteen. A hell of a swell age to start to be a reporter. I was so lanky they used to call me the Antelope. I used to lope in an office and out again, and in again and out again, asking "Any news?" when I was on a run, like the capitol or the courthouse, till I ought to have worn roller skates. Cheaper on the shoe leather.

But that isn't what a dope I was. Did I ever tell you about *my* first day as a reporter? Well, that'll show you . .

We had a pretty tough city editor. Name of Higgins. Had a wife that nagged him. Walked like his shoes didn't fit him. Had a nervous stomach from irregular eating. And didn't have any illusions.

"Well, Burns," says he to me, and me so scared of the Great I-Am my teeth were chattering, "well, Burns, so you want to be a reporter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you might better be a bricklayer. Have you considered that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Or a burglar."

"Oh, no, sir."

"Or just plain jump into the river now and be done with it."

"Yes, sir," and so on.

"Well, seeing as you're set on ruining your young life," says he, "you may as well commence at the start. Take police. The police beat is where everything starts. It takes in murders, rapes, arson and hold-ups. It will show you life. It also embraces the fire department. And this is Monday. A dull day. Frank Collins over there wants to get off early this afternoon to go to his uncle's funeral or something. Go over to the press room and introduce yourself and tell Frank I sent you to learn to be a police reporter. Maybe you can cover the beat regular then when he's on his vacation."

Well, sir, you know a police station press room. Poker chips. Battered desks. Three spittoons. A bull seated with one buttock on and one buttock off the desk next the door. Flies. One worn-out dictionary with many pages gone. Three desk phones. Buzzers, a bell and a fire-alarm. And a general stink of trusties' underwear, creosote and cockroaches.

I thought it was a very colorful place. All the cops were big enough to impress me, and Frank Collins was a nice quiet little fellow, who, although he packed a pistol and sported a deputy's badge, never seemed to me to want to hurt a fly. He had married on a bet, it seems, and his life was not a happy one. He was rather sour on things and read Schopenhauer and Waldo Frank. He said he once used to write short stories, but he soon gave that up.

Well, we made the rounds, and about two o'clock Frank left. It was a real funeral. But it was a poor uncle, never left old Frank a cent.

And there was I, a kid of sixteen, left with all the potential crime of the region to cover, should any of it happen. He showed me how to scout for it. And every ten minutes, by the Western Union clock, I jumped up from Frank's rickety desk chair, and loped through all the offices, downstairs to the sergeant's cage, and said, "Anything new?" "Nope." Upstairs, to the secretary of the chief of police. "Anything happen?" "Not yet, youngster." Fire department. "Any fires, sir?" "Didn't hear of none." Emergency hospital. "Any new murders?" "Quit your kidding."

And so on back.

I guess it must have been nearly three o'clock, and I must have been down with the desk sergeant, when the emergency car went out. At any rate, I was out when it came in, but I just caught the last buzz of the buzzer in the press room as I came back. Nobody was in the press room. They'd all gone home. That is, my rival from the other afternoon paper had. The morning papers' men hadn't shown up yet.

Well, I dashed up the three flights to the emergency hospital, not daring to wait for the elevator.

And when I got up there, they were stretching this dame out. A youngish looking dame. Green as hell in the face. And I stuck my nose right in.

"What's gone wrong, captain?" I pipes up.

"Big story, buddy," says the bull.

"Gee, that's swell," says I, and takes out my properly folded copy paper and my pencil.

Meantime the internes were getting out the stomach pump, and me all eyes.

"What's that thing?" I whispers to the cop.

"That shows what you ate last," said the cop.

I couldn't get much news out of him. So I tried an interne.

"Say, mister, what's her name?"

"My God, kid, I don't know." He shoves the pipe down her blooming gullet. "Ask her."

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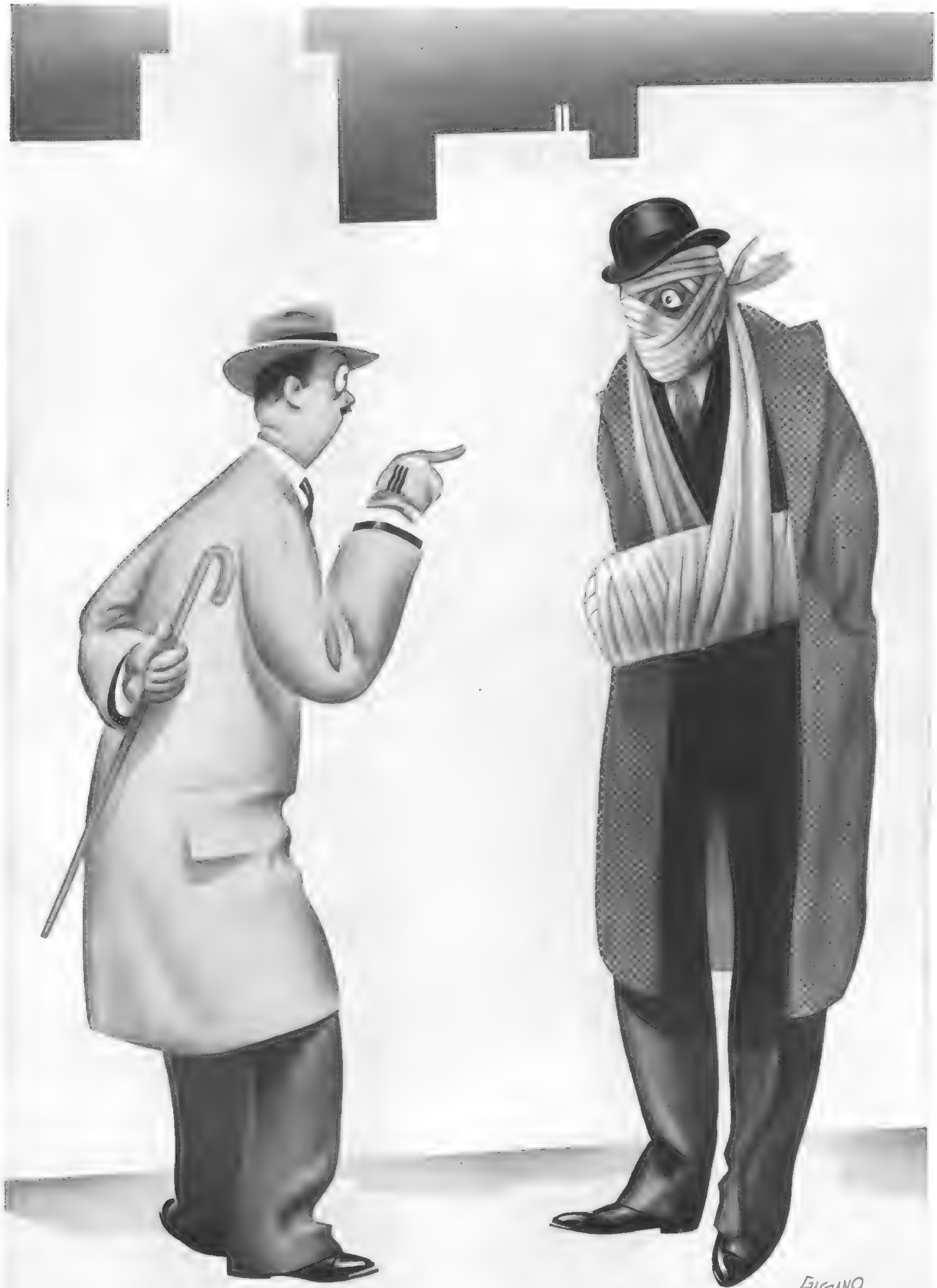

GASPANO RICCA

"Bees? No, I tried a full brassie shot in the bathroom"

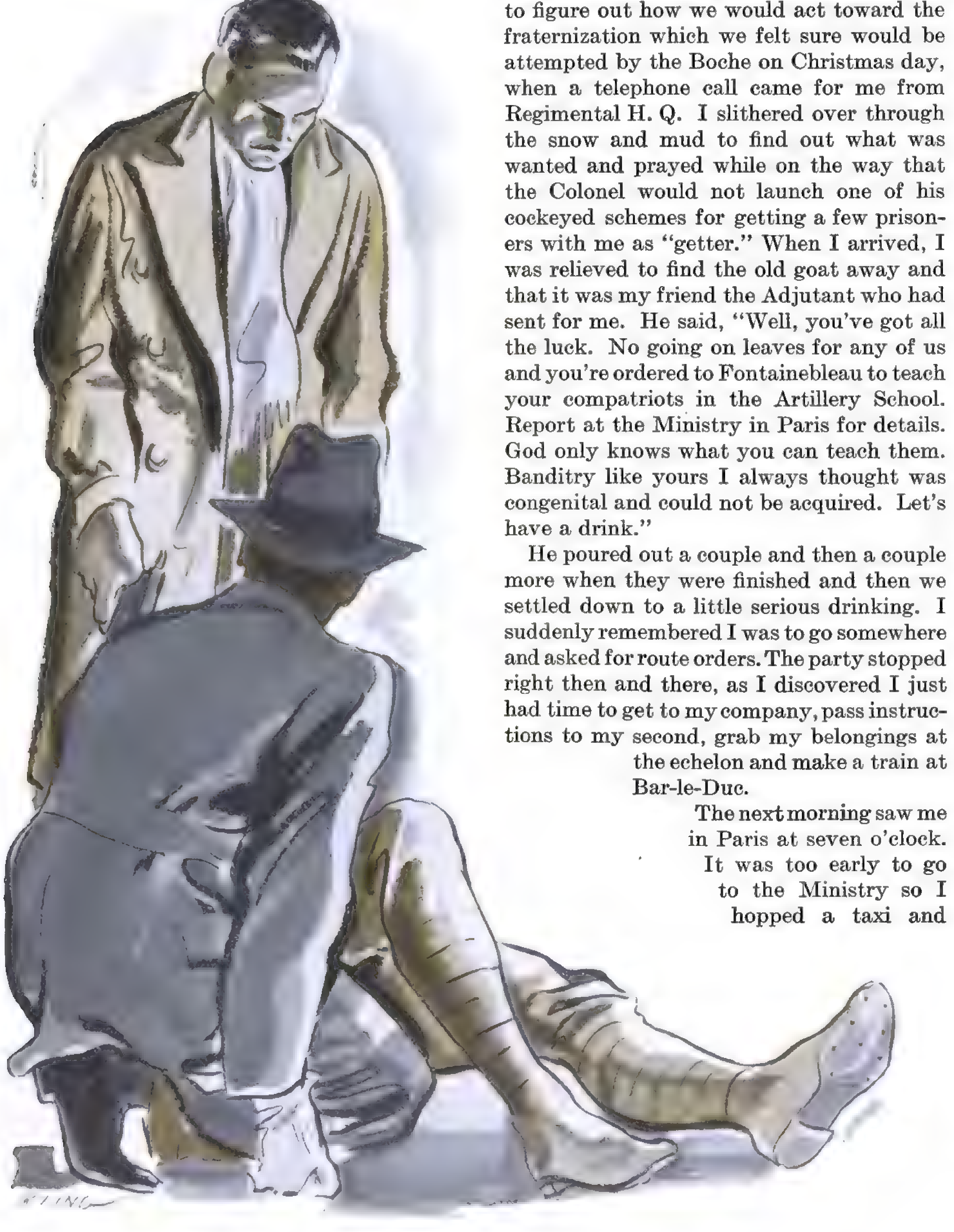
Family Matters

The fictionized account of a secret agent's real adventures on a wartime mission to Spain

by P 173

I KNOW a murderer in New York. I caught him red-handed and still he is sure that his secret is perfectly safe with me. I see him now and then but not the slightest sign of recognition passes between us. I am not in his set.

I was at the front in the nasty December of 1917 and not having a pleasant time of it either, what with the cold, the sleet and the grumbling of my men. Defeatism was rampant and it was becoming difficult to distinguish between the grumblers and those who in a pinch might turn on their officers and start downright revolt. The Russian revolution, in conjunction with the mismanagement of the April offensive in which we had taken a terrible beating, was sowing seeds of discontent throughout the army. Of course, the officers were doing their best to counteract the evil propaganda which was spreading, by heartening the men with reports of the efforts that the Americans were making. There was more grumbling because leave had been stopped entirely, as the wise men of Paris were loath to let the men go to their homes for fear of the further spread of defeatism.



A few of us officers were talking matters over in the Headquarters dugout and trying to figure out how we would act toward the fraternization which we felt sure would be attempted by the Boche on Christmas day, when a telephone call came for me from Regimental H. Q. I slithered over through the snow and mud to find out what was wanted and prayed while on the way that the Colonel would not launch one of his cockeyed schemes for getting a few prisoners with me as "getter." When I arrived, I was relieved to find the old goat away and that it was my friend the Adjutant who had sent for me. He said, "Well, you've got all the luck. No going on leaves for any of us and you're ordered to Fontainebleau to teach your compatriots in the Artillery School. Report at the Ministry in Paris for details. God only knows what you can teach them. Banditry like yours I always thought was congenital and could not be acquired. Let's have a drink."

He poured out a couple and then a couple more when they were finished and then we settled down to a little serious drinking. I suddenly remembered I was to go somewhere and asked for route orders. The party stopped right then and there, as I discovered I just had time to get to my company, pass instructions to my second, grab my belongings at the echelon and make a train at Bar-le-Duc.

The next morning saw me in Paris at seven o'clock. It was too early to go to the Ministry so I hopped a taxi and went to my rooms. I wanted to get a bath, a shave and into a clean uniform. The concierge greeted me effusively and got her tip and the order to send up some breakfast. I opened my door and there found Pierre, the Chief's handy-man. I asked what the devil he wanted and how he knew I was coming. He answered blandly if I used commonsense I would know how he was aware of it and that he had instructions for me. I told him what he could do with his instructions, that I had orders to report to the Ministry for assignment to Fontainebleau.

He answered, "My poor old one, here is your assignment. You are temporarily detached from your regiment and assigned for special duty with the Chief. Naturally the Chief was not going to have the Ministry send an order of that kind to your regiment and thereby advertise the fact to your idiot of a Colonel that you are in our service. Your Colonel talks too damned much. Now don't get shirty but after we've had breakfast which my nose tells me is coming upstairs, you shave and put on civilian clothes and go to the apartment on the Avenue Niel. I can tell you now that the Chief won't force a job on you that you don't want to do. He respects your wish to serve in the army and would not have sent for you but for a very special reason. Here's breakfast."

Nine o'clock found me just where Pierre had told me to go—the apartment on the Avenue Niel—in the presence of the Chief. I had coffee with him and a cigarette while he asked about the attitude of the men, how the officers felt toward the general wave of disaffection and whether they could control the men if conditions became more serious. I was in a beautiful grouch, answered in monosyllables and finally flared up and asked him why the devil he didn't leave me at the front and not call me back to do some dirty work for him. I reminded him of his promise to me when I had returned to combatant service that I was not to be recalled to the espionage.

He was very gentle and kindly and assured me that he had had every intention of keeping his word but a case had arisen about which he knew I would feel very keenly as it affected my native land as well as my adopted one. He felt, he said, that I was the ideal agent to cope with the situation. Of course, if I refused to listen there was no compulsion and I could go to the Ministry and receive an assignment as an instructor at Fontainebleau. Further, if after hearing the case, I still refused to do what he asked, there would be no hard feelings and I would still get the opportunity to teach for a few months and stay away from the rigors of another Winter at the front.

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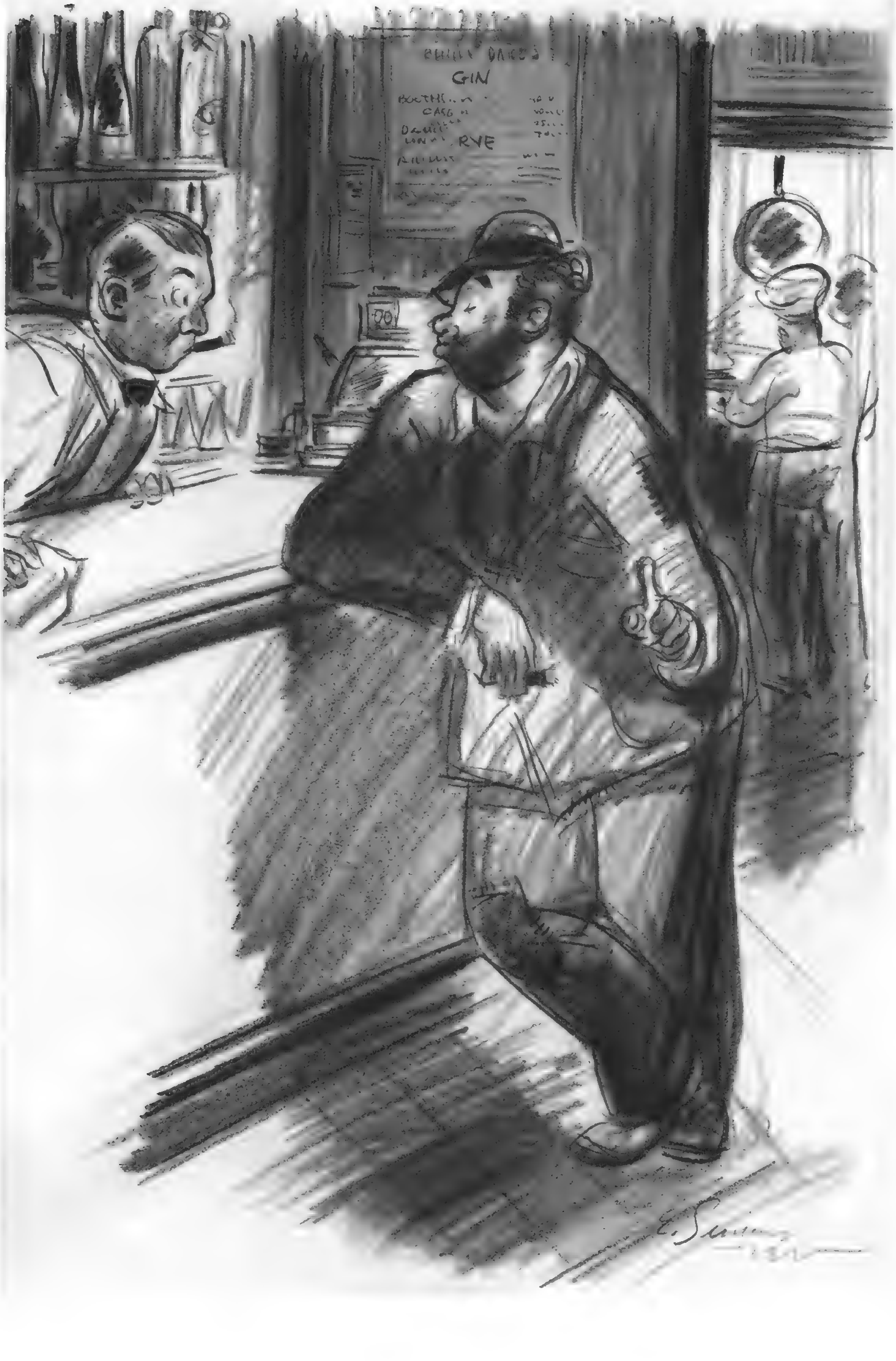

"An apéritif"

One Of Those Literary Guys

Continued from page 89

I bent over, getting pretty queazy, I tell you—I was never in a hospital room like that before, and the smells kind of got me—but I bent over.

"What's your name, lady?"

She rolls her eyes and squirms. She burbles a bit. I couldn't make it out.

All this time the old pump was wheezing away. My God, it was no picnic for a kid like I was then! But I was set on that story.

"Carbolic," said the cop.

"Why did she take that?" I asked, gullible as hell.

"Guess her pimp chucked her," says the cop. "That's what's usually the way."

The woman, she looked about thirty, maybe thirty-five—*old*, anyway, I thought then—suddenly sat up. They must have done her some good with the pump. They took the tube out. Her mouth was swollen, burned.

I bent over close again.

"What's your name?"

"Say, who wants to know?" she says, with a lot of effort.

"Tell her the police wants to know," prompted the bull. He leaned back, taking it all in, easy and comfortable.

"The police want to know."

She sighs out a long breath and gets weak again.

"Mary."

"Mary-what, Mary?"

"Mary Solari."

"How old?" I keep on, remembering all the rules, Who, Where, When, What, Why.

"Thirty-six."

"Where do you live, Mary?"

"Bingham Canyon."

"Why did you do it?"

"None your business."

I couldn't make any more headway.

I kept putting down the answers. But before the interne got his funnel fixed for another washout, the woman retches fit to kill herself, and gives a final big gurgle and dies.

I stood there like a dummy, my eyes nearly popped out. I never saw anybody die before. And more than that, nobody full of poison.

I guess I must have got kind of sick myself, too. And not only stomach. The damned thing got me. It started to prey on my mind right off. I was knocked over that anybody, say a woman still fairly young, could pop herself off like that.

"My God," I says, "she's dead!"

"Sure she's dead," says the interne. "Dead as a door nail. I didn't give her *that* long."

I went down the elevator. And still damned queazy.

"Come up again sometime," yells the interne.

The elevator man, an old duffer, saw I looked pretty green.

"You'll get used to that," says he. "We get a lot of dead ones here."

It was after three, but I had the story. I went downstairs and checked with the desk sergeant. It seemed when I gave the name that they did have something on her. Two arrests. Her man, an Italian who wasn't married to her, had beaten her up, and the neighbors had called up the cops for the noise. Disorderly conduct. That was the first time, six months back. The next time, a week before, arrested for soliciting. Broke. Jailed a few days. Released. No man around.

Well, I went back to the press room, and then ducked out, because I hadn't been specifically told anything about sharing news, and I didn't want to see any other newspaper men. I had a scoop.

I ran all the way to the *Press* office.

When I got there, it was twenty minutes to four. The papers were off the presses, and everybody had gone home. The city room was deserted. Not even anybody reading bulldog at the copy desk. The city desk abandoned, a mere forest of spikes and hold-over.

I went out to the composing room. And there was Homer Flick. A burly son of a gun, six feet high and rounder than a barrel. With hair as black as night all up his forearms. His shirt and apron covered with ink.

"What you doing here?" he said.

"I work here," says I. "I got a big story, too. I cover police. A woman just now killed herself."

"Yeah? Who? The governor's daughter?"

"No."

"Bishop Nolan's wife?"

"No. Nobody like that."

"Well, I guess it can hold then. The paper's out for today. Why don't you write it and spike it on the city desk and he'll get it first thing in the morning?"

"All right, I will. Thanks."

And I did.

Jesus, I can see that story yet. . . Well, sir. It goes to show you. . . When a guy's green, he's a plain damned fool. He thinks a mouse is an elephant and a dime-spit is the Great Salt Sea. You know how a story like that is to be written:

> Mary Solari, 36, formerly of Bingham Canyon, who, according to the police, had been arrested twice in the last six months on charges of disorderly conduct, died yesterday in the police emergency hospital from a dose of poison, allegedly self-administered. She had no relatives. Her body is at the morgue.

Well, I guess I knew that, too. Even then. But I was one of those saps. I thought there was something more. I couldn't get away from it. I went over to a typewriter, and boy, I sure could hammer on a typewriter. Born that way, I guess.

And I did it up brown.

The Woman Who Walked.

I wrote it all down. I told how she'd lived in Bingham as little Mary Solari, some mine punk's cheeild. And a hell of a smoky hole that Bingham Canyon, is, too. Jesus. I used to cover there later once in a while. But no accidents, mind you. When a wop would get bumped off in a mine accident, not a word. Never a word in the papers. Bad for advertising. Bad for the mines.

Little Mary, the daughter of a Bingham miner. Went to school. What a school! Jesus. I had to go into one of them once later to interview a teacher who was being chucked out. That was later. But I had been to Bingham as a kid, several times. I knew the high spots.

You know, I got so I was feeling *sorry* for this dead dame. I could just imagine what kind of a life that dame must have had growing up in Bingham Canyon. And then I figured she'd gone wrong. Well, you know. Wronger, then. And she'd taken on those wops and bohunks, finally. What a swell life for a woman!

And then this Italian guy, the one she'd had a fight with. He was in it. Then he was out of it. Then she was alone, and walking. Say, I had that dame walking those wide Salt Lake streets at all hours, to get something to live on. And then, arrested. Broke. Busted. Jailed. And then more walking.

And then, bango! Poison.

Well, sir, I sat there writing that story until seven o'clock. I wrote it two or three times. I made a perfect finished copy of it.

And then I went over to the city desk and cleared off all the spikes except one, which I put right smack in the middle of the desk. And on this I stuck my story. It was a longish story. Several pages. But it was a pip. Even to the *title.*

And then I went home.

The next morning I got up so early my Old Man thought I must be figuring on leaving home. I got down to the city room and went back to the desk they'd assigned me on the day before. And there I sat. I waited for the city editor. He hadn't even got in yet.

Finally, he hobbles in, glares at everybody in the office, and commences at the start of the usual day's work.

Right in front of his nose is my swell story. I was sitting on the edge of the chair, with my eyes glued to the spike there. And when he sat down, he reaches out to see what's on the hold-over spindle. I was so excited, I was ready to cry.

Well, sir, he looked at that story. And then he says:

"Jesus Christ! Who . . wrote . . . this?"

Masters of Myth

Continued from page 72

tenths of the stories written about the Foreign Legion are precisely that type of stuff.

Granted that the job was written by a self-confessed failure in the Legion. That leaves the Legionnaire who was discharged honorably, who returns to civilian existence and finds that people are curious about what he has seen and done. He is also a grave danger to the fiction writer in search of material.

To start with, he condemns everything written on the Legion by its officers. The officer, he will inform you, does not really know Legionnaires. Officers and men, according to him, live in separate spheres. He is wrong, of course. The Legion spirit is as strong among officers as in the ranks and files. For instance, no one could imagine a more perfect example of the typical Legionnaire than General Rollet, who happens to be highest-ranking Legionnaire.

It often happens that the ex-Legionnaire served his term of service, five years, perhaps ten years, without a single personal adventure. He has marched from here to there, fought at one spot and another, opened fire when ordered, ceased fire at the word of command. He ate the regular rations, got drunk when paid, on red wine. His girl friends were the Pepes and Ayeshas of the segregated quarter.

Will he admit that? Not much!

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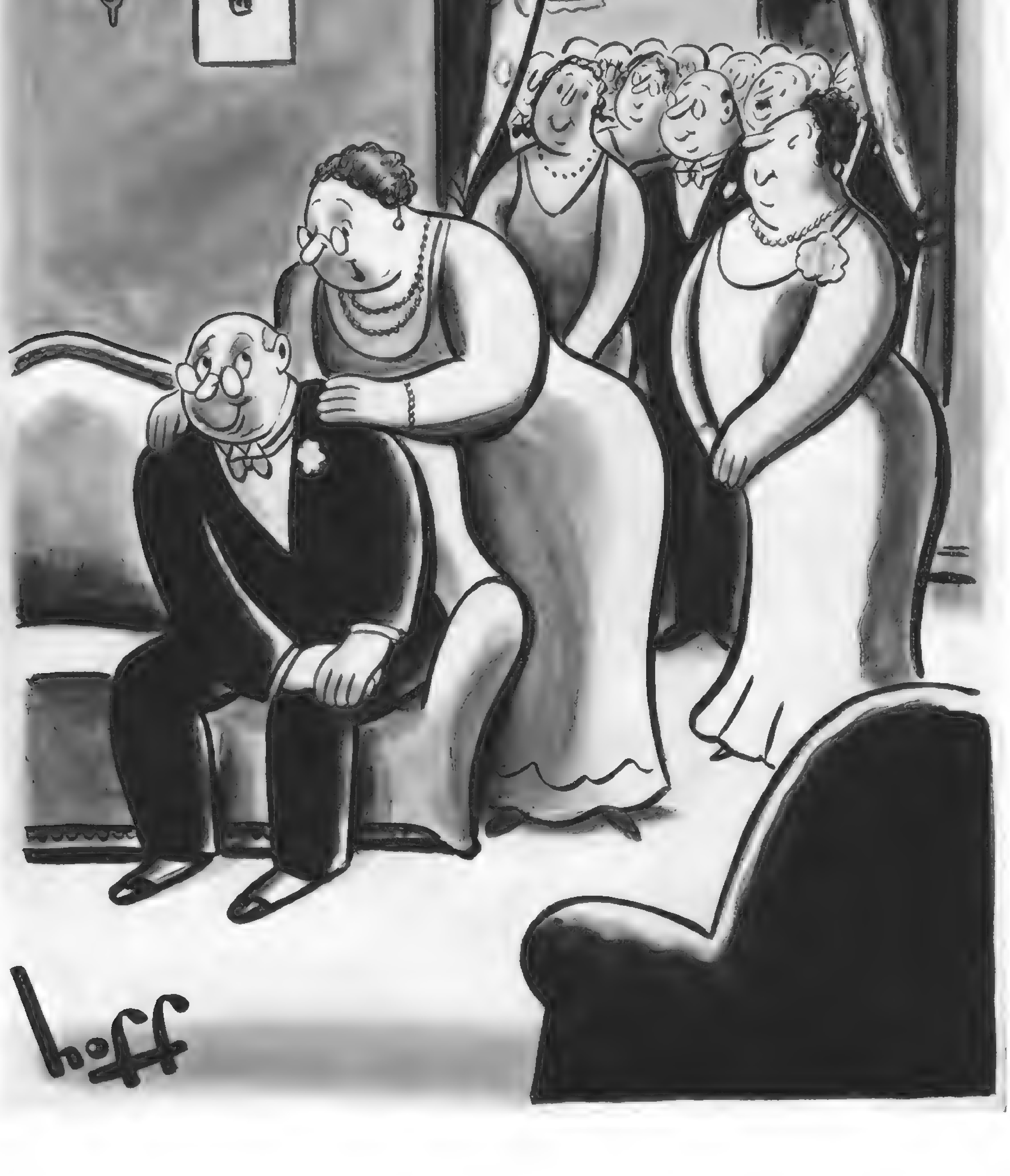


"But Lawrence, everybody's dying to hear you sing 'The Last Roundup'"

Spur's End

A strange and grimly serious story, abandoning its author's normal flair for light humor

by ROBERT BUCKNER

THE young man followed the doctor's long fingers across the blue paper and remarked their resemblance to the room itself, to the whole ghastly place. They were as severe and metallically clean, with the same strong odor of disinfectant and the same godlike sureness in their every movement. His eyes moved on around the great domed room, squinting at the harsh light reflected from dead-white walls and enameled gear. His roving stare settled at last upon the only source of sound in the room, a lone fly which droned around the domed ceiling in wide, tortuous circles.

Suddenly from the door at their right they heard the first bars of a woman's laughter, melodious and low, as if provoked by some secret joke. The young man started and whirled in his chair to face the sound. Then he remembered—remembered why he had come and how he must help. What did they think of him here, anyway; this soulless stone-faced man, the nurses who had looked at him so coolly and said nothing? Christ, did they think it was *his* fault?

The doctor glanced sharply at the door and frowned in disapproval. He picked up the blue sheet and waved it before him to dry the ink, then turned the form to the first inside page and looked up.

"Now may I have your full name please?" he began.

"Henney. Charles Francis Henney," the young man answered absently.

"And the address?"

"Sunnydale, Long Island."

"Sunnydale?" the doctor asked in sympathetic interest. "I don't think I know it. Is it near Glen Cove?"

"No," replied the young man in a tired voice, "it isn't near anywhere."

The doctor hesitated, weighing the answer for its suspicion of flippancy.

"What is your wife's age," he continued brusquely.

"Twenty-nine, I believe."

"And how long have you been married?"

"Ten years last May."

"Any children?"

"No."

"Has your wife ever been pregnant?"

The young man, searching for hidden reasons in the question, answered slowly, guardedly: "No—I don't think so. We couldn't afford it."

The doctor filled in the last space on the page and sheathed his pen. Then he untwisted the cap and looked with intense curiosity at the gold point.

"I'm sorry I have to ask you this," he said, turning the point to catch the light. "You don't have to answer it unless you like. Do you think there could possibly have been anyone else, any other man?"

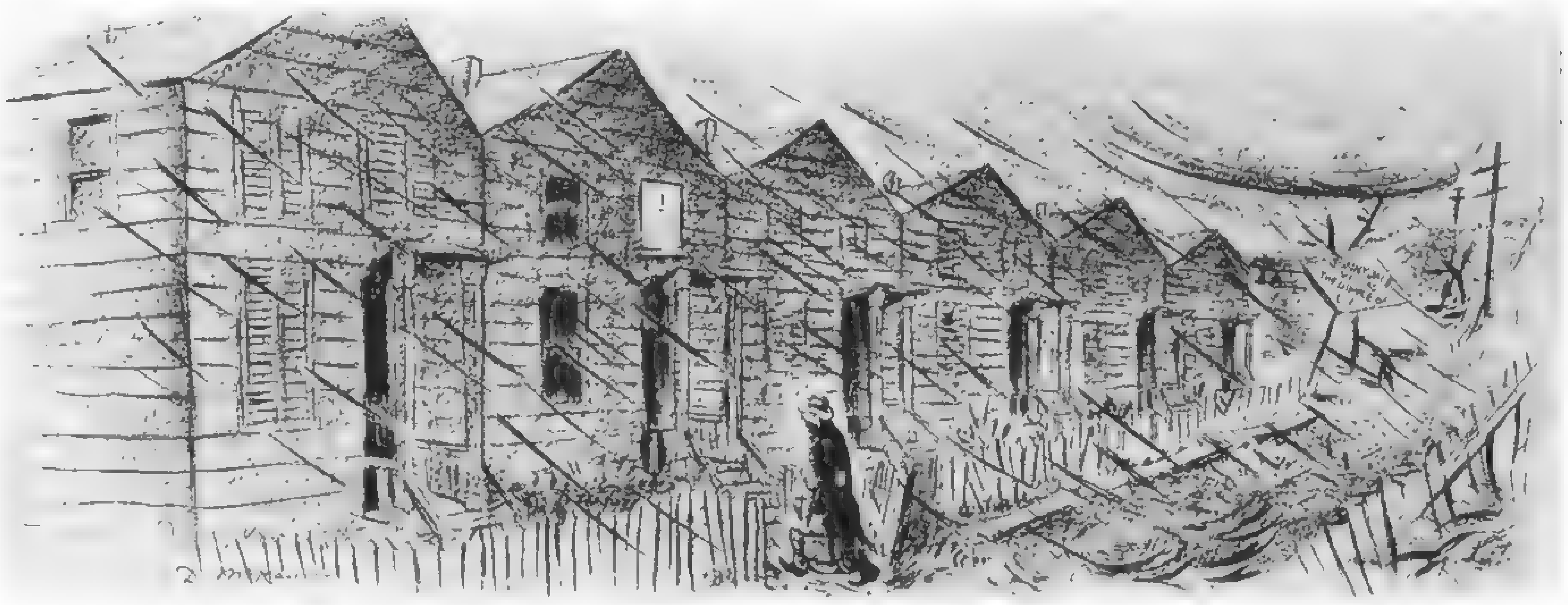
The young man's eyes left the pen, followed the buttons up the doctor's vest, then down again.

"There was no one else." It was almost a whisper.

The door at the right opened and a nurse entered, carrying two knitting needles and a ball of blue wool. She had entered unhurriedly, but when she saw the two men she colored in surprise, walked quickly to the far end of the room and disappeared, closing the door quietly behind her.

The doctor, noticing the other's bewilderment at this simple incident, puzzled at its cause.

"I am going to be frank with you, Mr. Henney," he said. "Your wife's is an unusual case. Not unheard of—but unusual. I have known only three similar cases. I want you to begin at the beginning and tell me exactly what happened. If we are to do anything for your wife we must know the facts. *Everything.*"



"The beginning?" the young man frowned. "Beginning of what?"

"Well—when did you move to Sunnydale?"

"Last spring, in April."

"Begin there then. By the way, what is your work?"

"I'm a bookkeeper here in town. We used to live here but both of us always wanted to get away, to get out in the country. Katha—that's my wife—never was really well here, and we thought the change would help. That's why we moved."

The doctor interrupted. "You say she was not well. What was the trouble?"

"Oh I don't mean she was *sick*. She just lost weight and seemed sort of nervous. Then too, we lived with my sister and I think the children got on her nerves. You know how it is."

The older man nodded. "And so you moved."

"And so we moved. We used to read the papers but we never saw anything at our price. Moving's an expensive business, and I've been on half-time at the office, and they wanted too much rent for the houses we liked. Finally one Sunday we found this place in Sunnydale. It wasn't much of a house, but it was cheap."

The doctor waited. "You knew someone there? Friends?"

The drawn lines of the young man's mouth flickered in a faint smile. "There weren't any other people," he replied. "We had it all to ourselves."

"All to yourselves? What do you mean?"

"Well, you see," Mr. Henney continued, "these houses were built several years ago by a speculator when the Long Island railroad ran a spur line to Sunnydale. I suppose he thought there'd be a real estate boom so he built a village of his own. The houses aren't in Sunnydale itself, but a mile west of it, in a sort of hollow. Thirty houses, six to a row and built gable-to-gable, though he had all the room in the world to spread out. Anyway, the boom never came and none of the houses was ever rented until we came. He let us have it for twenty dollars a month, and that's cheap enough anywhere."

The doctor agreed.

"Of course there were some inconveniences, and the streets were full of weeds. Apparently nobody'd ever been to even look at the houses before."

"But there *were* people living nearby?" the doctor asked.

"Oh yes—on the other side of the station, in Sunnydale. But that's a mile away. We were nearer the old middle island road."

"Wasn't it rather lonesome there?"

"No, not at first. You see it was spring when we moved there and the country was getting green. We cut the weeds and planted some flowers and they fixed up the house for us. All spring and summer it was fine. The days were long and when my train got in it was still broad daylight. I enjoyed the walk to the station too. Inside a month I felt like a new man. Gained five pounds."

"But your wife—wasn't it lonely for her?"

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Collecting *Hot*

Some bands are sweet and some are hot while some are merely noisy—here's a guide to the "hot"

by CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

In one of the lesser known hot spots of Harlem the featured musician is Sidney Bechet. Bechet plays a New Orleans clarinet. Amongst jazz collectors he is a venerable person, not in age but in experience. Although but thirty-six Bechet has played the clarinet for twenty-nine years and has the further distinction of having taught Shields (Original Dixieland clarinet) and Rapollo, a hot musician who remains unsurpassed in the jazz world.

Fugitive and tremulous, the tone of Rapollo's clarinet fills the listener with an overwhelming nostalgia. He made unforgettable records of *Tin Roof Blues* and of *Tiger Rag*, after which he retired to a sanitorium, his clarinet shelved and his mind shattered. From then on what was immortal of Rapollo, his *hot* clarinet playing, was accessible only on a score or so of records, pressed before the days of electrical recording. Today these records—the Gennetts as they are called*—are the cream of the jazz crop. Collecting *hot*, in any comprehensive sense of the word, begins with pressings made by five or six early bands on Gennett records.

Collecting *hot* is as yet little known to the average citizen. His enumeration of the field of Americana includes blown glassware, Poe's Tamerlane in pamphlet form, and even chunks from the original Atlantic cable. That the humble ten-inch record might also have its devotees, as indeed it does, he is unaware. This is due in part to the lack of any thorough literary treatment of the subject. The reading public of England and that of the Continent take *hot* jazz seriously, magazines devote considerable space to it and books are written about it. In contrast to this, Rapollo, Beiderbecke and other prophets of jazz have been little chronicled in the country of its origin.

Collecting *hot*—as the reader will have gathered—refers to collecting *hot* jazz records. Some collectors content themselves with records acquired at second-hand or at most at standard prices, some go so far as to acquire master records (records from which editions are printed), and still others covet variations of initial recordings, recordings different in content but identical both in title and serial number. Pre-electrical records and records made to sell at low prices are especially rare. A classic example is that of a college student who paid over a hundred dollars for an old blues record, the master of which had been destroyed. This ardent collector refused a depression-offer of $75.00 spot cash for this single item but the pay-off came when the prospective purchaser, himself a collector, picked up a clean copy of the same record in a remainder pile for the sum of ten cents!

Fortunately, except in its dénouement, the above transaction is an extreme example of what *can* happen (and not what usually does happen) in collecting *hot*. No doubt in time certain records will be stamped as collectors' items and this will give them a value over and above their original price but at present collectors' items are to be found in remainder piles and other places where old or second-hand records are for sale. These piles of old records are to the collector what old libraries are to the bibliophile—prospective treasure caches. He may examine five or six hundred records without a single strike—patience is notoriously a collector's virtue!—and then come upon an old Harmony record by the Dixie Stompers of a piece called "Snag It." If he knows his stuff he will recognize that this is an early record by Fletcher Henderson's orchestra, and a gem!

The status of *hot* today is quite different from that of its early days, i. e., little more than a decade ago. Today a check-up reveals collectors of *hot* in almost every college and preparatory school in the country. The substantial following enjoyed by Louis Armstrong is due largely to jazz enthusiasts at prominent universities—Yale, Princeton, etc.—who began collecting his records five or six years ago. That the popularity of *hot* jazz is not even more widespread may be attributed to the lack of any literature treating of *hot* as a special field, and also to the deadening effect of the shallow emotionalism of *sweet* (popular) jazz upon the public ear. *Hot* recordings in the United States average about two thousand sales. In England and France, where there has been less of *sweet* and a reasonably wide dissemination of knowledge on the subject of *hot*, recordings average as high as six thousand copies.

In comparison with record sales of today it is enlightening to note that early Gennett records by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Friars Inn Society Orchestra, and The Wolverines, enjoyed an amazing popularity, one pressing it is said on good authority, having sold over three hundred thousand copies! While seeking reasons for their popularity—against the low average sales of today—one has first of all to discount the weakening of record sales brought on by the radio. This still leaves a comfortable margin of popular acclaim for the boys who couldn't read it but who, in the parlance of *hot*, knew how to *swing* it. This acclaim was not the tribute of connoisseurs (that was to come much later) but of the people themselves, testifying to the kinship of *hot* jazz to folk music.

It is now well established that jazz had its origins in the folk music of the American Negro and that the earliest interpreters of jazz were the Negro bands of the South. These bands improvised, adapting jugs and washboards. The use of the latter instrument (?) had an indubitable effect upon jazz percussion and that it was something more than a musical novelty may be ascertained by listening to Louis Armstrong's *Knockin' A Jug*, or the version of *Log Cabin Blues* by Clarence Williams' Washboard Five (both Okeh). The cornet, the banjo, and the clarinet also put in an early appearance in the itinerant street bands of the South. Thus, *hot* jazz, in the beginning, belonged to the people quite completely. Bix Beiderbecke, cornet, and Louis Armstrong, trumpet, both played on river boats, as did also Bennie Goodman, the *hot* clarinetist who began his career at the age of twelve when he was still in knee pants. River boats and dance halls were close to the people and so, as a matter of fact, was *hot* jazz.

From its inception the term *hot* differentiated what was genuine and had the quality of folk music—whether slow blues or fast stomp—from what was imitative and blatantly derivative, called *corny*, and the vast field of *sweet*, popular jazz. *Hot* jazz, apart from its initial spurt, received no recognition from the higher cultural levels, and the masses, seeing that *hot* was in disrepute, succumbed to the Lorelei of *sweet* jazz—jazz which plucked at the surface emotions with a monotonous persistence. Art Hickman and other purveyors of *sweet* rose to meteoric fame while white men who continued to play *hot* received the chauvinistic appellation of "white niggers."

A *hot* collection tells the story audibly. On the early records by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band (both Columbia and Victor) one may discern the underlying spirit of negro blues sometimes conflicting with the jerkiness of ragtime. The victory of blues tempo was the victory of the fox-trot over the one-step. Although a New Orleans band, the Original Dixieland group were white men who had, perforce, to assimilate the negro's music, and this may be one reason they exhibit, better than any other band, the welding of ragtime and blues tempo. Their renderings are not particularly impressive to most ears but musicians and discriminating collectors know that this band has had an incalculable effect upon *hot* jazz, especially as regards their facility for setting up an unceasing rhythmic flow within the melodic pattern. The Original Dixieland established a tradition, both in melodic and rhythmic patterns, carried on by The Cotton Pickers (Brunswick prior to five years ago); reintroduced by the Mound City Blue Blowers, Chicago Rhythm Kings, Louisiana Rhythm

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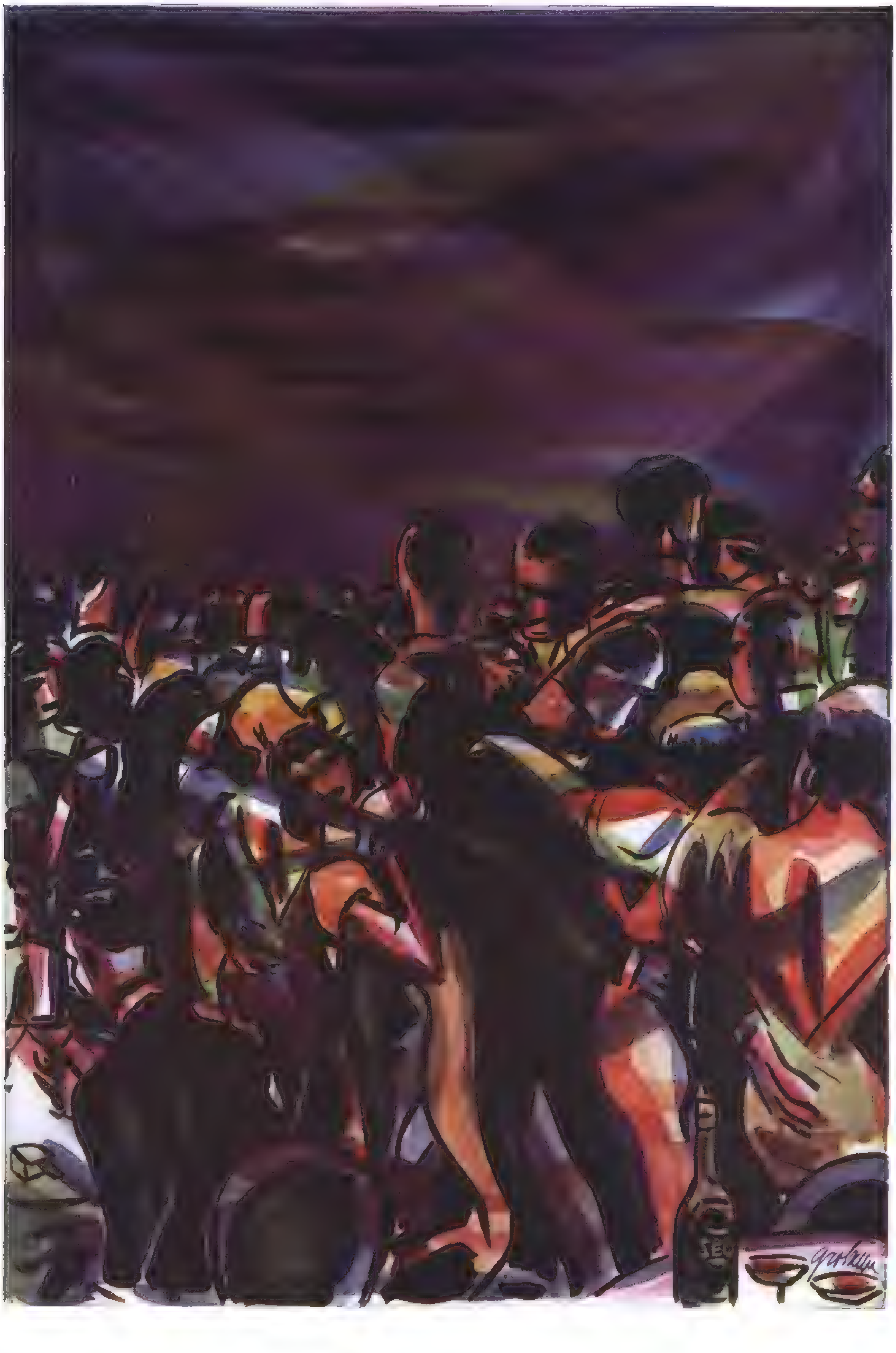
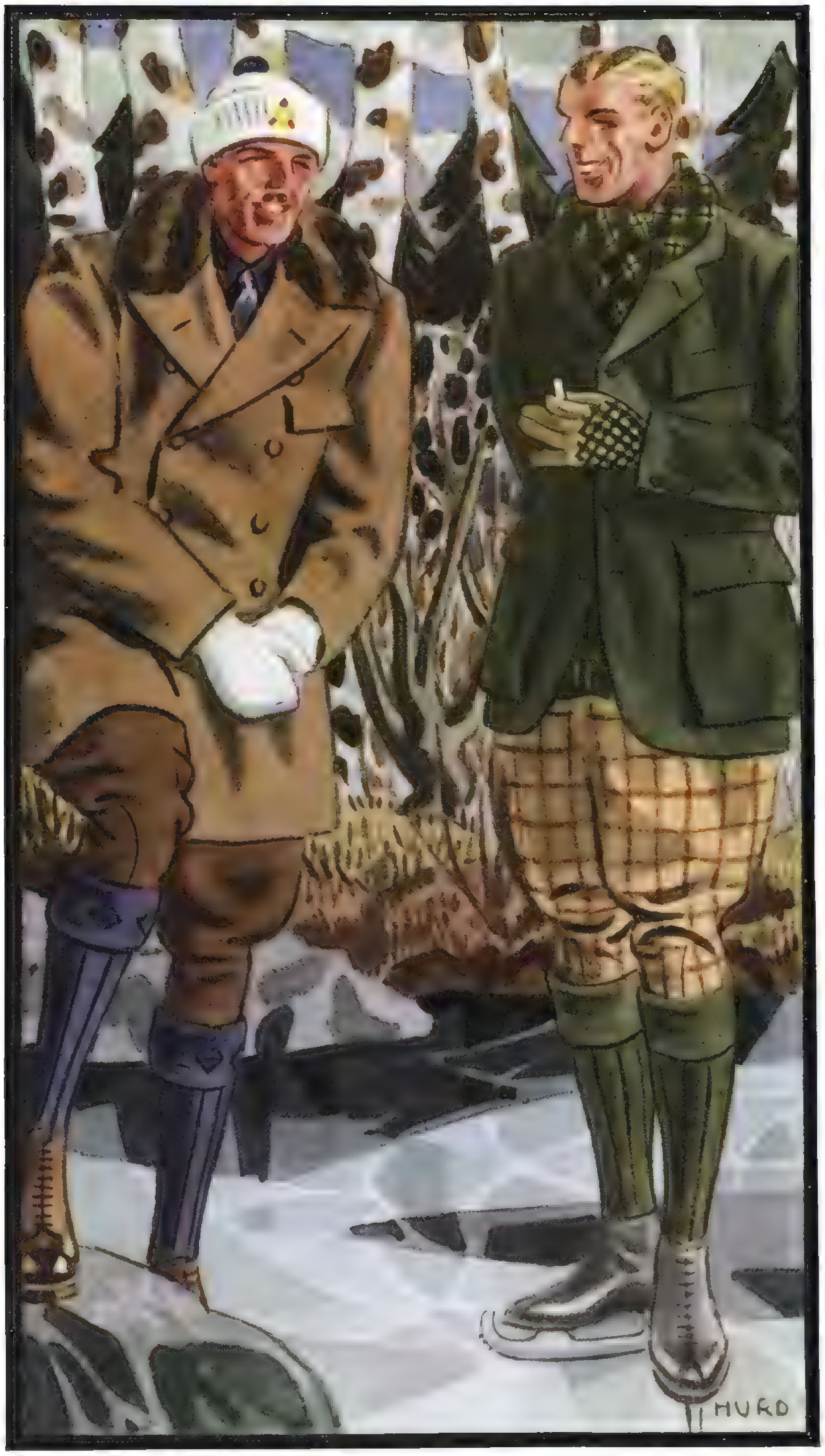
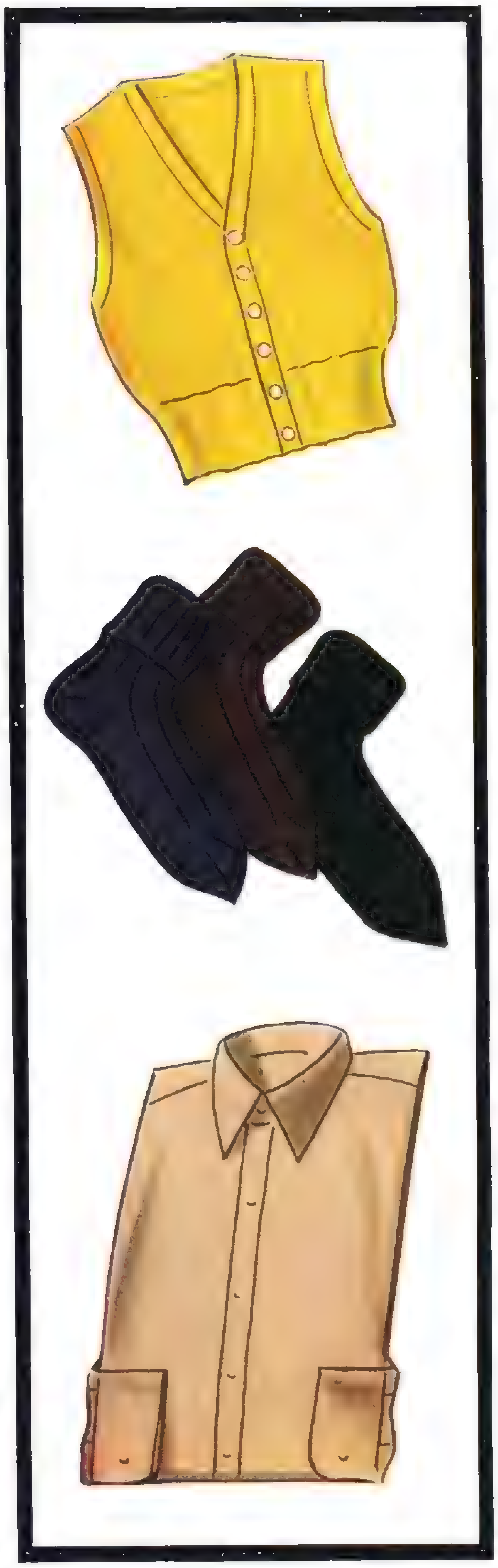


HARLEM HOT SPOT *by* ED. GRAHAM





WHERE THE PRIME ESSENTIAL IS TO GUARANTEE WARMTH

The burnt child who shuns the fire has nothing on the frostbitten chap who has shivered through—or even half way through—one winter sports event, out in the wide open spaces. The two men shown here are dressed in a manner that indicates good judgment, presumably born of experience. The one on skates is wearing a rather long jacket of a dark green Irish tweed, about twenty or twenty-two ounce weight. The knicker breeches are of heavy Harris tweed, with hose of a fine but heavy wool. Plaid cashmere muffler and plaid knit gloves complete the ensemble. But lest you get the impression that this is all he has on, mention should be made of the heavy flannel shirt, the flannel or corduroy vest and at least one heavy sweater—more if you feel like it—underneath. The other outfit is primarily suited for general spectator wear, although it is practical, too, except for the most expert performers, for active participation in skiing, skating or bob sledding. It consists of a tan tweed short warm, with fur collar and fleece lining, dark brown heavy wool breeches, heavy blue hose, ankle high boots that are waterproof, a white knitted woolen cap—this one happens to carry a club emblem—and white woolen mittens. Under the overcoat, an odd tweed jacket, a sweater, a navy blue shirt of silk and wool knit, and a crocheted tie of lighter blue. This outfit typifies the current preference of the best dressed men at St. Moritz, Chamonix, Lake Placid and the fashionable Canadian centers of winter sport. Notice that the coat at the right carries four buttons and has very large pockets. Sketched in the panel are the short cardigan, wool anklets and a flannel shirt in a favored deep color.

Deaf Burke Fights a Ghost

Continued from page 55

There was a grin on his gruff face when he and his man toed the scratch. The phantom of it came back again and again during that infinite century of rounds. In the last round of all, there was a grin on the face of Simon Byrne. No one knew it was the grin the face of a dying man assumes when the skull shows through under the skin, as if a supernatural light were switched on for one moment of desolate prophecy.

Blood was drawn from both in the first round, but Burke treated it like a conjuror's trick, as if it were colored paper issuing from his nose. Byrne's blue eyes were like plaques of grey steel. In the fourth Byrne's fist came up like a flat-iron on the back of Burke's skull. If it had been the front, there would have been no more fight. In the fifth an uppercut from Byrne's right rattled the Londoner's teeth like castanets. "How's that?" asked Byrne's second. "Very good, mister!" grinned Burke, as a child does when asked how he likes his chocolate teddy-bear.

There's still a grin on Burke's face. But it's the grin of a man who is trying to make out that it is funny to be seasick. He has been sick a few times. The forty-fifth round was as green and livid for him as a channel crossing. But the spirit of his guts is strong though the flesh of them is weak. He fights down the nausea, digging his sharp teeth into his lip. "Take dat, mister!" he cries, "and take dis one 'eres!" There is little strength in his blows and little strength in the arms with which Byrne wards them off.

In the forty-ninth a stream of energy flows into Burke's fists again from some secret reservoir. It prickles and crackles in the air till Byrne's fists, too, are charged with it. Round after round they punish each other viciously. In the ninety-first Byrne throws the Londoner off his feet and falls on him like the masonry which spared him that night in Exeter Street. Burke gets up again with a smell of soot in his nostrils.

The fight should have been brought to an end long ago. It is a fight of seconds, rather than principals. The seconds exert more cunning than they knew they possessed to galvanize their men into toeing the scratch on time. They are hunks of meat rather than fighting-men that stagger over to the scratch, bleeding as they move. But somewhere behind the pulped flesh, the spirit still flickers feebly. It flickers fairly brightly still in Deaf Burke. It is almost extinguished in Simon Byrne. He is almost a dead man.

Simon Byrne falls at length. There is no bringing him round now, however crafty the seconds be. Deaf Burke wins. But he does not remain the winner long. Death is the winner a few days later. Death steals from Simon Byrne's brow the few laurels that Deaf Burke had spared him. And not even Burke is brave enough to go down into the dark places to dispute the matter.

This then, was Deaf Burke, whom, on a certain day, we see stripped in the ring in New Orleans, with the bared knives all about him, flashing evilly in the strong sun. And how came he then to New Orleans? That question remains to be answered. And the answer is Simon Byrne.

The oracles of the ring do not give the same answer at all. Jem Ward, they say, the living champion—it was he who was responsible for Deaf Burke's journey to America. I do not believe it. It was a ghost that sent him there. For the oracles of the ring—such stalwart scriveners as Pierce Egan and Vincent Dowling—were grand judges of a cross-buttock throw and a left hook to the point of the jaw. But they were less subtle judges of the souls of men. It is not enough to say that mere pique or mere greed sent Burke across the waste of weltering waters. That is to misunderstand completely the sort of person he was—a child, half comical, half pitiable, cabined within a shaggy bruiser's body.

I admit that Jem Ward was irritating enough. Jem Ward was still the official champion of the time, though why that was so is a little mysterious, for he had formally renounced the championship four years previously. It was none other than Simon Byrne whom Jem Ward had beaten for the belt, so it seemed reasonable for Burke to claim it when he beat that unfortunate creature. The moment Burke did so, however, Ward made a snatch for the belt as if it were a baby about to fall into a boiler of hot water. He would fight, said Ward, for no sum less than £500 a side. This was sore news for Burke. He seemed as likely to become Shah of Persia as to find £500. At length, Ward was induced to go down an octave. He would fight for £300 against £200. After strenuous efforts Burke found the money, only to find Ward piping up again the earlier shriller tune—£500 a side or no fight.

No wonder Burke was disgruntled. He tried to get matched up with two other hefty gentlemen, but there, too, nothing came of it. So he went wandering from London to Birmingham, Birmingham to Liverpool. And all the time a ghost went padding after him. A ghost with half its ghostly face smashed in, and its ghostly fists mashed to a pulp. Jem Ward would not fight Deaf Burke. Young Langan would not fight Deaf Burke. They were living men, and he was not afraid of them. But Simon Byrne challenged him to fight again and again. He jeered and leered at him in dark entries and bright patches of moonlight. But Simon Byrne was dead, and Deaf Burke was woefully afraid. So the idea of America came to him. "P'raps 'e won't follow me dere!" muttered Deaf Burke. "All dat way across de big waters!"

So in January 1836 Deaf Burke set sail for America, with the green swell before him and the pale wake of foam behind. The sea-gulls dipped and swooped about his head. "Good-bye, Simon Byrne!" cried out Deaf Burke. "Ho! Ho!" laughed Simon Byrne. "You've not done with me yet!"

The living boxers of America were as chary of putting their fists up against the Cockney Irishman as their colleagues in England had been. He waited about in New York. He went careering off to Philadelphia. He came empty-handed back to New York again. They all disapproved strongly of Deaf Burke as boxer. So when the manager of an institution called Cocklin's Hall offered to show him to the public as a statue, Deaf Burke, who was getting a little hungry by this time, accepted the engagement.

He was a queer sort of Valentino or Chevalier to capture the heart of the downtown maidens. But he did. His "Achilles Throwing the Discus" was irresistible. He did that in two attitudes. His "Hercules Struggling with the Nemean Lion" was a little more complicated. That required several more. As the "Dying Gladiator" he died in "five celebrated positions." He obviously liked dying, for a broad grin spread over his ugly features. The grin became broader and broader as his gladiatorial agony became more acute. It was all the manager could do to prevent him from wearing his famous fighting costume during the impersonations. He failed to see why Cain slaying Abel or Ajax Defying the Lightning, would not look even more terrifying in the green baize drawers trimmed with yellow braid in which Deaf Burke had overwhelmed Tim Crawley, Jack Carter, Harry Malone and Simon Byrne. He had to do Samson Slaying the Philistines with a jawbone. He himself had needed nothing more to do his slaying with than his bare knuckles.

He went on dying and throwing the discus and defying the lightning for some weeks. But he began to get more and more restive. Among the young women and small boys who paid their dime to see him, he sometimes saw a creature, with a smashed face and a pulped fist, that overtowered them all. He would turn round suddenly, as if he expected a lunge into the kidneys. "I must get quit out of dis 'eres!" he said to himself. "Dis ain't no good for me at all, it ain't! It gets me creepy!"

There was only one way, he realized, to lay the shadow that padded after him along the sunlit length of Broadway or into the dark purlieus of the Bowery. He must get into the ring again. His blood must tingle again with the glory of battle. The air must resound again with the slap of bare knuckles on cheek and rib. The crowd must roar again: "Bravo, the Deaf 'Un: Well hit, Deaf Burke!"

And then he read the challenge of Samuel O'Rourke in a New Orleans paper. But to Deaf Burke it was more than the challenge of Samuel O'Rourke. It was the challenge of O'Rourke's dead countryman, Simon Byrne. Deaf Burke realized that now at last his chance had come. Now at last he might lay the ghost that had so long haunted him. He set forth on the long journey to New Orleans.

It was not the first time that O'Rourke had challenged him. Some little time after the Byrne affair the following announcement was brought to Burke's notice: "Mr. Samuel O'Rourke, Champion of Ireland, has returned from America and is ready to fight Deaf Burke for £200 or £500 a side in a twenty-four foot ring on the Curragh of Kildare in one or two months from this date. This challenge would have appeared earlier but for the fact that it might have injured Burke in the late trial for the manslaughter of Byrne."

Deaf Burke winced. His face became as green and sickly as it had been during the forty-fifth round of the fight with his dead rival. "All right," said Deaf Burke. "Let me just get at 'im! I'll show 'im: I'll smash 'is faces in, by Gods I will!"

It was pointed out to him that it would be unwise for some time to come to set foot in Ireland. But he found all Ireland waiting for him that day in New Orleans. They had thrown away their shillelaghs. Those who were not armed with knives, had pistols in their belts.

They warned Deaf Burke in England that

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Tsar and Feathers

The harrowing reminiscences of a son of a Tsarovitch in exile as told, with pathos, to himself

by RAYMOND KNIGHT

EXPLORER, AUTHOR, POET AND PEASANT

Editor's Note:—*Encouraged by the flood of autobiographies by Russian ex-royalty, Raymond Knight, author and radio humorist, has decided at last to reveal his true identity. He is none other than the Grand Duke Michael Dmitri Ivan Nicholas Nickelby Spurlos Versenkt. In the following amazing document, he is not hampered either by regard for names or for facts.*

A son of a Tsarovitch!

Yes, that is what I am. As I think back over the terrible gruelling years of my life, I smile sadly to think how many times I have been called that. Ah, those harrowing years. (Both harrow and eton, as a matter of fact, for I was educated in England.) But let me begin at the bottom.

It is the turn of the century. In England, Victoria has gone and Prince Albert is just beginning to be smoked in America. Across the Channel, whiskery Frenchmen are casting covetous eyes at Alsace Lorraine, and Alsace Lorraine is casting them back. And in Petrograd, in the tall, turreted Winter Palace, a royal accouchement is taking place, a nerve-racking ordeal for those not accouchtomed to such things.

There, in the middle of the grand ballroom, stands a bed with the royal arms embroidered on the snowy sheets and the royal feet sticking out at the end. Grouped about the huge hall stand 3,000 people, whose duty it is, by custom, to attend the delivery. It is all custom. The ceremony of the birth is according to custom, the notification of the people is by custom, and there are even six men from the customhouse present to see that no illegal entry into the country is made.

THE AUTHOR AS A LITTLE BOY

Taken in the Summer of 1904, during the elections for the Russian Imperial Ballet. Little Dmitri is shown standing beside a ballet box. He was saluting his father, at his right. As the camera clicked, he turned and looked at the photographer.

All is silent in the room, save the munching of an occasional peanut.

Suddenly the attending physician signals. The crowd holds its breath, as well it should, for the court kitchen had been liberal with garlic at breakfast that morning. There is a movement beneath the snowy coverlets. The crowd sways. The physician removes the heavy crown from the head of the patient, for uneasy lies the head that wears the crown. The crowd is on tiptoe. And then . . . a shrill cry breaks the air! The crowd presses forward all agog, and then falls back in disgust! It is only a newsboy calling the first edition of the Petrograd Argus. The crowd mutters. Time passes. The crowd grows restless. More time passes. The crowd melts slowly away.

Six hours later, a tiny eighteen pound baby is born to the Princess Maria Carissima Fedora Petrova Acushla, wife of the Tsarovitch. But the crowd has gone, the physician has gone, even the mother, tired of waiting for the arrival of the latest Aromanoff, has gone.

The baby, finding himself alone, stands in the middle of the bed, removes the silver spoon from his mouth, throws it across the room, where it bounces off an imperturbable Cossack, and toddles over to the full-length gold-framed mirror, topped with the Aromanoff coat and vest of arms. He stares solemnly into the depths of the glass, and then suddenly his tiny face bursts into a wrinkle of laughter. He has recognized himself. It is I!

From then on, life was not easy. The Tsarovitch, my father (that was *his* story), insisted that all his sons be reared in the strict military tradition. If we boys did not obey, he beat us unmercifully with a long stick. As we little sons of the Tsarovitch used to whisper behind his back, we were all Tsarred with the same stick.

As I say, life was difficult. Up at four with the first note of the bugle . . . and back in bed at 4:02 with the last one. Ah, those freezing, icy mornings on the parade grounds outside the Kremlin! I understand they were terrible.

The round of classrooms, the round of military drill, the round of changing uniforms, the round of drinks! I shudder when I think of those harrowing days! How little did we know what puppets of Fate we were, riding up and down in our droshkys along the Nevsky Prospect, the Kamennostrovsky Prospect, the Bolschoy Prospect, the Ukrainsky Prospect, until we were finally lost. (How little did we know what our prospects were!) And all the while the Muzhiks staring at us sullenly as we swept by. We did not know it then, but after we had passed, the Muzhiks would pick themselves up from the gutter where they had been thrown by our Cossack escort in gutter abandon. Thence they would repair to a nearby vodka bar where they would discuss revolution in a tumbling flow of words. With the Muzhiks, it was always words, words and muzhik, words and muzhik. You will still find this phrase on all the Russian popular songs.

Arrogantly and haughtily we would dash through the streets of Petrograd, laughing defiantly and shooting down a stray peasant here and there, just for "the fun of it." Oh, how those harrowing days come back to me; if I could only have them over again,

THE AUTHOR AS A LITTLE GIRL

He is shown here wearing the famous Ginzbörg Crown, worth a king's ransom, as kings go nowadays. The robe is a Patou sport model of Siberian Skunque with streamline bodice and wizard control.

THE AUTHOR AS HE IS TODAY

In the uniform of the Imperial Secret Police. He was a Major General in the Traffic Division as shown by his ten police whistles. The medals, reading from left to right are, Potato Race, Elks Picnic 1908; Perfect Sunday School Attendance, 1906; Chicago World's Fair, 1893; Petrograd Kennel Club, Best Dog in Show, 1908.

how differently would I act! Think of the money I squandered on ammunition. If I could only bring those peasants back to life, I would do it gladly, without exception. Yes, with *one* exception, and I think public opinion would condone it. I refer to the time we passed over the Mother of Rivers and caught a gang of boatmen singing the Volga Boat Song—not a man escaped!

Then came manhood. Boyish joys were cast aside and court duties were taken on. Shoulders squared and epaulets appeared on them . . . mustaches waxed and waned.

I shall never forget the time I met the Tsar. It was at a great court ball. Preparations had been going on for days. The Winter Palace was a jumble of flowers, champagnes, port wines and port-cocheres. For six hours previous to the great dinner, the men had been dressing for the occasion and the women undressing. Precisely at eight o'clock Russian Daylight Saving Time, the doors of the banquet hall were thrown open and the Muscovite aristocracy rushed for the tables. As I entered the room well in the van, my eye fell upon a chair drawn up before an especially large dish of caviar. I made for it, and just as I grabbed the back of the chair, another man, with the same idea, collided with me. I turned to grapple with him and as I did, my eyes met his. It was the Tsar!

In view of the conflicting stories which have arisen as a result of this meeting, in view of certain historic incidents which took place shortly thereafter—the assassination at Sarajevo, the "Ils ne passeront pas" incident at Verdun, the revolution in my own country and the Versailles Treaty, I think it best to record here the exact conversation which took place between the Tsar and myself.

First, it is well known that from among my many names, my intimates selected the one of "Dmitri" with which to address me, and it was as Dmitri that I was known to the elan of Petrograd. How the Tsar found this out I never discovered. His secret police, the dreaded Cheka, were everywhere. Perhaps it was the extra-secret police—there were two forces, Cheka and Double-Cheka—I assume they reported the fact to him. Suffice it to say he knew it.

As I have said, we both reached the chair at the same time. When I discovered who my neighbor was, I turned pale. Visions of the salt mines of Siberia and the pepper fields in Sumatra rose before my eyes. Nevertheless, I drew myself to my full height—7 feet 6 inches (with shako)—and somehow stammered—the following is verbatim—"Your Majesty—I—I beg your pardon. I am Michael Dmitri Ivan Nicholas Nickleby Spurlos Versenkt."

The Tsar looked at me with a twinkle in his eyes, hesitated just a fraction of a second and then replied. . . "Please D'mitri.'

Then he sat down, *in the chair*.

What happened that night is history. The revolution broke out in the middle of the herring course. The sound of gunfire was heard in the great square before the Kremlin and word was brought to the Tsar that the people were revolting.

"I have considered them so for some time," replied the Tsar, unperturbed.

The gunfire drew nearer. Shouts were now heard outside the palace. But the nobility, true Russians every one, finished their herring.

Suddenly there was a ring at the front door bell. We all knew what it meant. Old General Hartschaffnerandmarx rose in his place and said calmly, "Gentlemen, the revolution is here. Let us send our wives home and fight alone."

In a moment we were on our feet to a man, brandishing our swords aloft and shouting, "Vive Russia!"

"Charge!" cried the general and we did. Somehow, in the melee I charged through the back door instead of the front door, and in the confusion I got lost and found myself, some six days later, in Paris.

For twelve harrowing years I lived in Paris. A scrap of bread here, a bottle of champagne there. . . . How I managed to exist through those harrowing years, I don't know. Of course, I have my suspicions. It is all a nightmare.

And then I heard about your great country, America, and the opportunities there. Somehow I succeeded in scraping up enough money to cross the Atlantic on the Leviathan, and in the solitude of my first-class cabin I was able to think over the horrors of the past years. And as I thought, it came to me all at once that I should tell my story to you, the people of America!

And so I arrived in New York and settled down to the usual routine business of making perfumes and indorsing soaps. But at night, alone with my typewriter, I recreated the harrowing years of my life in Russia, and out of it, and finally my labor bore fruits.

My first autobiography, "The Days and Nights of a Russian Princess" sold into six editions. Encouraged, I produced my second autobiography, "The Grand Duchess Puts Up a Bold Front," or "From Russian Court to Night Court." It was an immediate success. My next, "White Russians and Red Wine—The Diary of a Tsarist Admiral," was selected by the Book of the Fortnight Club, and my fourth, "Vodka We?" or "The Philosophy of a Russian Prince," received the Pulitzer Prize.

Now I am very happy here in your America. There were 3,878 members of the old nobility and I have only written four autobiographies. This leaves 3,874 yet to do. It is hard to work, yes, but for the country of my adoption, I am only too glad to relive all over again for you the old, harrowing days.

As the motto on our family coat of arms reads, "Caviar Emptor."

Yonder's Henry!

Continued from page 35

and abrupt endings. He was the Colonel. Fat was this gentleman, fat, pompous and over-blooded, but a life-loving soul withal. In his youth he had been the life of all the local lynching parties, and now, in his declining years, he had acquired the reputation of an implacable hunter. He was wearing a Prince Albert coat and highly polished boots which lent the only touch of distinction to this nondescript gathering.

After being properly introduced to the ladies, all of whom seemed to be guarding some shameful secret the full significance of which they failed to grasp themselves, I was placed by the side of my hostess, and urged to drink. She subjected me to one swift scrutiny, then quickly dropped her eyes.

"Pardon me," she said in a strained voice. "I think I heard a door slam."

The next moment she rose hastily and walked unsteadily toward the house. With pained eyes I followed her retreating figure.

Down the line a lady showing no end of well turned southern legs as she sat on the grass was speaking in an excited voice and waving a cocktail glass in the air.

"What a lark," she proclaimed. "John's never so much as seen a fox and he can't stand the sight of horses. They give him a violent rash, do horses."

I turned and regarded my host inquiringly.

"Is he one of the initiates like myself at this ceremony?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. "There are several others—lots of new faces, in fact. You won't be alone. Drink up."

A man on my right leaned confidentially over and made helpless, little motions with his hands.

"Pardon me," he said incredulously, "but do I understand we're actually going fox hunting?"

I told him that that was about the size of it.

"Fancy that," he observed musingly. "Of all things, fox hunting. Wonder where Mr. Green caught the beast. Haven't seen a fox in years. I'll ask him."

To my great delight he leaned over and made some more motions at Albert.

"Mr. Green," he whispered piercingly, "where in the world did you get this fox?"

"What fox?" exclaimed Albert in a startled voice, looking quickly about as if he feared a fox was creeping up behind him.

"You know," said the man mysteriously. "This fox we're supposed to hunt."

"Certainly," I put in. "The fox Henry's going to juggle together with several others."

"Who's Henry?" asked the man innocently.

"Why don't you know, Henry?" I replied in some amazement. "He's the greatest foxer in the state of Texas, that dog."

"Strange," muttered the man. "Don't know him—but I'm a stranger to these parts."

"We raise many of our foxes in England," Albert explained.

"And ruin them in Texas," said the stranger.

Albert's answer was cut short by a sudden shout winging across the lawn from the direction of the outhouses. I looked up and saw a negro, running with great concentration, coming in our direction. He was leaning so far over in his efforts to separate himself from some still unrevealed peril that he gave the impression of a six-day bicycle racer. Then something happened which I am sure must have come upon everybody as a complete surprise to put it mildly. Before our astonished eyes the negro was borne down and blotted out beneath an onrushing avalanche of dogs. The air was disturbed by eager yelpings and churned by innumerable jauntily waving tails. In another moment the hunt breakfast had been reduced to a shambles. One imperishable vision of our colonel staunchly defending a chunk of fried chicken was vouchsafed me. Then he, too, disappeared, emulating the negro, as the dogs danced giddily over his recumbent form. After that my impressions became somewhat clouded. I remember a large dog neatly removing a sandwich from my fingers and breathing appreciatively in my face. Sandwiches seemed to be moving through the air like things of life. The once spotless table cloth was leaping weirdly under the stress of greedily searching muzzles. Figures of men and women as they rolled and struggled on the grass were caught in the most undignified, not to say compromising positions. The element of surprise was all in favor of the raiders. The famous hunt breakfast was theirs without a struggle. I remember hearing quite distinctly Mrs. Albert as if lost to decency, ironically cheering the pack on to still greater endeavors. From their utter disregard of all those little niceties of deportment that give life its subtle fragrance I decided that it had been many a long day since those dogs had enjoyed a square meal.

Then, above the din and the barking, the cries of the insulted and injured and—I regret to say—the shocking blasphemy of our colonel, my host, Albert, who should have been the master of this hunt, lifted up his voice in command.

"Grab sticks!" he shouted. "Grab anything and beat 'em off."

Then began a grim struggle, man facing defiant beast, for the honor and supremacy of the human race. We fought those dogs bitterly and oftentimes unfairly. For example, I saw one gentleman deliberately enticing one of the enemy to accept a peace offering of chicken—a delicious bit it looked—and then when the poor animal had been betrayed by its own greed this man, this southern gentleman, squared off and kicked the dog quite severely in the rump. Foot by foot the dogs yielded and were driven back in the direction whence they came. One inspired sportsman accelerated their departure by firing off a shotgun. This horrid noise entirely demoralized the dogs, all of whom must have been born gun shy. With yelps of nervous alarm they sheathed their once valiant tails and deployed in the direction of the barn.

Mrs. Albert was sitting calmly on the grass. Her husband was rushing from one guest to another, assuring everyone that everything was all right, and begging them not to let this slight interruption mar the pleasure of the hunt.

"Pleasure?" one forthright gentleman—obviously a novice—demanded indignantly. "How do you get that way? You mean the horror of the hunt."

"What's the matter with you?" Mrs. Albert asked defensively before I had opened my lips. "There's nothing unusual about this hunt breakfast. Only last week the dogs broke loose and one of the fresh things had the nerve to snatch a cocktail right out of my hand. Think of that."

I did. I looked steadily at Mrs. Albert's innocently upturned face and thought of that as well as of other things. This made me think of Albert, the last person in the world I wanted to think about at that moment.

IV.

I was being introduced by Albert to the mount upon which I was to pursue foxes for the remainder of the day.

"This is Molly," he said with Jeffersonian simplicity. "Your horse."

It had to be my horse because most certainly no one else would have taken Molly as a gift. As I studied the disillusioned features of this venerable wreck I feared that she was going to take advantage of her sex and weep on my shoulder. Nevertheless, I mounted to her back and awaited with closed eyes the inevitable crash. Molly braced herself, quivered along her keel, but managed to remain erect.

The lawn now became the scene of fresh activity. The colonel, still dazed, with the help of three strong men was being elevated to the top of his horse, an operation in which neither the colonel nor the horse seemed to be the least bit interested. Presently the sweating huntsmen were safely if not securely installed in their saddles while the women stood about and made unhelpful but irritating suggestions, as women always do and always will when men are striving to maintain their dignity in the face of overwhelming odds.

Once more the pack appeared. Its mood had now shifted from one of famished activity to satiated greed. Leisurely the hounds ambled across the lawn and slipped past us with many a furtive backward glance, as if expecting a sudden kick. Their respective rumps were guiltily shrunken. Once safely out of reach they broke into a run and speedily absorbed themselves into the landscape, several secretly amused negroes pretending to pursue them.

"Are you all ready?" cried Albert, holding up his hand. "If you are, let's go."

"Just a minute now," came the querulous voice of the stranger. "Go where, Mr. Green? I've gotten me up on the top of this dumb beast like you said but damned if I enjoy the prospect of jouncing all over the countryside on it without any idea where I'm going or when I'm coming back."

In the face of this reasonable question the hunting party fell into a depressed silence. Obviously many of its members were asking themselves the same thing. Albert rushed gamely into the breach.

"We go wherever the fox goes," he explained.

"What fox?" demanded the man.

"I don't know what fox," said Albert. "Just any fox—the fox we're after."

"What's this fox gone and done, Albert?" another unknown inquired mildly.

"He hasn't done anything," said my host.

"Then why are we after him?" continued the voice.

"Well, you can't very well have a fox hunt without some sort of fox, can you?" asked Albert bitterly. "It's all very simple. We just sit on our horses and go where the fox goes."

"If you think it's so simple sitting on this

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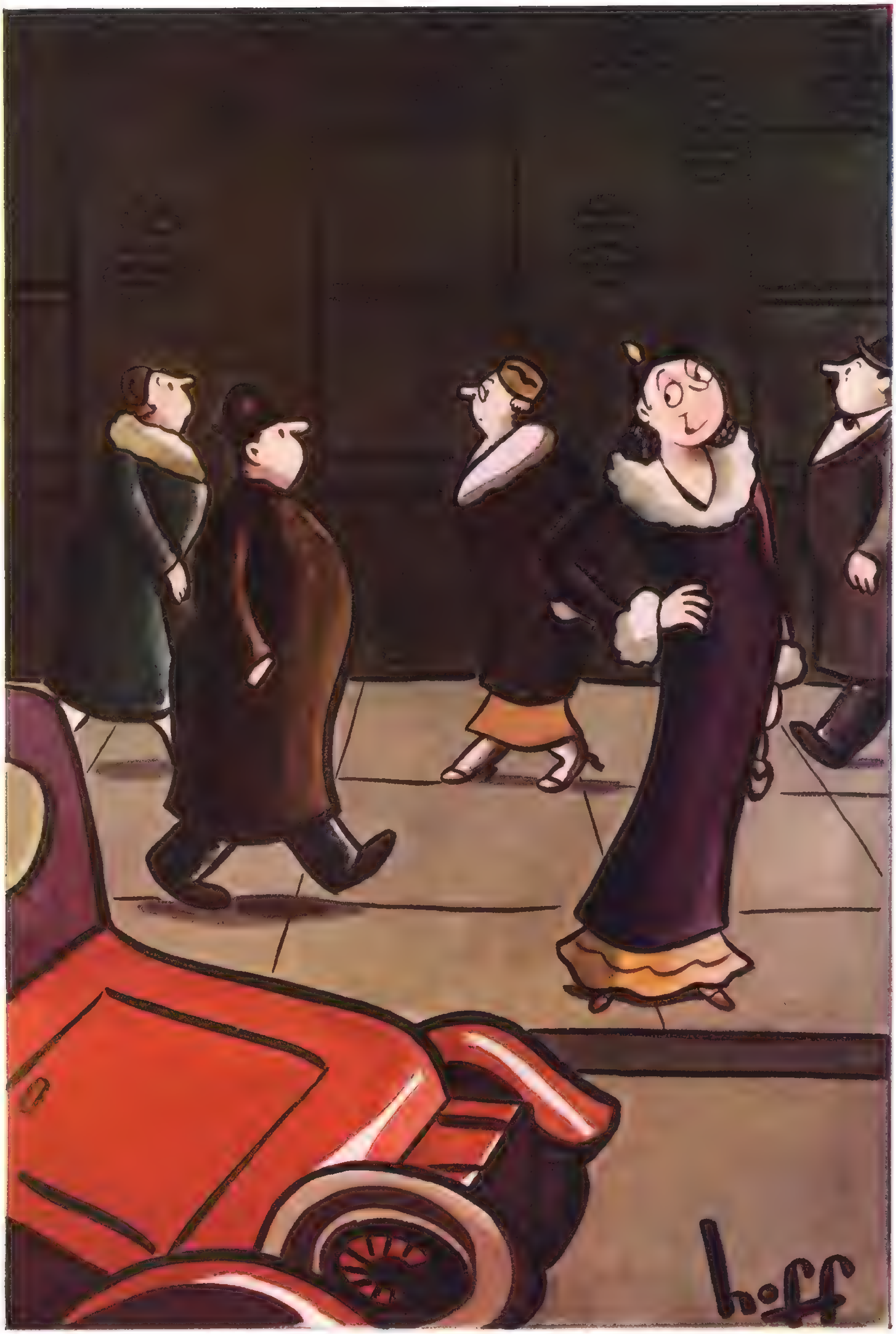
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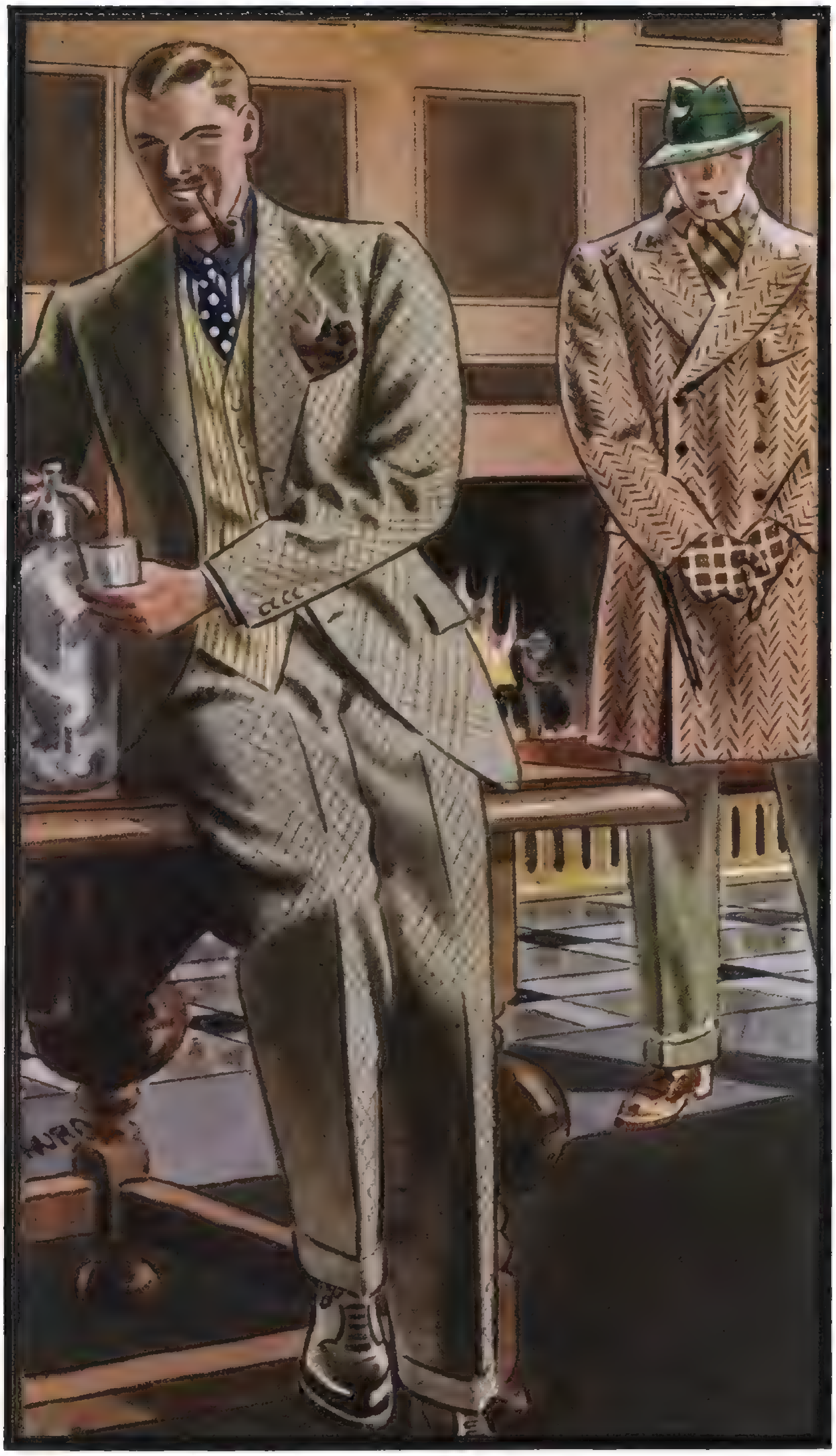

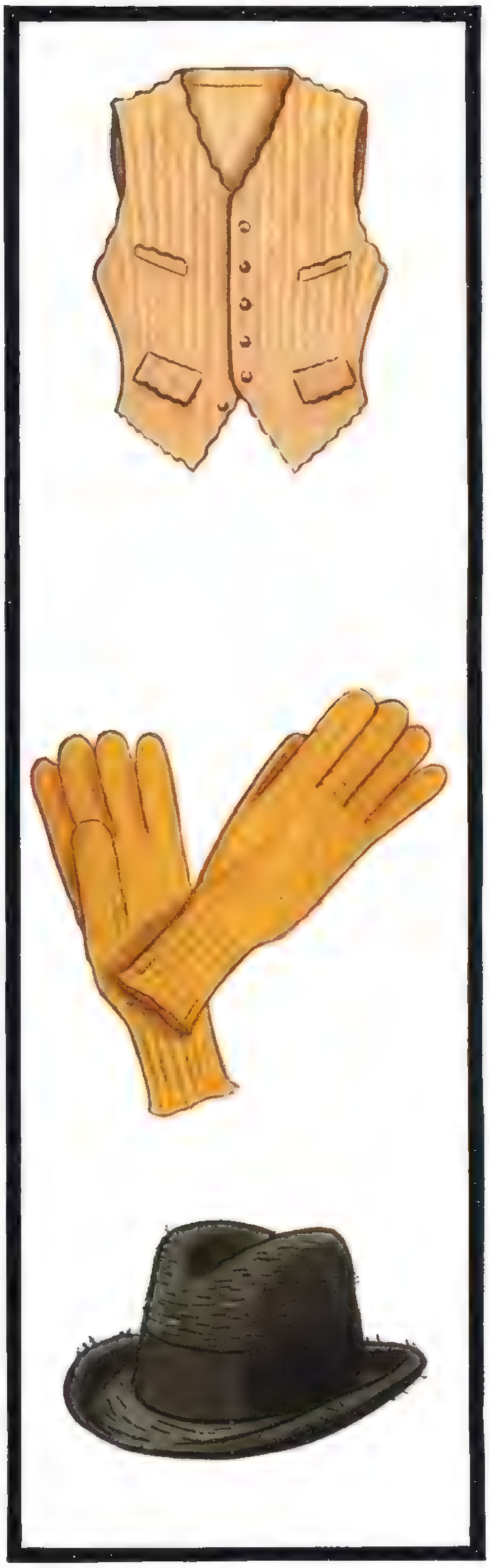

THESE SHOULD BE WORN OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS ONLY

Ask a man why he lives in the suburbs and at least one of his answers will probably be that he enjoys the complete change and contrast to his daytime activities and surroundings. And that goes, too, in the matter of clothes. Even if life in the suburbs, as visioned here, is not a radical departure from city habits, the outfits pictured represent a far cry from the usual city turnout. The man in the foreground wears a grey hand loomed Shetland suit with small diamond pattern, full cut as best befits the soft rough fabric. His waistcoat is a throwback to grandfather's day, being a 1934 variation of that ancient favorite, the wide wale corduroy vest. The blue and white striped shirt is of flannel taffeta, light in weight but very warm. The surprise note—of English derivation—is a separate solid color blue tab collar. Finishing touches are provided by a blue wool tie with white polka dots, red and blue silk foulard handkerchief and heavy black brogues. The man who has just come in from out of doors is wearing a very smart short warm of black and brown herringbone tweed—the newest note in men's overcoats. This coat may be expected to attain considerable popularity, because its sensible length allows freedom of leg movement. The suit is a Lovat color, heavy weight cheviot. Plaid cashmere muffler and knitted string gloves are in keeping with the general tone of the outfit, as are the brown brogue shoes, the green felt snap brim hat and the blackthorn cane. Sketched at the right, to show to advantage the flaps on the lower pockets, is the corduroy vest; either plaid flannel or silk back. As an alternative hat choice, the Homburg of rough felt in a green mixture is recommended.

Yonder's Henry!

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animated file," someone indignantly observed, "I'd like you to change places with me and let him chafe you for awhile. I'm two-thirds ruined already and we haven't even started yet."

"Let's hope this old fox goes to bed, then we can all do likewise," the weary stranger offered hopefully.

As the company straggled through the gate, a sudden cry of warning brought us to a stop. It seems that our colonel with the aid of a low-hanging limb had somehow managed to unhorse himself. Turning quickly, I caught a momentary glimpse of that stout gentleman descending earthward with terrific speed where he landed in a sitting posture and remained as if atrophied. Horses and riders alike gazed down at him with concentrated attention as if wondering why their colonel had taken it into his head to act in such a peculiar manner.

"What's the meaning of all this?" asked Albert, pushing his horse through the circle.

The colonel regarded him balefully.

"What the hell do you think it means?" he demanded in a high, thin voice. "That I'm playing mud pies? Young man, it means foul play. I was struck from behind."

"Well," said Albert at last, "we can't very well leave him sitting there like that all day. Get him back on his horse again and we'll make a fresh start.

The colonel accepted a drink and once more allowed himself to be heaved into the saddle, where he sat in stunned silence.

"I say, Mr. Green," a third stranger to Albert cried out, "What are we supposed to do with this fox once we catch him?"

"Which is very doubtful," the first one added.

Albert laughed with false heartiness. "Have your little joke." he called back.

"It's no joke," said the other earnestly. "Swear to God I wouldn't know how to act with a real live fox."

"Cut off his brush," grated Albert.

"His what?" came the startled rejoinder in a shocked voice. "Oh, Mr. Green."

"You know as well as I do," replied Albert.

"Oh," exclaimed the other. "You don't like to talk about it. I think I know now."

Albert flushed furiously.

"Say, Mr. Green," asked a rider rather plaintively. "Why are you so mean to foxes, anyway? You certainly must hate 'em to do a thing to 'em—you know—like you said."

At this moment I reminded Albert that unless we looked for the dogs we might lose them forever, not that I greatly cared. A startled expression added to the unhappiness of his features. He held up a hand and listened.

"Now where do you reckon those dogs could have gotten themselves to?" he asked at last.

"Let's make it a dog hunt instead of a fox hunt," a bright young man suggested.

Albert winced, then suddenly his face cleared. From far down the road came an awful sound, the deep baying of a great hound. I had begun to doubt the existence of Henry, but now I changed my mind.

"Yonder's Henry!" exclaimed the delighted Albert with as much pride as if he were emitting all those terrible sounds himself. "Hear him!"

We did. Henry had a shocking voice.

"Glad I'm not a fox," someone piously observed. "I'm a'scared even to hunt with that dog loose."

"Henry's giving tongue," exclaimed Albert.

"Giving!" exclaimed the accurate rider. "Henry's doing heaps more than that. He's fairly tossing tongue away—lavishing tongue on the countryside."

When finally we found the dogs they were lying round a tree in various reposeful attitudes while they idly watched one of their members trying to get at a negro clinging to the topmost limb. This dog was beyond description. Canine obscenities gushed from its throat. Its fangs were bared and foam flecked its lips. Henry, without a doubt. Upon seeing Albert, the negro in the tree let out a yell.

"Fo' Gawd's sake, Mr. Albert, take dat dawg away or I'se a gone nigger."

Albert looked up at the negro, then transferred his attention to the frantic beast.

"Josh," he said at last, "that dog isn't Henry. Where do you suppose he came from?"

"I don't care who the hell he is," one of our little group complained, "if he doesn't stop making those awful noises I'll climb one of those trees myself."

"No, suh," responded Josh. "Dat dawg sho ain't Henry. Dat dawg's Fanny. Mr. Albert, Fanny's by way of being a bloodhound. We sort of invited her over last night just to fancy up the pack a bit."

"A charming piece of garnishing, Fanny," remarked a gentleman on my left.

"Well, Josh," said Albert wearily, "I reckon you'd better get Fanny home or she'll be treeing every damn nigger in the countryside and then we'll never get any foxes."

"Foxes?" I quietly inquired.

"Certainly," shot back Albert. "I said foxes. Henry must be looking for some now."

The subject was changed by a sudden groan from our colonel.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "I can stand it no longer. I fear I'm bleeding to death."

"Where?" demanded Albert, turning to cope with this new disaster.

The colonel seemed reluctant to take us into his confidence concerning the exact location of his mortal wound.

"I must have sat on my flask," he replied after some hesitation. "When I fell, you know. I've been sitting on the pieces ever since."

"My God," breathed Albert. "What next? Help the colonel down, some of you, and I'll see what I can do about it."

Our colonel and Albert, now assuming the role of glass picker, retired among the bushes with old fashioned southern modesty. Presently Albert reappeared.

"I am happy to announce," he said, "that the colonel's injuries were more demeaning to a gentleman of his high spirit than serious to his person. He has decided to continue with us. Let us hope and pray that this will be the last interruption. We must now find Henry, the leader of the pack."

An ironical cheer greeted this fine speech. The colonel was placed delicately on his horse. The negro attendants beat the dogs into a reluctant state of activity. Once more the hunt was in motion. For an hour or more we cantered along the roads pleasantly enough, stopping occasionally to let the pack catch up with us. The dogs were friendly, courteous and even playful. They seemed to nourish no grudge against us, but it was plain to see that no one had taken the trouble to tell them what it was all about. To the pack it was merely an outing—a casually informal affair.

"Just wait till they catch up with Henry," Albert kept assuring us. "Then just watch 'em go."

We did. From somewhere far down the road the earnest ravings of a mad dog were borne to us. Albert's face became radiant.

"Yonder's Henry!" he shouted. "Hear him!"

The dogs, exerting their last ounce of energy, broke into a run and sped down the road. Fresh hope returned to our hearts as we thundered after. Perhaps there might be something in this fox-hunting business after all. The pack was now in full cry. We rounded a curve and saw the dogs streaming across an open field in the direction of some woods. A large and elated rabbit was cutting insulting capers in their faces. Albert's own face looked a trifle dismayed.

"Shucks," he said, "that fool rabbit just crossed the fox's trail, but he won't put Henry off. Follow on."

Follow on we did, and in a short time crashed into the woods. Then consternation reigned. Close to my ear a shotgun suddenly exploded. It exploded very close to my ear.

"Moonshiners!" someone shouted, and the effect was electrifying.

From behind the most innocent looking trees bearded faces appeared. In a methodical manner the owners of these faces began to discharge lead into the ranks of the disorganized hunt. In an instant dogs, horses and men were fighting democratically together for mere survival. There was a great thrashing of branches and a complicated entangling of man and beast. The moonshiners seemingly had an inexhaustible supply of ammunition and a passionate desire to use it. I now saw the reasonableness of our clubs and guns, although our party used neither.

Personally, I sustained no loss other than Molly and a large quantity of breath. From the safety of a slight elevation I observed the component parts of the hunt break from the woods and dash across the field. Men who had known each other for years passed without the slightest sign of recognition, so occupied were they with their own thoughts. The field was dotted with horses, dogs and men, some of the men in their impatience even pushing horses out of their way. I felt that I was looking at an old English hunting print suddenly thrown into reverse. Some of those dogs, I dare say, are still running.

The last to withdraw from the woods were our colonel, Albert and my Molly. The colonel was leaning on Albert's arm. Molly appeared to be trying to hold his other hand. I was joined by this little group and with Albert's help put our colonel on to Molly. He sat well forward and practiced soul stirring groans. Foxes would have little to fear from our colonel for many days to come. Very little was said. There was hardly anything either fit or safe to be said unless we talked about the weather. Albert steadily refused to meet my eyes.

After an interminable walk we at last approached the smooth green lawn of my host's home. Several members of the hunt were grouped round the rumpled tablecloth. They

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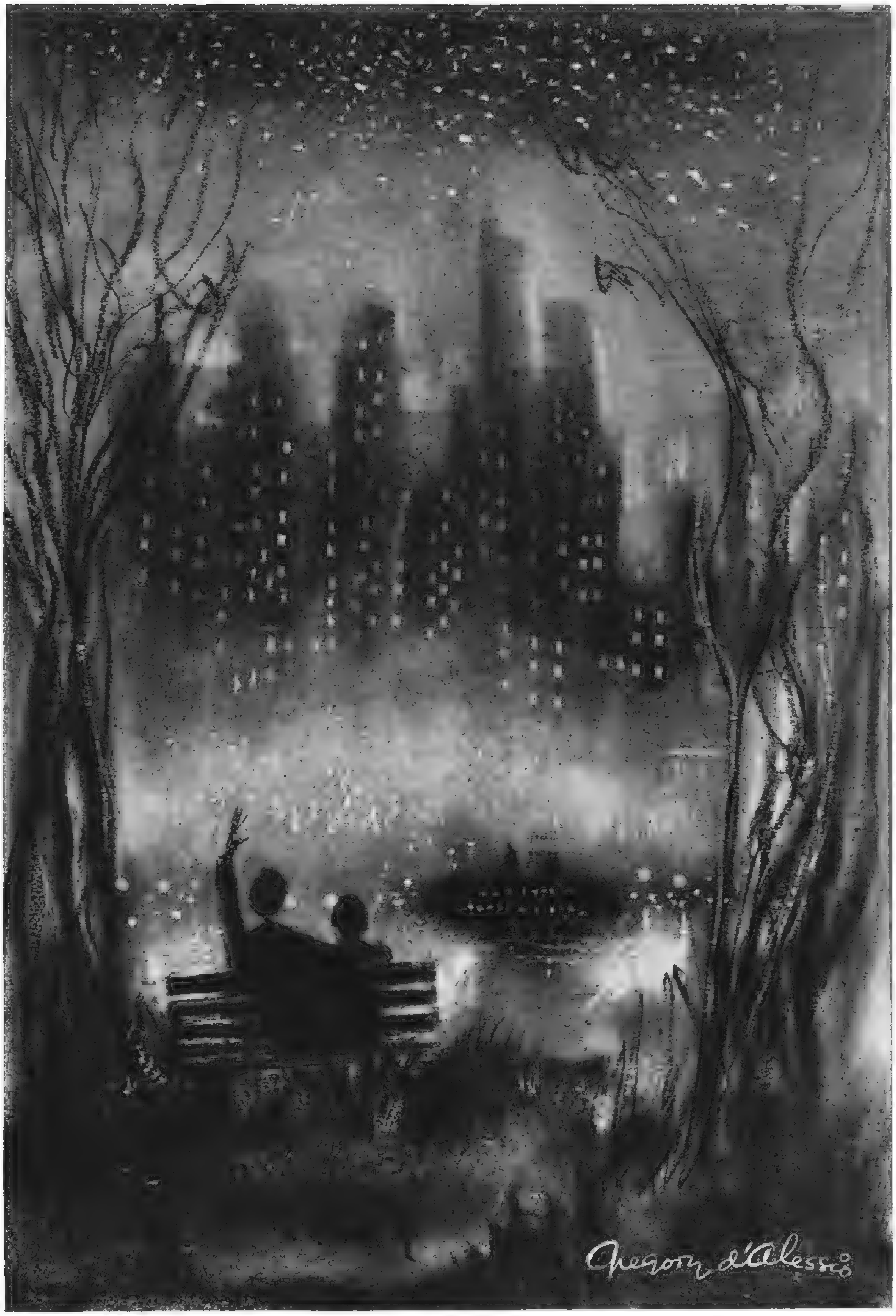
Gregory d'Alessio

"Cheez, mama, lookit that sky—jest lousy with stars!"

This Brave New Love

Diverting evidence that the Ripe Old Gorgonzola, no matter how it is sliced, still smells the same

by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

ROMANTIC LOVE began by assuming that a pair of passion-oozing souls could merge into a mystical unity, and ended by saying that two could live as cheaply as one. It was a grand idea—for literature and merchandising. It gave us the six-piece bedroom suite and the *Sonnets from the Portuguese;* it gave us Charles and Kathleen Norris, the Budget Home, and an increasing divorce rate. It elevated woman from a chattel to a chatelaine, and incidentally befuddled man's life so completely that he resembled, until quite recently, an intoxicated Laocoön, snakes and all, fighting his way through Macy's basement on the night before Christmas.

At present however, a rebellion is brewing on both sides of the gynaceum gate. The best thought in both camps agrees that the old Provençal tradition is pretty well washed up, or to put it more floridly, the pastoral wain that jolted Corydon and Phyllis to their wattled cot is just about ready to collapse. Men and women still want to go places privately for solace and delight, but they want to get there quicker and find their way back with less anguish. Ergo, we scrap the old romantic machinery and clamber aboard a vehicle that doesn't squeak so painfully as it takes the barriers.

Praise Priapus, men and women can still clamor for each other, but not in the old *Paradiso* manner. The Burne-Jones aura, the formalized courtship, the male protestations of vile unworthiness—these erstwhile symptoms of the coupling disease have been displaced by a code more urgent and direct. Nowadays, lovers don't bother to laugh at locksmiths; they merely give each other a key to the apartment. If bent on marriage they no longer permit the best juices of love to dry up in a tedious engagement while the yellowing bride-to-be assembles twelve dozen of everything for the wee new home. Today the nuptial torch is often lighted with a borrowed match, and if it ever really gets to burning it's apt to throw off more heat and light—and a whole lot less smoke—than any of the pale tapers that still smoulder around the romantic bier.

Vestigially, however, a flipper of psychic truth still grabs at romantic illusion. This illusion in turn holds onto its public by titillating the infantile "mamma wish" that lurks in most male breasts. "If we can fall in love," men whisper to each other in their clubs, gymnasiums, and other places of business, "we can bathe once more in that warm flood of mother-tenderness that supported our infancy, and thus regain in one passive flop the peaceful security that has eluded us elsewhere." Ten billion agonies of trial and error have not wholly cured mankind of this delusion. Like a spoiled child he still yammers for his mammy, until the whole race is a kind of stentorian Al Jolson crying for the maternal moon.

What Romantic Love promises us (and what we want, apparently) is a luscious and sympathetic Chunk of Perfection, a Great Big Something for Nothing, to be enjoyed free of charge in a haven of security and bliss—not for just a day, you understand, but always, ETERNALLY this time—while the rain goes pitter-patter and the rest of the world rolls by. This state of mind, known to the trade as the Ripe Old Gorgonzola, is lushly encouraged by every songwriter, novelist, and movie director who sagely divines the Deepest Need of his customers. And as we listen to the drooling formula an infantile glow suffuses our being; we are as babes once more, getting tucked into bed by a big-bosomed mamma that we pine to duplicate among the maidens of our circle.

Now it seems unlikely that anyone who has hung around places very long, or taken a boat ride further than Newburgh, could be seriously affected by these lisping syllables slobbered into the public ear via radio, Hollywood, and don't forget the post-Bok women's magazines. Yet such is the power of illusion that men choose to perpetuate this childish myth even after its falsity has been proved upon their own dear flesh and pocketbook. Would you not suppose that mature men and women would revolt against a system that gulled them with such lavish promises of ecstasy and doused them at last with such overwhelming pain?

Well, as I said in the beginning, the revolt is on. I see in the lives of those persons who most easily and naturally reflect the time genius, a brilliant experimental use of the new love. I say "experimental" because it's only in galley-proof as yet, with a lot of corrections still to be made in the final sheets. But the *tendenz* is clear, and I learn from a thin red line of subscribers that they propose to fight it out along these lines for a couple of subscriptions anyway.

How shall I describe this hardy new relation between the sexes? Well, if you can imagine a type of love sired by H. G. Wells and dammed by Mrs. Stopes, you'll get an idea of whither we are tending. Less painfully stated, however, the New Love purports to be an honest recognition of what men and women can be to each other, stripped of any illusion concerning what they cannot be. It is love without the greensickness and the stained-glass attitude; it is love without whimpering, coquetry, harem-guards or apron-strings. It may or may not result in marriage, but no matter. For whatever it results in, and whether you go for it or not, the New Love is at least an adult emotion without that annoying fuzz of pubic hair on its handsome cleft chin.

By definition then, this brave new love is possible only to an aristocratic and adult few. These, having matured beyond the kissing-game stage, find themselves capable (the theory runs) of sustaining an emotion undiluted by jealousy, suspicion, or the adolescent fear of losing the love-object. More or less psychically independent, such persons realize that too eager dependence on another human being—even though that person be the very keystone and focus of desire—can lead only to catastrophe, and that it is folly to base the seven pillars of one's life on the shifting sandbar of a romantic passion. (Quite a figure, as it turned out.) They recognize that love is not a crutch or a wheelchair or a maternal bosom; rather, it is like a tug-of-war in which evenly-matched antagonists (pick someone your own size, mister) exert their full powers to quell the furious challenge of their opponent. The whole strength of their emotional lives being used and satisfied, there is no need for collateral amours (hear, hear) nor does an accumulating excess of energy cause irritation and unrest. Yet the love-struggle is never exhausting, either; where defeat is not, fatigue can never be—and in this tug-o'-love no one is thwarted or humiliated. Both lover and beloved are ever-victorious and they share the grapes of victory in an hour of joyous truce. (Ovation to the speaker as he descends in a lather from the rostrum.)

Now all of the foregoing is recognizable as a part of God's sweet truth, but nevertheless it seems a trifle oppressive as it looms up from the glossy page. And as a matter

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Who Is My Neighbor?

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wanted to make conversation, but his lips felt dry, so he kept looking over the little fellow's head at the power house. In one furtive glance, he had noticed that the man's hair, grey at the temples, was inclined to curl to his ears. The line was out full length. It was twisted around the little man's forefinger, which he let drag in the water. And then Michael looked full at him and smiled because he thought he seemed so meek and quizzical. "He's a nice little guy," Michael assured himself and he said, "I work on the town paper, The Examiner."

"Is it a good paper? Do you like the work?"

"Yes. But it's nothing like a first class city paper and I don't expect to be working on it long. I want to get a reporter's job on a city paper. My name's Michael Foster."

"Mine's Smith. Just call me Smitty."

"I was wondering if you'd been over to the jail yet."

Up to this time the little man had been smiling with the charming ease of a small boy who finds himself free, but now he became furtive and disappointed. Hesitating, he said, "Yes, I was over at the jail. I didn't think you knew. I tested the trap. I went there first thing this morning."

"Oh, I just knew you'd go there," Michael said, and then there seemed to be nothing to say. They were a bit afraid of each other. By this time they were far out on the water which had a millpond smoothness. Michael looked back to the shore. The town seemed to get smaller, with white houses in rows and streets forming geometric patterns, just as the blue hills behind the town seemed to get larger at sundown.

Finally Michael said, "Do you know this Thomas Delaney that's dying in the morning?" and as soon as he spoke, he wished he wasn't sitting there in the boat at all. He knew his voice was slow and resentful.

"No. I don't know anything about him. I never read about them. Aren't there any fish at all in this old lake? I'd like to catch some fish," he said rapidly. "I told my wife I'd bring her home some fish." Glancing at Michael, he was appealing, without speaking, that they should do nothing to spoil an evening's fishing. They were both worried and uncomfortable. The little man was terribly disappointed that professional matters should have been introduced into the conversation.

In spite of his own resentment, Michael felt himself liking the little man who had become so helpless in his disappointment. And as he let himself go on liking him, he wondered if he ought to mention that there might be trouble at the jail in the morning. But some kind of stubborn town loyalty made him feel ashamed to give any kind of warning. At last he smiled again. He rowed faster. With warm friendliness the little man began to talk eagerly about fishing as he pulled out a small flask from his hip pocket. "Scotch," he said, chuckling with delight. "Here, take a swig." Michael drank from the flask and passed it back. Tilting his head back and saying "Here's to you, Michael," the little man took a long pull at the flask. "The only time I take a drink," he said, still chuckling, "is when I go on a fishing trip by myself. I usually go by myself," he added apologetically as if he wanted the young fellow to see how much he appreciated his company.

They had gone far out on the water but they had caught nothing. It began to get dark. "No fish tonight, I guess, Smitty," Michael said.

"It's a crying shame," Smitty said. "I looked forward to coming up here when I found out the place was on the lake. I wanted to get some fishing in. I promised my wife I'd bring her back some fish. She'd often like to go fishing with me, but of course, she can't because she can't travel around from place to place like I do. Whenever I get a call to go some place, I always look at the map to see if it's by a lake or on a river, then I take my lines and hooks along."

"If you took another job, you and your wife could probably go fishing together," Michael suggested.

"I don't know about that. We sometimes go fishing together anyway." He looked away, waiting for Michael to be repelled and insist that he ought to give up the job. And he wasn't ashamed as he looked down at the water, but he knew that Michael thought he ought to be ashamed. "Somebody's got to do my job. There's got to be a hangman," he said.

"I just meant that if it was such disagreeable work, Smitty."

The little man did not answer for a long time. Michael rowed steadily with sweeping, tireless strokes. Huddled at the end of the boat, Smitty suddenly looked up with a kind of melancholy hopelessness and said mildly, "The job hasn't been so disagreeable."

"Good God, man, you don't mean you like it?"

"Oh, no," he said, to be obliging, as if he knew what Michael expected him to say. "I mean you get used to it, that's all." But he looked down again at the water, knowing he ought to be ashamed of himself.

"Have you got any children?"

"I sure have. Five. The oldest boy is fourteen. It's funny, but they're all a lot bigger and taller than I am. Isn't that funny?"

Michael saw that he was anxious to avoid any kind of professional conversation that might make them both feel uncomfortable. They started a conversation about fishing rivers that ran into the lake farther north. They felt friendly again. The little man, who had an extraordinary gift for story telling, made many quaint faces, puckered up his lips, screwed up his eyes and moved around restlessly as if he wanted to get up in the boat and stride around for the sake of more expression. Again he brought out the whiskey flask and Michael stopped rowing. Grinning, they toasted each other and said together, "Happy days." The boat remained motionless on the placid water. Far out, the sun's last rays gleamed on the water line. And then it got dark and they could only see the town lights. It was time to turn around and pull for the shore. With determination, the little man tried to take the oars from Michael, who shook his head resolutely and insisted that he would prefer to have his friend catch a fish on the way back to the shore.

"It's too late now, and we may have scared all the fish away," Smitty laughed happily. "But we're having a grand time, aren't we?"

When they reached the old pier by the power house, it was full night and they hadn't caught a single fish. As the boat bumped against the rocks Michael said, "You can get out here. I'll take the boat around to Smollet's."

"Won't you be coming my way?"

"Not just now. I'll probably talk with Smollet a while."

The little man got out of the boat and stood on the pier looking down at Michael. "I was thinking dawn would be the best time to catch some fish," he said. "At about five o'clock. I'll have an hour and a half to spare anyway. How would you like that?" He was speaking with so much eagerness that Michael found himself saying, "I could try. But if I'm not here at dawn, you go on without me."

"All right. I'll walk back to the hotel now."

"Good night, Smitty."

"Good night, Michael. We had a fine neighborly time, didn't we?"

As Michael rowed the boat around to the boat house, he hoped that Smitty wouldn't realize he didn't want to be seen walking back to town with him. And later, when he was going slowly along the dusty road in the dark and hearing all the crickets chirping in the ditches, he couldn't figure out why he felt so ashamed of himself.

At seven o'clock next morning Thomas Delaney was hanged in the town jail yard. There was hardly a breeze on that leaden grey morning and there were no small whitecaps out over the lake. It would have been a fine morning for fishing. Michael went down to the jail, for he thought it his duty as a newspaperman to have all the facts, but he was afraid he might get sick. He hardly spoke to all the men and women who were crowded under the maple trees by the jail wall. Everybody he knew was staring at the wall and muttering angrily. Two of Thomas Delaney's brothers, big, strapping fellows with bearded faces, were there on the sidewalk. Three automobiles were at the front of the jail.

Michael, the town newspaperman, was admitted into the courtyard by old Willie Mathews, one of the guards, who said that two newspapermen from the city were at the gallows on the other side of the building. "I guess you can go around there, too, if you want to," Mathews said, as he sat down slowly on the step. White-faced, and afraid, Michael sat down on the step with Mathews and they waited and said nothing.

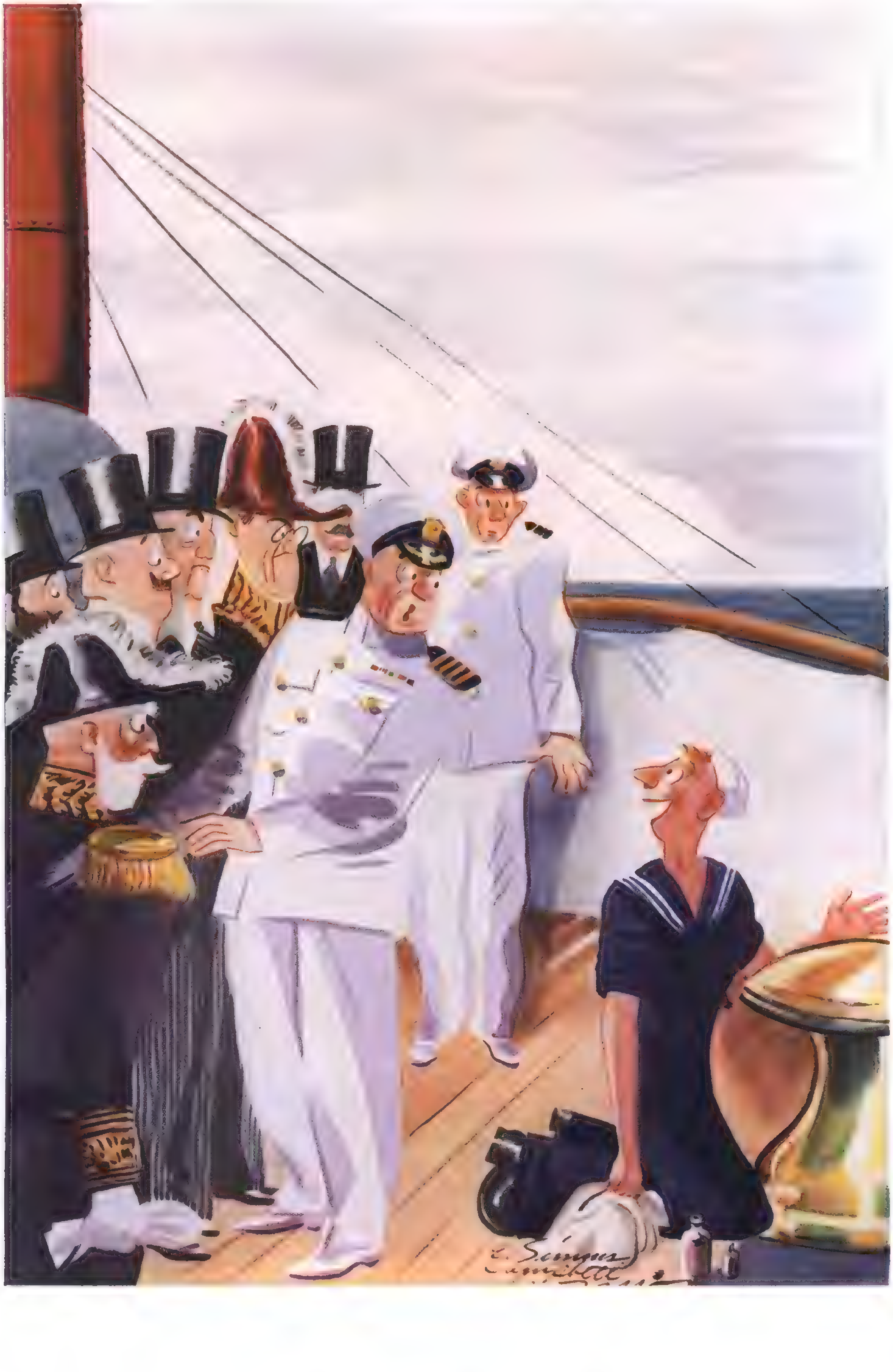
At last the old fellow said, "Those people outside there are pretty sore, aint they?"

"They're pretty sullen, all right. I saw two of Delaney's brothers there."

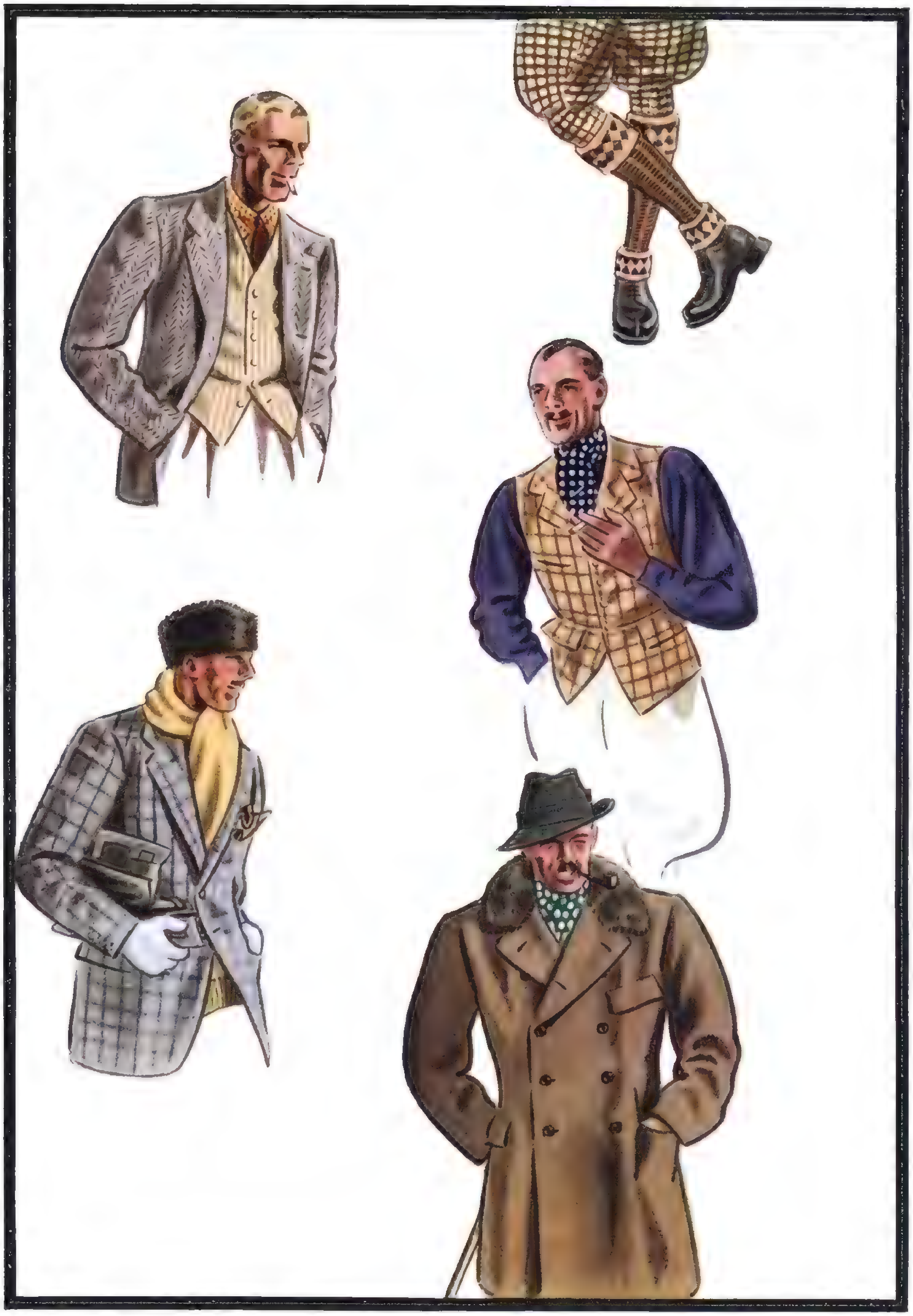
"I wish they'd go," Mathews said. "I don't want to see anything. I didn't even look at Delaney. I don't want to hear anything. I'm sick." He put his head back against the wall and closed his eyes.

The old fellow and Michael sat close together till a small procession came around the corner from the other side of the yard. First came Mr. Steadman, the sheriff, with his head down as though he were crying, then Dr. Parker, the physician, then two hard-looking young newspapermen from the city, walking with their hats on the backs of their heads, and behind them came the little hangman, erect, stepping out with military precision and carrying himself with a strange cocky dignity. He was dressed in a long black cutaway coat with grey striped trousers, a gates ajar collar and a narrow red tie,

Continued on page 112



"Some shine, eh, captain?"



A PAGE OF WINTER SPORT ACCESSORIES

Upper left: For general country wear and spectator sports, heavy tweed suit, light tan wide wale corduroy waistcoat (starting a comeback after many years), flannel shirt in a bold checked pattern, and a knitted tie. *Upper right:* For active sportswear, such as skiing, snowshoeing or general hiking through the snow, heavy tweed knickerbreeches in a bold pattern, heavy wool hose with wool anklets to match, and stout well oiled ski boots. *Right center:* For cold weather riding, heavy silk and wool hunting shirt with woolen stock, extra heavy long flannel Tattersall waistcoat, heavy Bedford cord breeches, riding coat of twenty ounce Harris tweed. *Lower left:* Knickers of heavy homespun fabric, a flannel shirt, heavy sweater or corduroy waistcoat, tweed jacket, woolen muffler and gloves, and a fur cap. *Lower right:* For general country and spectator sportswear, heavy tweed short warm with fur collar, stitched tweed hat, woolen muffler and heavy gloves.

Perishable Freight

Continued from page 53

"Not that sort of contractor. He's an irrigation specialist. Goes abroad. They said it was an impossible life for a white woman. He goes down to these South American places and digs canals. Lives in a freight car and moves along the canal in the jungle as it is dug. Glorious life he said it was. He was going to get a contract. . . . " She relapsed into silence, biting into a radish and looking grave.

"I see," said Captain Musker sympathetically. "So it's all over?"

"I guess so," said Miss Vasey, looking at Captain Musker with a smile. "I'm supposed to be taking a cure. I guess Clemmy thought you'd be the right antidote. . . . "

Captain Musker was not the man to lose his head over even so ravishing a girl as Vanessa Vasey, but he certainly spent a large portion of his time thinking about her and conversing with her. Miss Annabel, who was a poor sailor, made no objection to Vanessa going up to the captain's cabin and sitting in a deck chair on his private deck. Captain Musker often came down and sat beside the languid Miss Annabel while Vanessa played deck sports. He invited the two of them to dine in his cabin, and after Miss Annabel had gone down to retire he had Vanessa to himself. He was not such a fool as to accept this state of things without looking all round to discover some reason for it. There were a lot of nice boys on the ship who were ready at all times to take up Vanessa's time. Vanessa herself gave him an explanation. "I guess you're pretty nice to be with," she said one evening.

Captain Musker, in the privacy of his own room, was becoming troubled. It was not as if she were a flapper in her teens who was merely making eyes at him in the exuberance of her new-found sex appeal. She was a grown woman, and she admired him. She was all her sister, Mrs. Charsley, might be, with the added intoxication of a provocatively sensuous nature and an emancipated mind. He used to look at her sometimes, as she walked to and fro with him under the warm southern stars and wonder what was going on behind those clear hazel eyes. When he used endearments or put his arm round her she seemed to like it. When he kissed her she returned the caress carelessly yet deliciously. He was having a wonderful time.

Nevertheless he was troubled. He was afraid of getting in too deep, as he phrased it. As the ship neared Havana, he decided to pull out. He would have to give more time to other passengers. It was all very well carrying out Mrs. Charsley's request to the letter, to look after her darling little sister, but he began to be not quite sure of himself.

But as the ship drew near Havana Vanessa spent more and more time with Captain Musker. She refused to go down with him to the dance on the night before arrival and waited until he returned to the top deck. She said: "There's a boy down there who keeps on pestering. I'd rather be here with you. I can trust you, can't I?"

"You certainly can," he said, putting his arm around her. She laid her head on his shoulder, and gazed across the sea.

"It's marvelous to have a friend like you," she said. "I've never been able to do anything on my own before. I'm not supposed to now, but Aunt Annabel is a pretty good sort."

"What's the matter with the boy?" he asked.

"Nothing's the matter with him except that I'd rather be with you. Auntie insisted I stay with you. I feel safer here."

Captain Musker stroked her hair. He was in a turmoil. He listened to her voice as in a dream. She was asking if a ship captain could marry people at sea. Some story she'd been reading. Her voice died away into a husky musical murmur. He held her close.

"We've been simply marvelous pals," she said standing up. "I'll never forget this trip, never. You wish me happiness, don't you? Say you do, please."

"You know I do," he said, kissing her hair.

He took her down to their suite. It was rather a shock to him to see the change in Vanessa's expression when she almost bumped into a young man who had been conversing, just inside the door, with the lady on the couch. Captain Musker felt sorry for the young man. He felt even sorrier when a note, which the boy had left, was torn up without being read. He heard Vanessa in sharp accents give her aunt what strongly resembled "a bawling out." It struck him that Vanessa didn't talk to her aunt like a browbeaten niece. He liked that. He liked the way the girl seemed to boss everybody but himself. With him she was a delicious blend of all the tender sentiments he had ever imagined. Indeed he looked forward to Havana with an eagerness he had, he knew, no business to feel. The memory of her body pressing against his . . . the fragrance of her lips and her hair. . . . Yet again, he told himself, he didn't know her secret. She had a way of accepting caresses as though she were thinking of something else. She even gave them absently, as if a kiss were merely a response to some conventional stimulus. She was, he supposed, a modern girl, one of those confusing post-war products of whom he read such alarming stories. And then again, in a gust of sentiment, he was swept away with a profound belief in her. If she loved a man she would stick to him. She had said those very words one night. "If I loved a man, really loved him, nobody would keep me from him." Brave words! And now, as he recalled her tender affection, he was once more in troubled waters. Those other men, passengers, young, rich and handsome, got nowhere with her, he thought with pride. He reflected that he still possessed his old power over women, and he began to meditate on the problem, how to handle her. He had intended to ease out of this before Havana. Now, with her constantly seeking him in preference to other men, "reaction from her other attachment," he told himself, some other technique was necessary Well he would see. He turned in after visiting the chart room, leaving word to be called as soon as they saw the light. It struck him that Vanessa might be a really marvelous episode in his life. It would be magical, to take her ashore in Havana tomorrow. But he must plan not to get in too deep. He didn't want her infatuation for him to become a menace. . . . No!

Captain Musker, looking down at the dock as the SONAMBULA slowly slid alongside, saw a young man with a big western hat and a very bronzed face looking up with a wide smile at some one on the promenade deck. Seen partly foreshortened, he appeared tremendously broad and strongly planted on the dock. He also seemed very much abashed by the signals he was receiving. He held a radiogram form in his hand, pointing to it and nodding vigorously. Captain Musker leaned far over to glance along the line of passengers on the rail beneath him. He saw Vanessa Vasey with a radiogram too, and the expression on her face was an ecstasy of achieved desire. Captain Musker, the corners of his mouth drawn down, walked back to the bridge. The third officer, venturing a remark, nearly had his head bitten off. The pilot signalled to stop the engines.

Captain Musker, preparing to receive the agent, saw his door suddenly opened and Vanessa burst in dragging the big young man, who was now enormous.

"Captain, will you marry me—us—when we get to sea again?" she rushed out at him. "Promise please! This is my man. He came down by Key West. He's got that contract, in Venezuela. We'll get off at Venezuela. Auntie will go with us. She's in on this, captain. Shake hands with my man!" she panted.

The young man beamed and took Captain Musker's hand in a fist like an excavator's shovel.

"Sure glad to meet you, Captain," he said. "Van told me about you taking care of her on the way down. I guess you skippers have special instructions about perishable freight, huh! Well, we'll make a party of it as far as LaGuaira. We had a bit of trouble with Van's family up east. They thought I was some sort of scavenger when they heard Van talking about excavators." He laughed. "Well, see you later. Anything Van says goes." He put his gigantic palm on her shoulder and propelled her out of the cabin. She swung away to turn to Captain Musker for a moment.

"Captain! You understand, don't you?" she said, scanning his face. He smiled and patted her cheek.

"Of course!" he said. "I understand perfectly. Your sister said you were to have every attention. And you shall. I'll do it as soon as we get to sea. Now get away ashore and enjoy yourselves. I'm busy."

Masters of Myth

Continued from page 93

There was once a Legionnaire who distinguished himself in action, showed initiative—and got away with it. He, the ex-Legionnaire, identifies himself with that fortunate fellow. There was once a Legionnaire who inherited a large sum of money and gave immense parties, with champagne and pretty girls brought down from the sea coast. The ex-Legionnaire becomes that man, or at the very least, that man's closest friend. Anything, so that he can have known the beautiful sirens and drunk magnums of champagne!

All ex-Legionnaires, or practically all, tell the same yarns, showing that they borrowed the pattern somewhere. There are certain legendary characters in the Foreign Legion, as much parts of the traditions of the Corps as the Flying Dutchman is part of the lore of the sea. By long odds the favorite is the

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Yonder's Henry!

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were looking down sadly on a large inert body. Mrs. Albert was saying things. We listened.

"Would you believe it?" she was saying. "Ever since you all got out of sight he's been sleeping there just like a lamb. Must have eaten too much hunt breakfast. Isn't he sweet?"

We, too, gazed down at the slumbering figure. The expression in Albert's eyes was too terrible for man to behold. I felt inclined to withdraw quietly—to leave him alone with his sorrow. The figure, as if feeling our eyes upon it, feebly attempted to raise its head. Slumber overcame it. A gnawed chicken bone slipped from its mouth as it drifted off to sleep. A tail moved with propitiatory intentions. A gentle sigh fell upon the still evening air.

Then our colonel lifted up his voice.

"Yonder's Henry!" he howled, and there was a touch of madness in his eyes. "Hear him!" He paused, squared his shoulders, then confronted Albert.

The rest is silence . . .

Have You An Appointment?

Continued from page 61

Jones . . . object of visit: to buy goods . . . is not so much a convenience today as it is an outworn ritual. That printed form may have been all right when anybody and everybody was besieging Mr. Jones with prayerful requests for thousands of yards of pongee silk, but its survival in business practice, has become a point of honor with Mr. Jones, just as a British administrator in a North Borneo settlement, will sit down to his solitary dinner every evening, in a claw hammer coat, high starched collar, boiled shirt and white tie.

Please don't get the impression that I'm not just as fond of eating as any other moderately fat man, but my digestion is such that I can't mix business and pot roast without getting pot roast poisoning. Of course, I admit freely that I'm no business man anyway, and perhaps the big business men of the country have so trained their digestive juices that they flow as freely when large sums of money are at stake as when dinner is being served in the privacy of the home where not even the price of new asparagus is being discussed.

Therefore, to sum up what I believe ought to be abolished in the interest of doing business more easily, I would first insist that all conferences be held before ten a.m. and after five p.m. This would spur the business man, who didn't want to see somebody, to the exercise of an imagination which has become sluggish by years of instructing the telephone operator to say: "Mr. Hall is in conference just now and I don't know when he'll be at liberty." I suggest instead that the telephone operator be given some leeway so that she might tell the unwelcome visitor: "Mr. Hall is playing Kelly pool at the Distributors' Club and I don't know when he'll get through, because he just telephoned that he's fifty cents out and he certainly will not return until he breaks even." This simple statement would give the unwelcome visitor convincing proof that Mr. Hall didn't want to see him, and in order not to see him, was even willing to blast the business reputation of an executive as important as Mr. Hall.

The printed form containing the name of the visitor and the object of his visit ought also to be abolished. A simple telephone call to Mr. Hall's office ought to be sufficient, especially if Mr. Hall, whose name is again used hypothetically, were in his office and instructed the operator to repeat what he said, e.g. "What's that you say, Mr. Hall. You ain't in, and you don't know when you'll be back? O.K., Mr. Hall." The telephone operator could then say to the unwelcome visitor: "Mr. Hall ain't in, and I don't know when he'll be back." If that doesn't let the unwelcome visitor know where he gets off, nothing short of a muscular bouncer *will.*

I reserve for the finish, the bronze plaque on Mr. Hall's desk, which informs a visitor who in all probability has known Mr. Hall since childhood, that the person sitting at the desk is Mr. Hall himself, and not an actor out of a job, hired for his resemblance to the real Mr. Hall, just as a motion picture producer hires men to perform in Civil War pictures because they have grown beards which approximate the hair on the faces of General Grant, General Sherman, Stonewall Jackson or even our revered Abraham Lincoln himself. What the Dickens! If the person sitting behind Mr. Hall's desk, who at that moment when the visitor calls, is no doubt talking into his telephone and saying: "Yes, this is Mr. Hall," cannot be sufficiently identified by all the surrounding circumstances, it's a nice lookout for everybody concerned, except for the manufacturer of bronze plaques for vice presidents' desks in banks and insurance companies.

Who Is My Neighbor?

Continued from page 108

as if he alone felt the formal importance of the occasion. He walked with brusque precision till he saw Michael, who was standing up, staring at him with his mouth open.

The little hangman grinned and as soon as the procession reached the door step, he shook hands with Michael. They were all looking at Michael. As though his work were over now, the hangman said eagerly to Michael, "I thought I'd see you here. You didn't get down to the pier at dawn?"

"No. I couldn't make it."

"That was tough, Michael. I looked for you," he said. "But never mind. I've got something for you." As they all went into the jail, Dr. Parker glanced angrily at Michael, then turned his back on him. In the office, where the doctor prepared to sign a certificate, Smitty was bending down over his fishing basket which was in the corner. Then he pulled out two good-sized salmon-bellied lake trout, folded in a newspaper, and said, "I was saving these for you, Michael. I got four in an hour's fishing." Then he said, "I'll talk about that later, if you'll wait. We'll be busy here, and I've got to change my clothes."

Michael went out to the street with Dr. Parker and the two city newspapermen. Under his arm he was carrying the fish, folded in the newspaper. Outside, at the jail door, Michael thought that the doctor and the two newspapermen were standing a little apart from him. Then the small crowd, with their clothes all dust-soiled from the road, surged forward, and the doctor said to them, "You might as well go home, boys. It's all over."

"Where's old Steadman?" somebody called.

"We'll wait for the hangman," somebody else shouted.

The doctor walked away by himself. For a while Michael stood beside the two city newspapermen, and tried to look as nonchalant as they were looking, but he lost confidence in them when he smelled whiskey. They only talked to each other. Then they mingled with the crowd, and Michael stood alone. At last he could stand there no longer looking at all those people he knew so well, so he, too, moved out and joined the crowd.

When the sheriff came out with the hangman and two of the guards, they got half way down to one of the automobiles before someone threw an old boot. Steadman ducked into one of the cars, as the boot hit him on the shoulder, and the two guards followed him. The hangman, dismayed, stood alone on the sidewalk. Those in the car must have thought at first that the hangman was with them for the car suddenly shot forward, leaving him alone on the sidewalk. The crowd threw small rocks and sticks, hooting at him as the automobile backed up slowly towards him. One small stone hit him on the head. Blood trickled from the side of his head as he looked around helplessly at all the angry people. He had the same expression on his face, Michael thought, as he had had last night when he had seemed ashamed and had looked down steadily at the water. Once now, he looked around wildly, looking for someone to help him as the crowd kept pelting him. Farther and farther Michael backed into the crowd and all the time he felt dreadfully ashamed as though he were betraying Smitty, who last night had had such a good neighborly time with him. "It's different now, it's different," he kept thinking, as he held the fish in the newspaper tight under his arm. Smitty started to run toward the automobile, but James Mortimer, a big fisherman, shot out his foot and tripped him and sent him sprawling on his face.

Mortimer, the big fisherman, looking for something to throw, said to Michael, "Sock him, sock him."

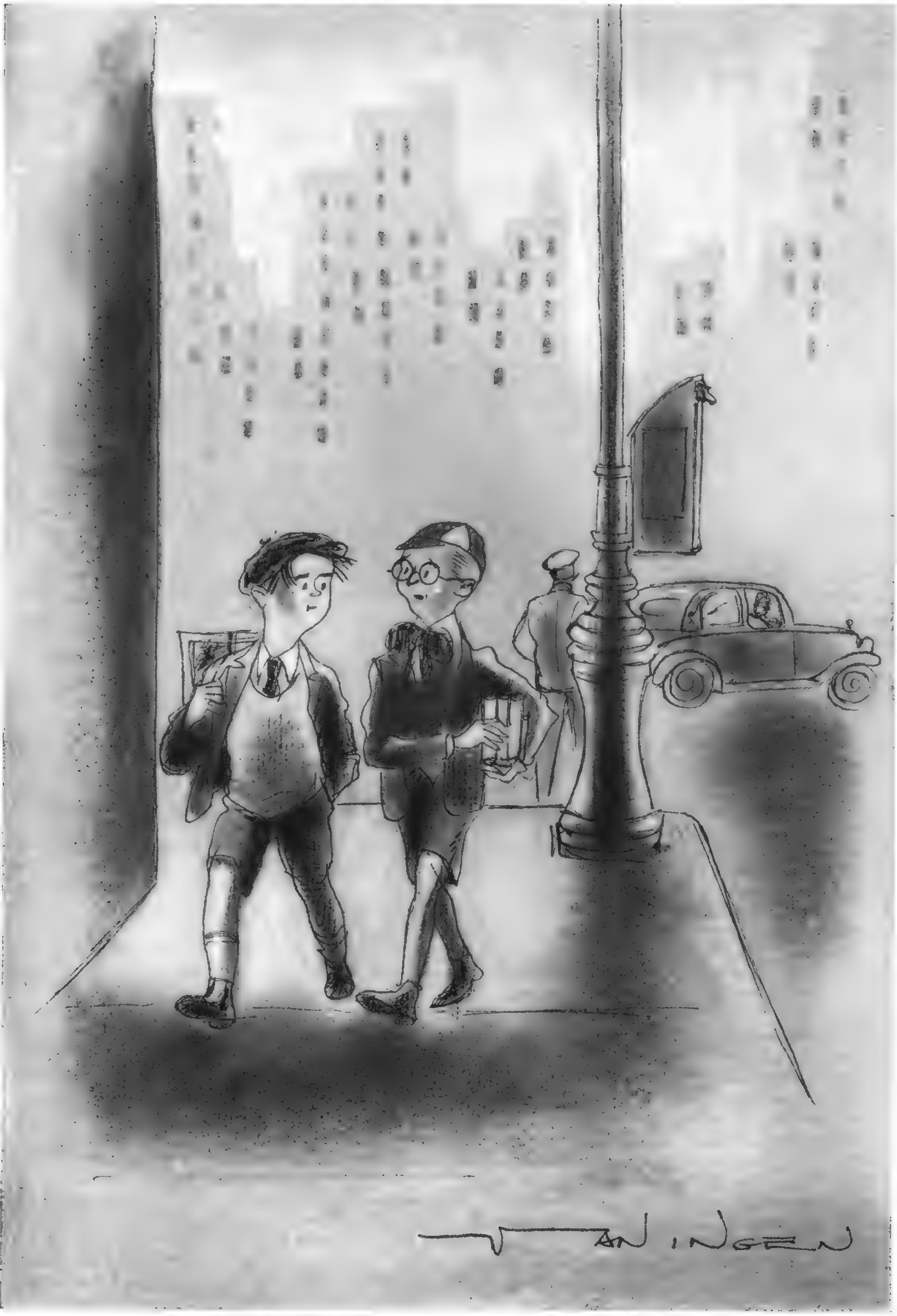
Michael shook his head and felt sick.

"What's the matter with you, Michael?"

"Nothing. I got nothing against him."

Falling into a rage, the big fisherman started pounding his fists up and down in the air. "He just doesn't mean anything to me at all," Michael said quickly. The fisherman, bending down, kicked a small rock loose from the road bed and heaved it at the hangman. Then he said, "What are you holding there, Michael, what's under your arm? Fish. Pitch them at him. Here, give them to me." Still in a fury, he snatched the fish, and threw them one at a time at the little man just as he was getting up from the road. The fish fell in the thick dust in front of him, sending up a little cloud. Smitty seemed to stare at the fish with his mouth hanging open, then he didn't even look at the crowd. That expression on Smitty's face as he saw the fish on the road made Michael hot with shame and he tried to get out of the crowd.

Smitty had his hands over his head, to shield his face as the crowd pelted him, yelling, "Sock the little rat. Throw the runt in the lake." The sheriff pulled him into the automobile. The car shot forward in a cloud of dust.



"I'm worried about my mother, she wants the old saloon back"

Ace, Deuce, Ten Spot, Joker

Continued from page 49

envelope and turned it over. In typed letters it was addressed:

Mr. Salvatore Terrafino

Which was all, but which, for The Suet's understanding was enough. That would be Big Casino's deft ironic touch—to call him by his real name, the name which he almost had forgotten was his, so long had it been since he himself had used it or heard it used.

With fingers already turned cold and numbish at their tips, he opened the envelope. The message it contained also was ample and sufficient in its meaning. It was merely a new clean card from a deck of ordinary playing-cards. But it was the ten of diamonds, and, to The Suet, frozen in a stiffly wooden posture, every one of those ten bright little pips was like a separate petal of some scarlet graveyard flower ready to flutter loose and drift down on a coffin lid.

That's what The Suet got for having so much imagination. From that source he got plenty more of trouble through that night and through that next day.

He didn't dare try to make his break during the night; not in the darkness when any black corner in the building, any cranny or sidewalk recess for a block either way might be sheltering the torpedoes. Nor, temperamentally constituted as he was, could he stay on where he was until they came and dug him out of his hole. His only chance—if it was a chance—would be to try for it in broad daylight with people and cops about and all.

In the morning and on through the morning, from behind the slitted shade, he watched the street scene for dangerous-looking strangers. If they were down there—and they must be down there somewhere—he couldn't spot them. He saw all the regulars: the old lady with the pug dog, the apple peddler and the rest of them, but no suspicious newcomers could he see loafing along or idling about or pacing the abbreviated stretch lying withing his reach of vision.

So about three o'clock, when the crowds were good and thick, he went down the stairs, one step at a time, with his stubby automatic in his right hand and all the while figuring himself to be no better than a hundred-to-one shot.

The odds were even longer than that.

For him to creep down the narrow stairwell from the second flight to the street level must have taken all of five minutes. Sucking his breath in with a big gulp, he stepped out of the doorway and stood upon the pavement, his back to the building and he trying to look every way at once.

Unless you had been there and seen it with your own eyes, you could never have believed a thing like that could happen so swiftly—yea, and so smoothly.

The apple peddler who, it would subsequently develop, had his station just one door down and on the same side, gave a signal by suddenly flinging a whole platter of apples high in the air, at the same time whistling shrilly. His share being performed, the apple peddler vanished.

The blind man—only it seemed he wasn't a blind man at all—cast off his black glasses and out with a gun and ran then across the roadway, firing briskly as he drew nearer.

The newest one among those three saurian-men closed in on his victim from another flank but his tactics were different. Reaching the curbing, he stopped and squatted so that his front sandwich board made a portable breastwork for him while he swapped shots with their trapped target. A grand breastwork it made, too, seeing it was a sheet of light tough steel painted over so that the two of The Suet's bullets which struck it zinged and glanced off, leaving gouges in the paint, which details subsequently interested the police department and public press no little. Likewise the abandoned placard of the first gunner had its share of attention. It also was of tempered metal, an excellent shield to the lungs and heart of its wearer.

In half a minute, maybe less, the sandwich-man was freed of his defensive plating and the "blind" man had discarded his armor and the pair of them were racing for a taxicab which just then opportunely cruised past. It slowed up for long enough to take both aboard and fled east by north, flashing a set of forged and therefore misleading license plates in the faces of a confused and, for the most part, a panic-striken multitude.

As for the properly-riddled Suet, he passed out where he had dropped on the pavement before the entryway, and his last conscious thoughts were elsewise directed than to the workmanlike manner of his undoing, there being in these farewell thoughts of his neither deep chagrin over the outcome nor reluctant admiration for the system employed. In these last conscious moments, what filled his mind was a vague wondering—a wondering with an element of shocked astonishment in it—that on penetrating one's person bullets neither stung nor burned, as the story-writers had claimed, but, on the contrary, hit with heavy and stunning impacts, thumps, really, like blows of a club or kicks of a mule's hoof.

Spur's End

Continued from page 95

The young man shifted his position and crossed his legs. "Well doctor, I worried about that," he continued. "I wanted to have a telephone put in, but she wouldn't let me. She said the grocery boy told her all the gossip. I used to ask her—I'd ask her if she minded being alone all day, but she'd just laugh and tell me what all she'd been doing. I guess she was busy too—it was a large house. Still, it *did* worry me, I'll admit. I would've asked my sister to come out if it hadn't been for her kids. They got on my nerves too."

"I see. But it did worry you, leaving her alone?" The doctor looked down at the pen and turned its point around.

"Yes indeed. But then my job in town was just about ready to fold up and I was worried about that, though I tried to keep Katha from seeing it. Sometimes I had to work late on the books after she'd gone to bed, and so she began to bother about my health. You know the way women do. Still, we managed all right."

Yes, thought the doctor, you managed. "Tell me," he said, "was your wife in good spirits at this time. Was she her normal self, I mean?"

"Katha? Oh she was happy as a lark, and when I'd come home—" the young man smiled and hesitated. "Well, we had a sort of joke between us, doctor. You see, the fellow who'd built this place had set up a big sign near the road. The paint had mostly peeled off but you could still read it. It said: *Sunnydale Villas—The Dimple of Long Island.* I don't know why but that just tickled us somehow. We called our house *The Dimple* and ourselves 'The Dimps.' I was Mr. Dimp and Katha was Mrs. Dimp. We got a lot of laughs out of that."

The doctor smiled. "What else did you talk about?" he asked.

"Oh I don't know—about ourselves mostly, I guess. There wasn't much else to talk about. My wife'd ask me about the job and I'd ask her about the housework, and if she'd been lonely there all day by herself. Then we'd read the papers or I'd work awhile before we went to bed."

"She had no one else to talk to then, during the day? No neighbors or visitors?" 'Unusual' hell, thought the older man. How many farms, how many sweet suburban homes . . .

The young man hesitated and looked doubtfully at the stern, square face across the desk.

"Nobody," he answered. "And the more I thought about it the more it worried me. She used to tease me about it—about my worrying. She thought that was one reason I didn't get ahead in business, and it was hard for us to talk about it.

"Then one night she sprang a surprise on me. She said a Mrs. Granby had moved into number sixteen in the row next to us, and that I wouldn't have to worry about her any more. As soon as I heard that I felt better right away, and I guess I must have looked it.

"Every night after that when I'd get home she'd tell me how her and Mrs. Granby'd been exchanging recipes or making clothes, or just talking. Katha was knitting a blue jacket for Mrs. Granby's baby. I remember that especially . . . a blue woolen jacket.

"I wanted to call on Mrs. Granby, but Katha said she went to bed early, and on week-ends she always visited her mother in Bayside, so I never got to see her. My wife talked about her all the time though, and I was glad she'd found a friend."

The doctor's interest in the younger man's story increased sharply at this point. He leaned forward and placed the tips of his fingers together. "Don't hurry, please," he said. "And don't leave out anything. You can never tell what might help, what might be our clue."

"Nothing else happened, doctor—until that night.

"I remember coming home on the train. It was dark before we got to Jamaica. The lights hurt my eyes so I folded my paper and looked out the window. You see, I'm trying to remember everything that happened that night. Well, the car was hot and stuffy and I noticed that there was frost on the windows, so I rubbed a clear spot where I could see through. It was raining and the lights outside had those sort of foggy rings around them.

"When we got to Sunnydale it was pitch dark. I got off with my paper and briefcase, crossed the tracks and started down the road. I hadn't taken an umbrella and before I'd gone a hundred yards I was soaked through, and cold. There aren't any lights on that road and I splashed into puddles up to my ankles.

"As I walked along I got to thinking about Katha sitting there all day in the house in

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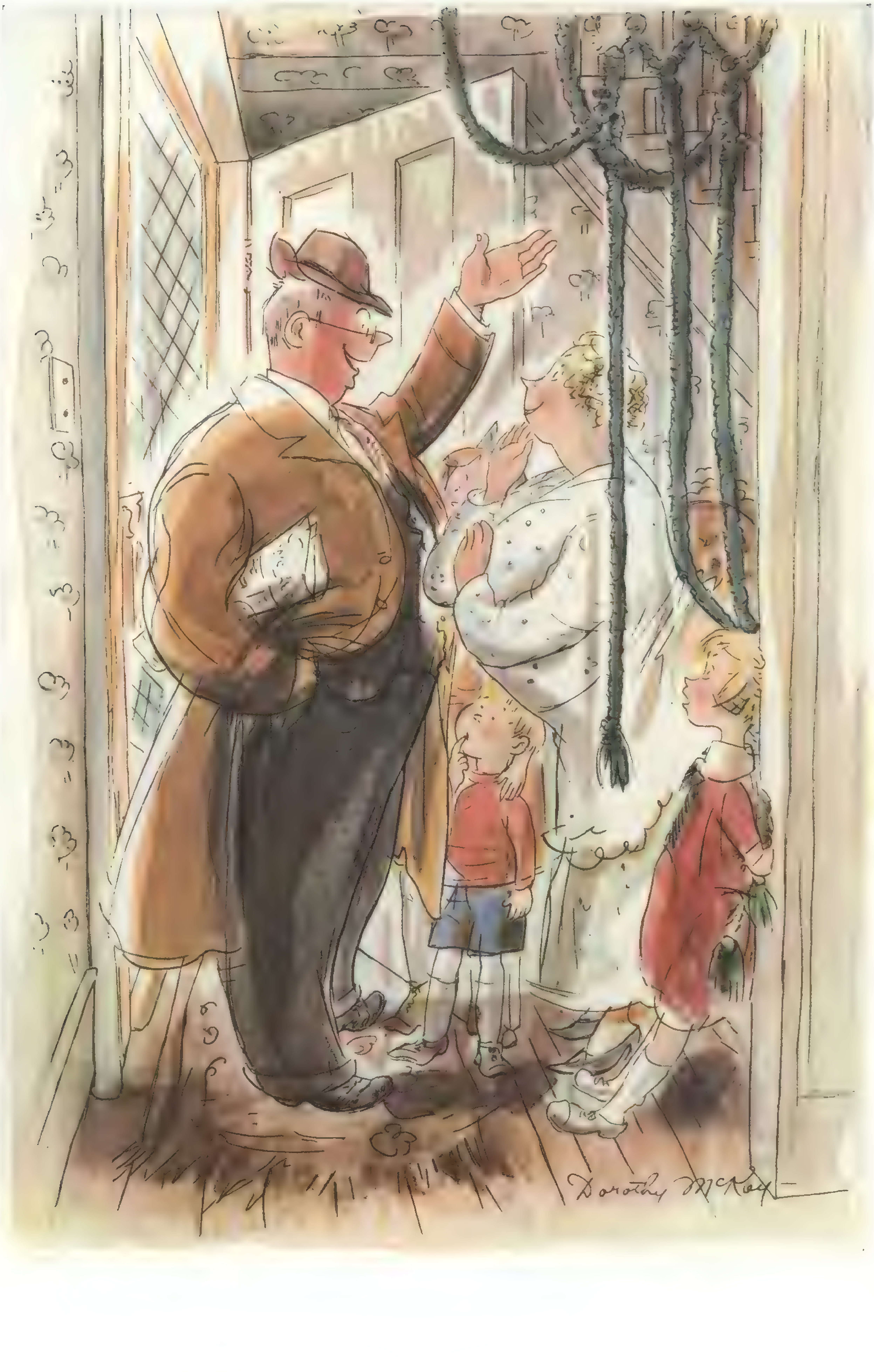
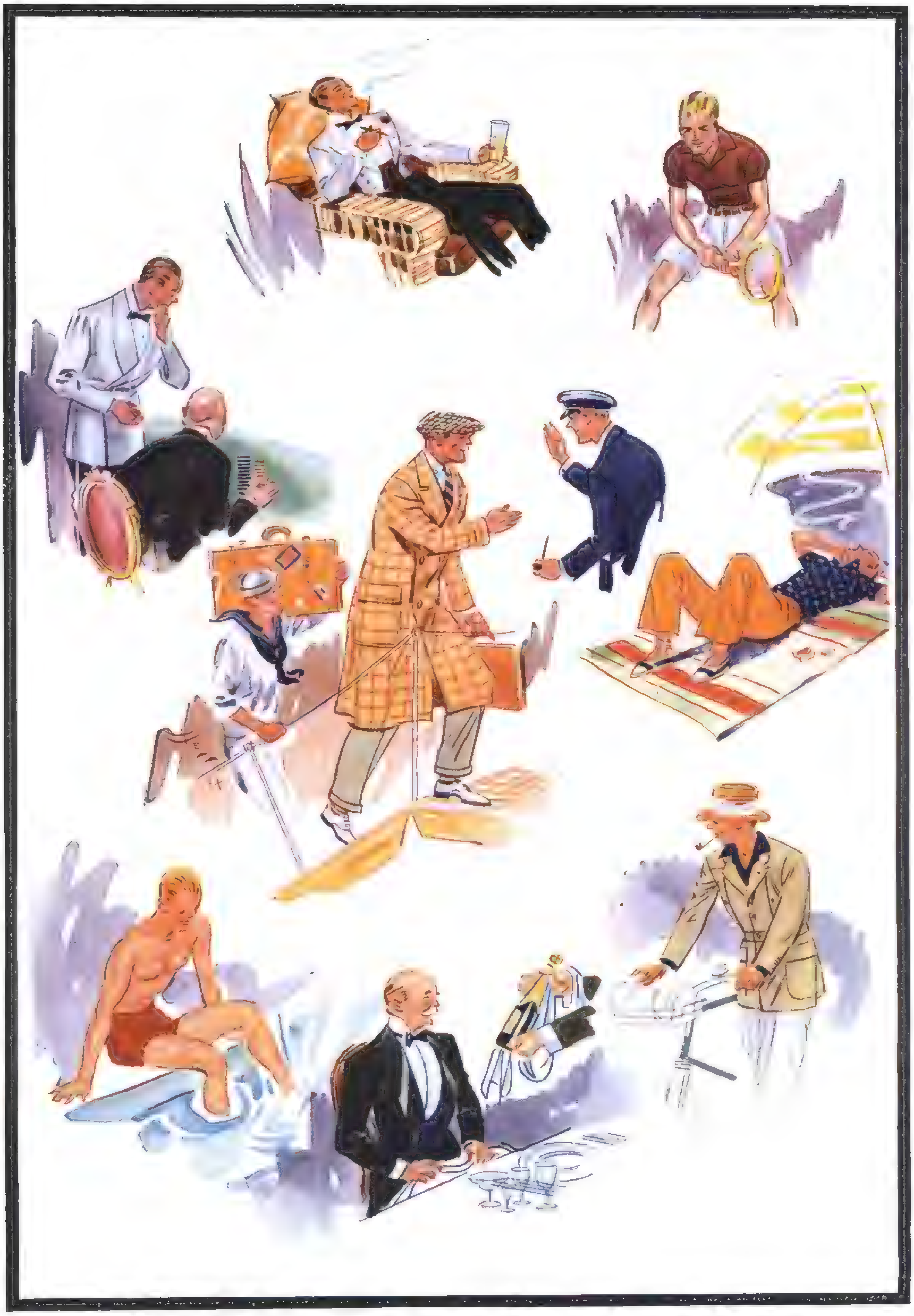

Dorothy McKay

"Mama, guess what—I'm foreman of the jury"



A PAGE OF CRUISE AND SOUTHERN FASHIONS

Upper left: The accepted outfit for formal warm weather evening wear: double breasted white dinner jacket, soft white shirt, black trousers, tie and pumps. *Top center:* The white linen mess jacket with black dress trousers, starched or soft dress shirt, wing or fold collar, black tie and black or colored silk cummerbund. *Upper right:* Bunny Austin's white flannel tennis shorts, with knitted polo shirt. *Center:* Light weight tweed topcoat, odd jacket and grey flannel slacks, white buck shoes, checked cap—for shipboard and travel. *Right center:* Rust color sailcloth beach slacks with light wool white-polka-dotted shirt, rope soled canvas espadrilles. *Lower left:* The shirtless vogue increases, but soft tight fitting knitted trunks are preferred to the older gabardines. *Bottom center:* Colored silk evening waistcoats are very smart but the fashion is not yet widespread. *Lower right:* Natural linen Norfolk jacket, blue polo shirt, dark brown leghorn hat.

Spur's End

Continued from page 114

the rain. I hoped Mrs. Granby'd dropped in, and I wondered if maybe we hadn't better move back into town for the winter. Finally I came to the top of the last hill. Doctor, I never *saw* a place so lonesome and God-forsaken as those houses looked that night, bunched there in that hollow . . .

"I hurried along and when I got to our house I was surprised not to see a light downstairs at all. There was only a light *upstairs* in the front room, where my wife sews. I let myself in and walked through to the kitchen to hang up my wet clothes. Then I saw the stove wasn't lit and there wasn't any sign of dinner. Katha always had supper ready when I got home.

"I threw my hat and coat on the floor and rushed upstairs, calling her name . . ."

The doctor broke the silence which followed. "What was she doing when you found her?" he asked.

The young man looked at the door and seemed to be listening for something. "She was there in the sewing room," he replied, "holding that blue jacket she'd been knitting for Mrs. Granby's kid, and rocking back and forth in a chair. She hadn't heard me come in, and she was looking out the window, though it was dark outside.

"'Katha!' I said. 'What's happened, honey? What's wrong?'

"She never turned or even stopped rocking. I went around in front of her so I could see her face. She was staring straight ahead. She never saw me at all.

"'*Katha!*' I cried. I was scared now, doctor. I was scared to death. 'Katha darling, it's Charley,' I said. 'Don't . . .'

"I put the back of my hand to her cheek and it was burning up. I thought to myself, 'God, she's got pneumonia! The fever's got her out of her head!' I stood up and I didn't know where to turn.

"Suddenly I thought of Mrs. Granby. A woman would know what to do. I ran downstairs and out the front door into the rain. I remember the weeds were soaking and the streets slippery with mud. I ran all the way to the house where Katha'd said Mrs. Granby lived. The house was dark so I figured she'd already gone to bed.

"I rushed up the steps and pushed the bell. I kept pushing and pushing but I couldn't hear the bell ringing. By that time my eyes had gotten used to the dark and I went to the window to look in. I cupped my hands close to the glass, like this . . .

"Jesus, doctor, there wasn't any *furniture* in the house! The floors were all bare! I couldn't understand it. I backed out to the sidewalk, watching the second-story windows, but they were all dark and shuttered up. Then I looked down and saw the weeds all grown up to the steps. There wasn't any path through them—only mine. Nobody lived there! *Nobody had ever lived there!*

"I ran back home as fast as I could. As I took the stairs I could hear the chair still rocking slowly and my heart was pounding so I couldn't hardly breathe. I dropped down in front of her again and caught her hands. I saw she was smiling now, but still looking straight ahead. I thought she was teasing me maybe, smiling like that.

"'Hello, Mrs. Dimp!' I said, trying to laugh. 'This is Mr. Dimp.' That was a sort of joke we had. At first she didn't move, didn't show any sign of hearing me. Then, *then*, doctor—"

From the door at their right, as suddenly as before, there came the sounds of a woman's laughter, quietly at first, as if provoked by some immensely amusing story, then rising until even the great domed room throbbed with the shrill stridor of hysteria. Then as suddenly it stopped, in the middle of a demoniac scale.

The doctor reached across the desk and laid his hand upon the other's arm, the fingers which were so godlike in their sureness, so clean and strong.

"It's like this at first," he said gently. "Later, when it wears off and we can talk to her—"

There was no sound now but the last faint echo of the laughter, trapped in the dome above them. Finally it too escaped, leaving the fly alone in his slow tortuous circuit. The young man looked away from the door and tried to ask a question. His lips quivered mutely and piteously and his eyes welled with tears.

The Mythical Morgan

Continued from page 69

see any one of the partners—to convince the visitor that he is in the presence of a Big Shot. Anybody who has a reasonable excuse to call on a Morgan partner can do so with much less monkey-business than would be necessary to gain the inner shrine of even a minor flunkey in, say, a motion picture corporation.

Once the Morgan family and banking tradition got started and took deeper root, it gradually became sacred to those destined to carry it on. The present J. P. Morgan could hardly have avoided being a banker unless he had true revolutionary instincts. From birth—sixty-six years ago—he was taught to accept his place in the general scheme, regardless of personal preference, just as the Prince of Wales knows from infancy that his career has been picked by the Gods.

It would have been particularly difficult for Morgan to escape what the Fates held in store for him, because of his deep affection and reverence for his father. If the elder J. P. had told Jack to be a pirate, or a Methodist preacher, Jack would have done as he was told and tried to make himself like it. He would never have willingly gone counter to the wishes of his sire. Even today when he speaks of the first J. P., his eyes sometimes become moist with tears. He never refers to him as "my father," but as "father."

At any rate, throughout his formative years, whether in care of well-bred governesses, at St. Paul's school, in association with other rich men's sons, or at Harvard, Jack Morgan could hardly have lived a normal life. Never was there a time when he could properly take stock of himself to determine what kind of career he was best fitted to follow. He never could have the fun of finding himself. Being too deeply tied up with Destiny to have a normal outlook, and thus feeling himself a little different from other boys, it is small wonder he became shy and reserved.

In later years, only a miracle could have saved him from a secret feeling of inferiority. It is one thing to grow up in the shadow of a famous father, but quite another thing to be compelled continuously to play second fiddle up to the age of forty-six. Even if he had original thoughts or was capable of distinguished achievements, he knew whatever he did would be attributed to the prestige of his papa. What was the use of trying to be anybody on his own?

If in addition to such inhibitions, there is special need for secrecy, surely it is natural that a man should go through life maintaining a considerable aloofness from the public. The most horrible thing to the Morgans about the Senate investigation was the fundamental idea of having cherished secrets, no matter how free from taint of illegality, dragged forth to public gaze. Part of their hold on the financial world has come from their ability to sell to clients a degree of secrecy not obtainable in virtually any other bank. This has always been highly important to such clients as leading foreign governments whom Morgan has served as fiscal agent. But it seems doubtful if the loss to business prestige of no longer being able to deliver secrecy, is as painful to Morgan as the mere fact of having to make public exhibition of those things which are to him as sacred as a confessional. He perhaps feels much as Lady Godiva must have felt when forced to offer herself, defoliated, to public gaze—assuming she was as modest and retiring as the conventional housewife is supposed to be. We all have had disturbing dreams in which we found ourselves in the market-place dressed only in our nighties. That's the way Morgan must have felt. His formal statement issued at the close of the Senate hearings revealed between the lines, how painful it all was.

Everybody marveled at Morgan's seeming calm and good nature in going through that great ordeal. But this is less a revelation of his true feelings than a demonstration of the ability of a well-bred man to rise to an occasion. Morgan comes of rugged ancestry and the far-off voices of his forebears may have joined with his attorneys' in whispering to him: "Go through with it like a man! Don't let 'em think they can ruffle you. Never ask for mercy."

True, Morgan learned much from his close contact at the hearings with newspaper correspondents, news photographers and other supposedly rough boys. He found them to be a likeable lot, and he was as agreeably surprised perhaps as were they to discover so many human qualities in Morgan. It seemed incredible during a brief recess to see Morgan beckon to one of the photographers and ask him to explain the mechanism of his new-fangled flash-light apparatus. The two then sat and chatted and became chummy. For all Morgan knew, it might have been the same photographer whose camera he smashed with his cane at the pier when once he was sailing for Europe and thought the photographer too persistent.

A SIGNIFICANT fact about the Morgan personality is that those who might take orders from him and be somewhat in awe of him—whether partners, office employes, sons, or servants, all adore him. (In contrast to this I have in mind another prominent banker who seems to be universally hated for his arrogance by all who in any way find themselves beholden to him.) Morgan shows much noblesse oblige in his

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Deaf Burke Fights a Ghost

Continued from page 99

the ferocious Irishman had sworn to have his blood for the blood of Simon Byrne. They warned him again in New York when he read O'Rourke's swaggering challenge to fight any man living for a thousand dollars a side. But they could not hold him back. He packed up his traps and went. But it was not Samuel O'Rourke he went to meet. It was to try conclusions once and for all with a more silent and more formidable adversary.

At last Deaf Burke and Samuel O'Rourke came face to face in a drinking-shop by the waterside. O'Rourke's was not a pleasant face; nor was Burke's either at that moment. O'Rourke started blustering. He'd not strip for one cent less than a thousand dollars, begad he wouldn't. It so happened that two adventurous gentlemen were taking a dram or two in the saloon at that moment. Perhaps they had taken two or three. The fact remains that they each brought forth two hundred and fifty-five dollars then and there, and laid them down among the spillings of rum and absinthe. "What do you say to that, Sam?" they wanted to know. O'Rourke's gaze wandered between Burke's colossal fists and the sweet heap of dollar-bills. The dollar-bills had it. A wetness came up along his lower lip. "Done!" said he, and licked his lips.

One of the gallant backers was a cotton buyer from Manchester. They do not send out cotton buyers of that calibre from Manchester now. Or I, at least, have met none.

The fight was fixed for a fortnight later. It came off, and both the principals were there—which was a strange thing. For so many efforts were made on Deaf Burke's life that you might have thought he was a Pretender to a throne and not a mere low-born bruiser from the Thames Embankment. His backers and his seconds, however, formed themselves into a bodyguard—a precursor of the bodyguard which, in those later days, the illustrious Mr. Al Capone transported with him on all his journeys, whether he went to the corner of the block to buy a newspaper or to the coast of Florida to buy a picture-palace. It is also clear that the "bumping off" business was still in its infancy in those early days in New Orleans.

The fact is Deaf Burke survived and duly stepped into the ring on a blazing afternoon in May, 1836. The ring had been set up at the fork of the Bayou roads over against the rolling Mississippi. It was surrounded by the gentlest gang of ewe lambs that ever gathered to witness a fight in the history of prize fighting. If it had suddenly occurred to those ewe lambs to set to washing themselves clean of their sins, there would not have been water enough in the long deep Mississippi to do the job.

It was a grand, snarling, roaring, screaming, spitting company of desperadoes, consisting largely (says the chronicler) of "creoles, half-breeds, French gamblers, Yankee sharps, Irish roughs." Above all, Irish roughs. All Ireland had sent its delegates from Cork to Londonderry. Had not Deaf Burke slaughtered their broth of a boy, Simon Byrne, and in cold blood, too? He had eluded them all, these last two weeks. Today he would not elude them. It was not the bare knuckles of Samuel O'Rourke they put their trust in. What were these pistols for, these bowie knives, these bludgeons and slung-shot?

As I said earlier, from the point of view of mere fighting, the Burke-O'Rourke affair does not rank high in the annals of prize fighting. There were only three rounds fought. O'Rourke thrust in a few sharp ones to the ribs. Deaf Burke got over some of those great swinging smashes which had done so much damage on the other side of the water. But the sight of those moustaches bristling, those lips twisting, those knives glinting, must have taken a little polish off his style.

The fight was officially between Deaf Burke and Samuel O'Rourke, but O'Rourke's second, a brisk gentleman named Micky Carson, took up a great deal of the limelight. In the second round, he crept up behind the Irishman and shoved him into O'Rourke's arms. O'Rourke promptly threw him and fell on top of him.

Deaf Burke was displeased. He informed Mr. Carson, he would knock him down if he did such a thing again. Mr. Carson said that if Mr. Burke tried to knock him down he would slit his gizzard. Mr. Carson meant it. Unusual as it is for seconds in a prize fight to carry a knife or a pistol in addition to a sponge and a towel, Mr. Carson carried both a knife *and* a pistol.

In the third round Deaf Burke was more than displeased. He was angry. He knocked out several of Samuel O'Rourke's teeth. Mr. Carson thought this very unmannerly. He crept forward, his hand on his knife hilt. Deaf Burke spotted him out of the corner of his eye. With the bellow of an outraged bull he hurled himself upon Mr. Carson. Mr. Carson slid neatly to the ground.

What happened then was confused and confusing. Ireland surged as one man upon the ropes, and cut them. Then it surged upon Deaf Burke and tried to do the same to him.

"Come on!" roared Burke, hurling his fists about him like flails. "Come on, you lumps of dirt!"

And then he saw a face among the other faces, paler than the rest. It was the face of no living man. His eyes grew thick as glass. His hands fell to his side. The knives circled in the air about his head. Then a voice, the voice of a friend, cried into his ear beseechingly: "Pull yourself together, man! They'll slit your throat! Run! Run!"

He blinked. He had a sudden poignant vision of the Thames, how broad it flows at Westminster, and the lights upon it. He had a vision of a girl he knew at Poplar. He turned his huge back upon the ghost. Like a buffalo charging he butted his way through the mob. The roughs fell like skittles before his onset. A hundred yards down the Bayou Road, a hand thrust the handle of a bowie-knife into his hand. "Take this" said the voice. The howling mob was at his heels. Fifty yards farther a stranger leaped from his horse and bade Burke leap onto it. "God bless you," said the stranger. "And get to hell out of it!"

Hell-for-leather rode Deaf Burke into New Orleans. A strange horseman he looked, naked to the navel, those green baize drawers below it, with the flying knots of yellow ribbon at the knees. He fled to the theatre owned by the good Mr. Caldwell, one of his backers. There he lay low for several days, until it was considered safe to move him, at dead of night, with a few sacks about his shoulders, to the waterside.

They smuggled him aboard a steamship going north up the Mississippi. The horn hooted. The paddle churned up the black water. Deaf Burke threw off his sacks, threw out his chest, and walked over to the stern. Behind, fainter and fainter twinkled the lights of New Orleans. Beneath, the bubbles choked and chuckled. They broke and spread. They joined their edges and made a great pale face. The face they made was the face of Simon Byrne. The watery eye winked out of the dimness.

A Rhapsody in Jaipur Pink

Continued from page 46

ants, and then rising again, fluttering their wings like so many hundreds of tiny airplanes.

Sacred peacocks strutted about and preened themselves in the hot afternoon sun. Sacred goats with silky black fur ran bleating from courtyard to courtyard. Sacred green parakeets flew in huge clouds through the garden straight above my head. Sacred alligators swished their tails lazily in a large lake in front of His Highness' summer pavilion. Sacred bulls bellowed and wagged their heads viciously, making me think that perhaps it would be more prudent to remain indoors during my visit to the Rajah.

I had to walk very slowly because my Mohamet stopped, knelt, bowed and chanted a prayer each time we would encounter a new group of sacred animals.

It was nearly six o'clock now and difficult as it was to tear myself away from the enchanted gardens, there remained the whole Palace and the two large pavilions to be inspected.

The Palace itself, a six storied building resembling somewhat the midwestern version of a New York skyscraper—was not particularly impressive from the outside. Inside, however, it thoroughly lived up to what one expects from a fabulously wealthy Rajah. Its first and second floors are used for entertaining purposes and are decorated in glazed tiles and floral designs. The Rajah's private quarters and the guest rooms occupy the whole of the third floor while the royal servants (so-called "Chobdars"), gigantic men dressed in pure white and carrying heavy silver wands, are housed on the fifth and sixth floors.

When I reached the fourth floor, my "bearer" became uneasy.

"I cannot go there," he said trembling from head to foot.

"Why, Mohamet? What is the matter with you?"

"The Hall of Delights. . . . "

He pronounced these words in a frightened whisper. It was a crime, an unforgivable crime, he explained, for any man of his low caste to cross the threshold of the Hall reserved for the meetings between His Highness, the Rajah of Jaipur, and the royal concubines.

"Bad luck, even for a white man," he muttered.

I had to go in by myself. What I saw was an endless Hall, easily two city blocks long, with mirrored ceiling and mirrored walls. Even the floor was done in shining mirrors made of stainless German steel. Precious Persian rugs thrown about the Hall, their fantastic designs repeated by the mirrors, and numerous silken cushions placed at reg-

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Taking up—and quickly laying down—detective stories, going on to consider other books

by BURTON RASCOE

I AM sorry, esquires, but you are going to have to put me down as a dub on detective stories. Ordinarily, I can't read them. When the authors try to fool me, I fool them by never reading past page ten. It is usually about page ten that your detective story author decides he is going to make you suspect somebody who is perfectly innocent of a particularly gruesome murder.

I don't believe him for a minute when he tries to put the job off on Gustave, the butler (and that's his real name; although for purposes of fiction he has to carry the moniker Judson), and I am sore as hell at him for trying to make me think Gustave committed the heinous deed.

It would be quite jake with me if Gustave took his little hatchet and cracked the konks of the whole batch of larrops the detective story writer has introduced me to. But your modern detective story writer doesn't do this. He tries to keep you guessing, when, as a matter of fact (unless your I. Q. is lower than I think it is), you have already guessed that it was really Theodoric the Blameless who was the bird who gave play to his animosity by putting into effect some assassinatory notions he gleaned from reading a magazine on popular science.

Theodoric's idea (generally speaking) of the way to kill someone is to shoot a needle into his heart by osmosis when Theodoric is in Kamchatka and his victim is having tea with Beverly Nichols in a thatched cottage in Kent. (That would be quite all right with me, too, if the needle should deflect and do a slight bit of damage to Mr. Nichols. . . . You'll get the idea from this that I have an imperfect regard for Mr. Nichols or for his new book, and let's never mind naming it.)

In other words, I don't go in for detective stories. They are supposed to be relaxing to the brain, but it strikes me that the sort of brains that find this to be so were relaxed in the first place. (Don't hit me: I know that the late Woodrow Wilson and the present Justice Hughes read detective stories, but there are some things I could explain about their peculiarities of judgment which might be attributed to that very fact, but I won't take up the subject now that we are talking about something else entirely.)

But give me a detective story by Dashiell Hammett and you can have all the crime stuff on the marked-down counters of the drugstores. Mr. Hammett is (so I am informed) an ex-service man in the Pinkerton outfit. But, after having been a detective, he doesn't write what you might call detective stories. He writes things that have speed and character and high credibility with just that dash of the fantastic which makes you wonder if there are any people like the people he writes about. That is, you would wonder thus if you took the clogging out of your ears and listened to the screaming that pelts you from across the courtyard or if you just stayed for a little while and heard what is being said by members of your family.

Hammett's new book is called *The Thin Man* (Knopf, $2), and there is a picture of him on the jacket. There is also a description of him in the book—somewhat exaggerated as to height and age: "Tall—over six feet—and one of the thinnest men I've ever seen. He must be about fifty now, and his hair was almost white when I knew him. Usually needs a haircut, ragged brindle mustache, bites his fingernails." Hammett was born in 1894. I don't think he is over six feet tall. He has white hair and he seems to have grown a mustache since I last saw him. He may bite his nails, although I never saw him doing that. And he is, by any standard of measurement, a thin man. I was surprised when I met him. I thought I was going to meet a lunk who wore brass knuckles on both hands and talked to you with his lower lip while exhaling cigar smoke from his nether lip. But that's only the sort of guys he writes about. As for himself he has got a face that would go well with a halo.

But, gosh-almighty, what a world this thin man can throw you into! He can lead you right into three murders that have taken place in a family where there isn't a member approaching any recognizable phase of normality. And he makes you stick to your chair and keep your eyes glued to the book while he tells you things about a detective who had got tired of being a detective, about a father who was plumb screwy, about a mother who was violently animal, about a daughter who couldn't get her bearings, about a son who had delusions, and about an aunt whose psychopathology is an interesting case history. You can read *The Thin Man* without difficulty. In fact I defy you to read it with any difficulty whatever.

There is such a thing as being too clever and that is what has happened to the musical played called *Let 'Em Eat Cake,* a sequel to *Of Thee I Sing,* by George S. Kaufman, Morrie Ryskind and Ira Gershwin. The good stuff comes in too fast for the average ear to catch it. You can read it as a book though, and not miss any of it. Alfred A. Knopf is putting it out with illustrations by Donald McKay at two bucks. I think that if you wanted to see the show with the wife or whatever was hanging onto your left arm, it would cost you somewhere around twelve dollars, depending upon how many panhandlers you could ignore and also depending upon whether you taxied from the Grand Central Station in New York to the Imperial Theatre (which is about as far as you could heave a Southern biscuit if you were in good form), or walked there, which would get you to the show two hours sooner.

You can't get Victor Moore's impersonation of Alexander Throttlebottom in the book; but you can get the idea and all you have to do is remember Victor Moore in whatever you have seen him in. Including thinning of the hair and inability to remember anything. Mr. Moore is such a resonant, such a plangent representation of our "civic ideals" (in his role as a comedian caricaturing them) that I doubt whether anybody who has never seen this amusing egg can get any sort of notion of the things missed by reading the words put into his mouth.

Your next book, fellows, is *Steel Trails* (Minton, Balch, $3.75), by Martin D. Stevers. Every one of you, at one time or another, wanted to be in the cab and at the throttle of the express hurtling through your town. Stevers tells you all about the past and future of that not-yet-streamlined-engine in a way that will put you on the footboard of the cab, yet lets you see behind the thrill of the engine the real job it does and the many inventions that have made modern locomotives the marvelous pullers that they are. Here is the history of how railroads really came into being as auxiliaries to rivers and canals, found their full powers and took over the transportation job practically entire, and became the far-flung institutions we know today.

You'll find something else, too, that will appeal to the fancy most of us have for being able to tell the other fellow what it's all about. Mr. Stevers' story rolls along with easy and excellent readability—but when you've done, you'll find you know the real meaning of the signals waving beside the track, the inside story of what the dispatcher does, and the real story there in the freight yard, which most of us, I fear, consider only as somewhat of a blot on the landscape.

This book offers as easy a way as I know to have a grand good time reading, and still gather some real ideas about the past, present, and future of the railroad. Yes, the future is there—if you've read the recent press releases about streamlined trains and store-door service, you'll find them present with the rest.

During the blighting years of the prohibition era most Americans lost the art of civilized drinking. Even in homes where cellars were stocked to capacity in antici-

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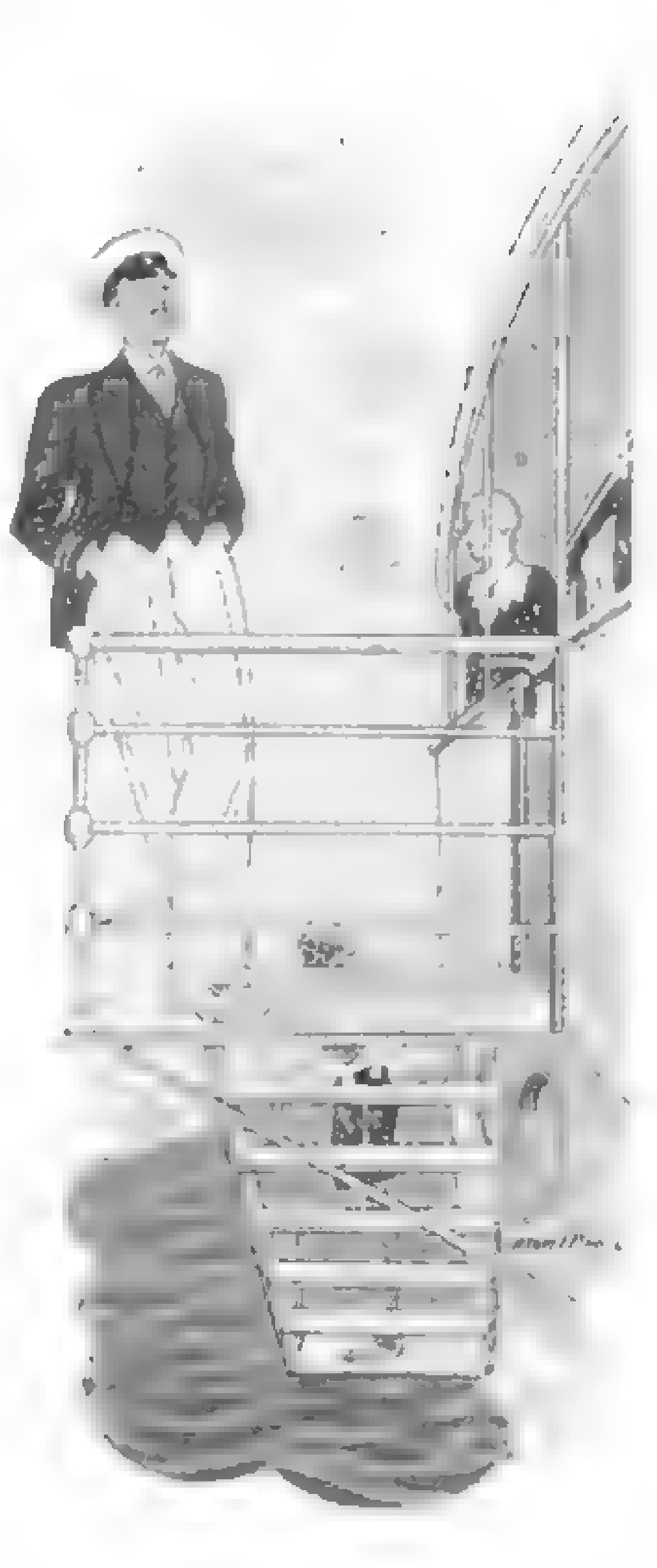
Rich Men's Leisure

Case-histories of the habits and hobbies of the very rich whose leisure is nothing new

by JOHN R. TUNIS



What would you do if you had a million dollars? Or say, fifty millions. What would you do? How would you spend your spare cash and your spare time? After the market closed on Saturdays, for instance. What would give you the biggest thrill? What would produce the biggest kick for you? Just how would you enjoy your millions?

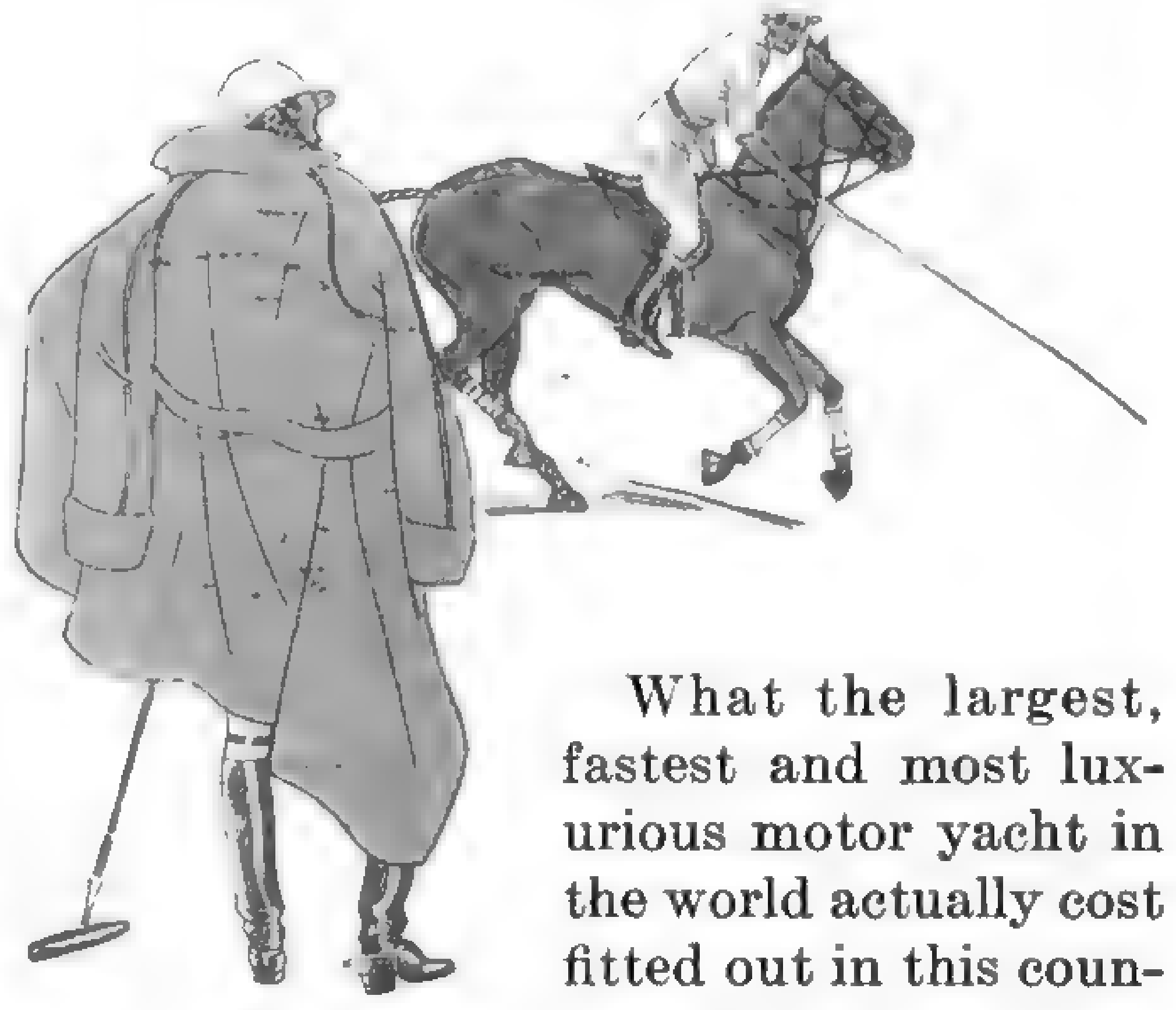
Let me show you what one or two famous rich men do with their leisure, how some of our millionaires amuse themselves in their hours away from work. A famous American playboy, although after all perhaps this isn't an exact term for him because he is a fairly serious-minded gentleman, had an apartment specially constructed for him. He is a millionaire many times over or his peculiar wishes could not have been carried out, for this is probably the most lovely and the most famous apartment ever built.

Made on a duplex plan, the upper story contains the library, the living room and the dining room. The first named is furnished in plain Norwegian pine, its natural shade protected by a thin coating of wax, giving the room much the same effect as an informal spot in an elaborate log cabin in the Adirondacks. The walls are lined with books, a heavy rug is on the floor, while a desk and three easy chairs complete the decorations.

From the library one passes into the living room, a large sunny apartment whose note is white; ivory white walls and white ceiling. The rug on the floor is tan, divans and comfortable chairs are grouped about the fireplace in which a real coal fire is burning. In short, this is a room that has the appearance of having been occupied. Through a wide hallway you reach the dining room, a spacious salon with places for ten or fifteen persons around the big table, then you descend a winding staircase to the lower floor containing four lovely bedrooms complete with bath. Just a simple duplex apartment! Exactly. But withal the most costly apartment in the world because in it two dozen persons can be amused, fed, and transported from London to New York in the space of ten days.

This is the place where President Roosevelt chooses to pass his vacations; the motor yacht Nourmahal, belonging to Vincent Astor.

The Nourmahal is the biggest motor yacht in existence. It is really a small liner, bigger and much faster than many ocean going vessels, with infinitely more comfort and luxury than the average 3,000 ton ship of its size. It contains accommodations for twenty to thirty persons besides the crew, is 263 feet long, 41 feet wide, and has 22 feet depth of hold. It can log 17 knots an hour and is able to stay at sea for 20,000 miles under full power, which at half speed would mean a distance equal to twice around the world. The Nourmahal carries two 6-cylinder Diesel engines and was built at Kielgarten on the Kiel Canal in Germany by Friedrich Krupp from the designs of Theodore E. Ferris, American naval architect.



What the largest, fastest and most luxurious motor yacht in the world actually cost fitted out in this country, F.O.B. New York as the automobile manufacturers would say, has never been disclosed. Between one and two millions in all likelihood, because an ocean liner is an expensive plaything. Edward T. Stotesbury, senior partner of J. P. Morgan & Co., launched a small gasoline yacht about a year or so ago which would almost serve as a tender to the Nourmahal. The Nedeva, Mr. Stotesbury's boat, carries a crew of only five and has room on board for not more than six guests. Yet even in these times of low prices this tiny toy cost over $100,000.

The Nourmahal is the ideal rich man's hobby. As with other expensive playthings, the initial cost is only the least of it, and the upkeep of the ship will furnish work and employment both on board and ashore in workshops supplying spare parts and furnishings for hundreds of persons. Yet in New York today they are saying that costly as this ornate plaything is, Mr. Astor has managed to dig up a bauble still more expensive, one with greater upkeep; a weekly magazine.

Speed racing is another form of yachting that can only be indulged in by the favored few. Lord Wakefield, an English sportsman, spent half a million dollars assisting the late Sir Henry Segrave and Kay Don in their attempts to capture the world's speed boat record. The engines in Kay Don's boat alone, two Rolls Royce motors, probably cost in the neighborhood of $100,000, although these two were actually borrowed from the company. Gar Wood's Harmsworth boat ate up $50,000 despite the work the craftsman put in upon it himself, while even a small craft for use in the Gold Cup Regatta, a toy that can develop engine trouble and not even reach the starting line, which probably will not break any records and certainly will not be useful for more than a single racing season, will cost $20,000. Some years ago E. Gordon Hammersley, a racing enthusiast, spent $67,000 on Cigarette IV, the duralumin boat which won the President's Cup in 1926. No one knows exactly how much he spent beyond this in the way of fuel, repairs, mechanics' wages, storage, and so forth. Like yachting, speed racing is not a sport for the poor man.

For sport costs money. It always did. One of the really exclusive and expensive games is court tennis, the kind of tennis played in the days of Henry VIII in his palace beside the Thames at Hampton Court. At that time the Privy Purse paid the accounts and bills of the King at his favorite game, took care of the upkeep of the court and even settled in cash for the bets which the King made and lost, in his own matches. The probability is you have never seen a real tennis court. Because there are not more than a dozen in the entire United States.

Tennis, the old *jeu de paume* or game of the palm of the French court, is one of the oldest of all ball games as well as one of the most difficult to learn and to play. It is played in a roofed court 110 feet by 38, the side and walls being of cement. In order that there may be no cracks and abrasions in the surface, once construction of the building has started, plasterers work day and night until the structure is finished. Court Tennis is the rich man's game.

First of all there is the court. Most of the courts in this country are in private clubs. Years ago Harry Payne Whitney built a court on his estate at Manhasset, Long Island. It cost him $250,000. This sum could easily be doubled today. Racquets for the game are specially constructed and soon wear out because of hard

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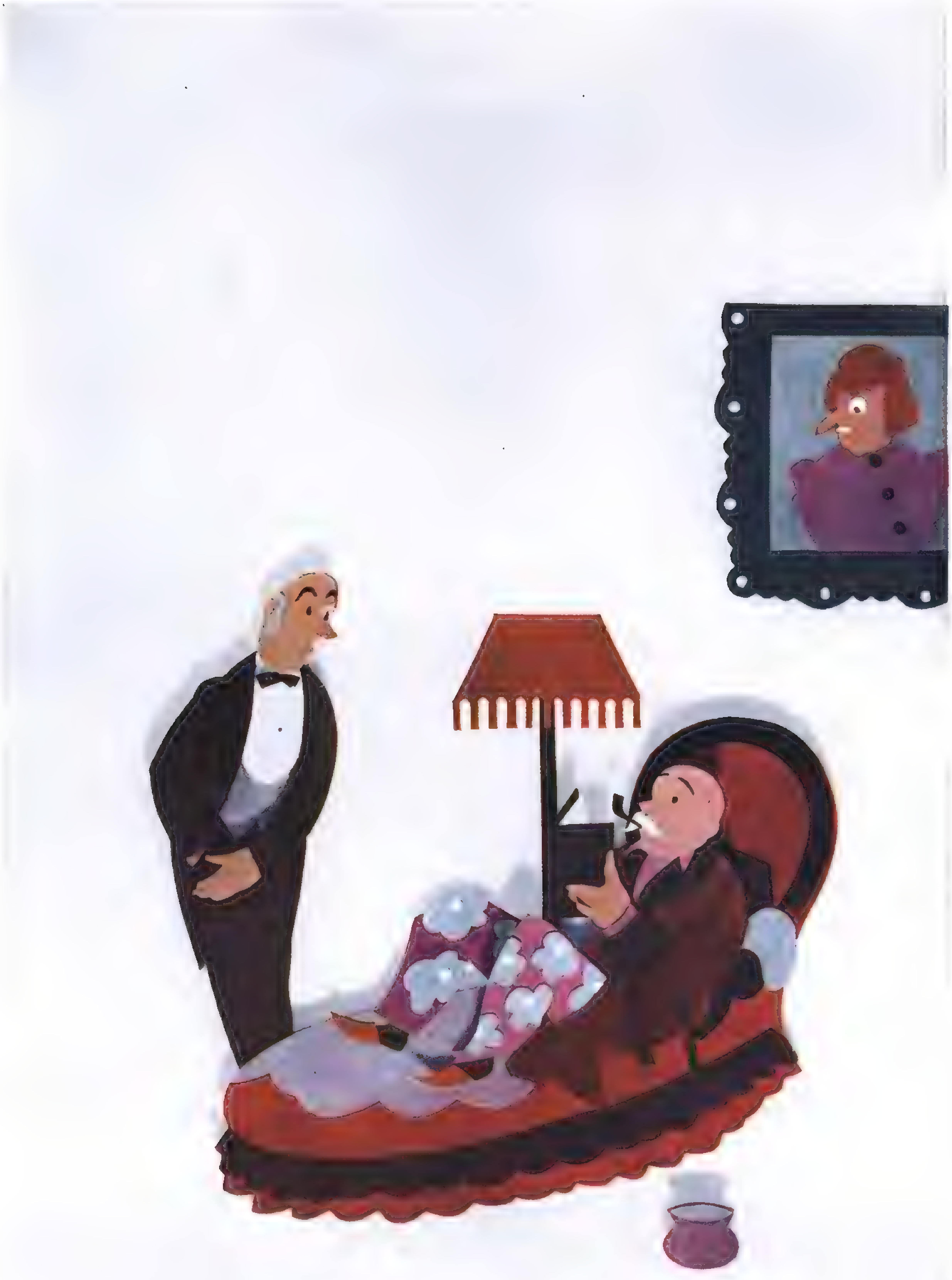
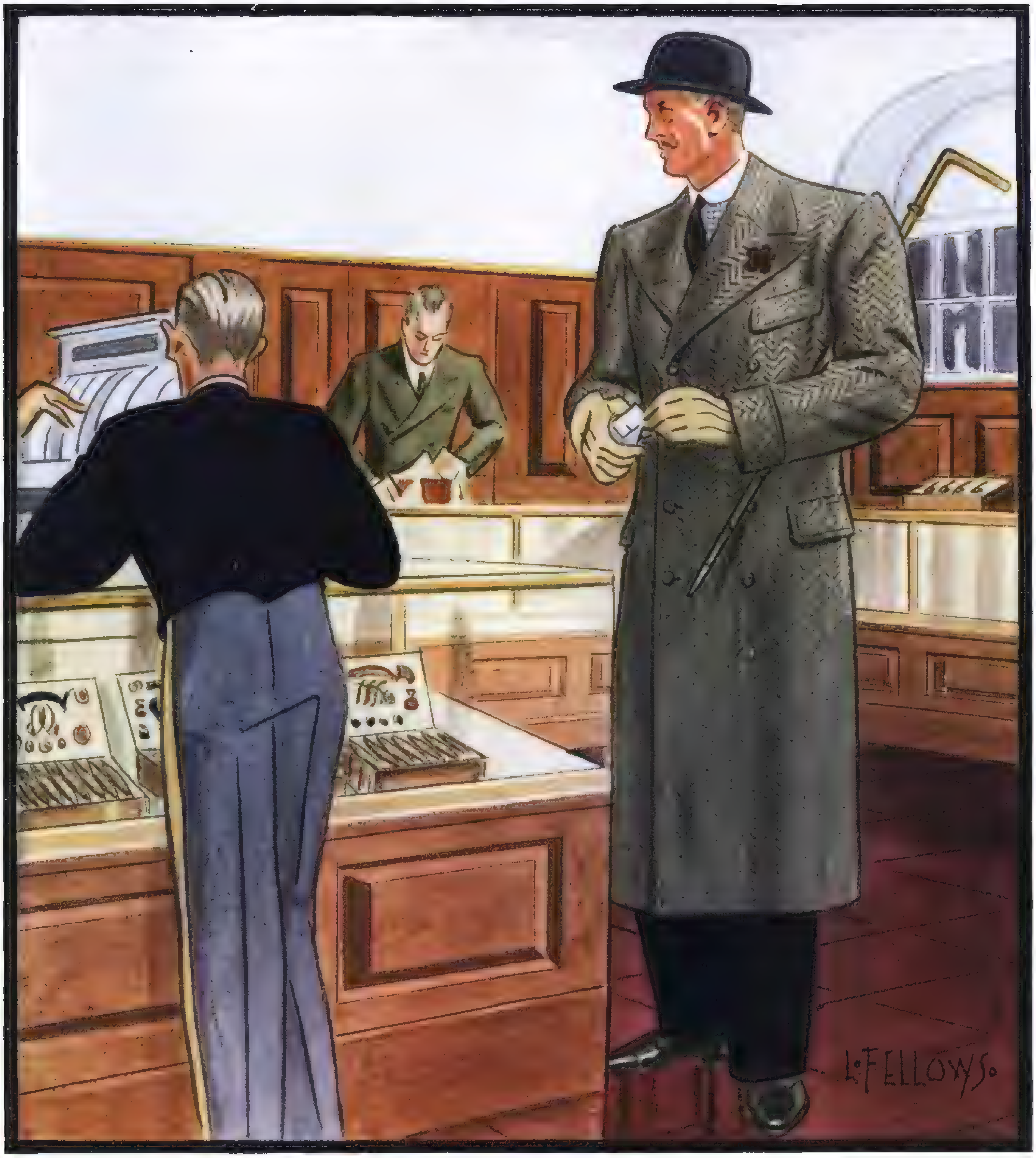


"It's not that I mind lending you money, sir—but you're not trying hard to get a job"



THE ULSTER GOES TO TOWN AND IT WAS ABOUT TIME

As if another reminder were needed that there is nothing new under the sun, and as a matter of record, in case you're interested, we might recall that the last time a coat of this kind was seen in fashionable circles dates to the approximate year when "get out and get under" was a new song hit, and had yet to start on its course toward the graveyard of slang phrases. This was an "automobiling" coat then, and is again, for that matter, now, only today we call it a town ulster, and it is regarded as the very latest thing. It is double breasted, has four buttons to button, and its most readily identifiable feature is the breast pocket which carries a flap, like the regulation side pockets. The fabric is a combination of cheviot and Shetland, a soft rough mixture, in line with the new trend in overcoatings for town wear. In place of yesterday's cap and goggles, a sedate derby is now indicated. With this coat, to make a pleasing combination, try a dark blue suit, plain black shoes, a soft grey checked shirt with a round starched collar, striped rep tie and natural color buckskin gloves. Smart but optional, are the rattan cane with leather pipestem handle and the carnation that is known as the Harvard or deep maroon. Although sketched on a very tall man, this coat is becoming to men of all but the very shortest stature. It has a plain back, by the way, with a center vent, and, but for a very slight suppression to suggest a waistline, is shaped on pretty straight boxy lines. It is relatively long and tends to give the illusion of added height, assuming that you are of medium build, and not too roly-poly to begin with. Don't be misled by the word ulster—these coats are not unduly heavy.

A Rhapsody in Jaipur Pink

Continued from page 118

ular intervals provided the only furniture. I moved forward to inspect at closer range a medium sized, greenish rug and then I saw a white figure reflected in a mirror at my feet. It was one of His Highness' Chobdars. He walked in so noiselessly that not before he was within ten feet of me did I notice him. A small round, black shield marked in the center with a piece of scarlet cloth was slung over his right shoulder which meant that he was allowed to circulate even through the private quarters of his master in order to watch constantly over the latter's safety.

Our eyes met. He motioned to me to follow him and opening a small door of sandalwood hidden between two mirrors led me down a secret stairway. We walked in complete darkness. When I saw daylight again, I found myself in a small garden. Facing me was a swimming pool with a floor painted a dark sea-blue.

"Artificial sunlight," said the Chobdar laconically, pointing toward huge lamps surrounding the pool. "Ten million candle power. We use them in midwinter."

I thought of bullock carts and two-wheeled tongas seen by me on the road to the Palace and marveled at the way in which 3000 B. C. and the Year of Grace 1933 were living side by side in the city of Jaipur.

That night, after a long, pompous dinner served in the marble barrenness of an enormous black-and-white hall and featuring the famous Indian "dried duck" (cut in pieces thin as paper and crisp as toast), the guests were invited to sit on the roof of the Palace and listen to His Highness' orchestra of African melody-men.

The air was still. The starlit skies were hanging very low above our heads and the shrill voices of the crying parakeets were reaching from across the lake in the garden below. All of a sudden a feeling of unexplainable fear came over me. I regretted having come to India. It was entirely too far, too far from everywhere. I felt restless and lonely. I would have given anything to be back in my room in New York. The screeching rivets of Radio City never sounded as frightful as this solemn stillness of a tropical night.

And then—the Rajah of Jaipur must be still laughing thinking of my stupefied face—the Royal Orchestra struck up the opening bars of "Good night, sweetheart. . . . "

"An American song, I believe," said my host, winking at the other guests. He clapped his hands. At once the roof became flooded with strong lights and I saw the shining dance floor spread between the place where we sat and the corner occupied by the orchestra.

The spell was broken. . . . I could have been in a night club in Harlem judging by the repertory of that royal band. They played "Oh, please, Mr. Hemingway," they crooned "Let's put out the lights and go to sleep," they even . . . even performed in the best Lenox Avenue style "Minnie the Moocher."

We sat awhile longer. The conversation drifted toward the untold millions invested by the Princes of India in precious stones and gold. Someone mentioned the treasures of the Palace of Ganeshi Lall in Agra containing among other things the famous Taj Mahal emerald weighing ninety-three carats and the equally famous seventy-eight carat sapphire.

"They need it," said His Highness with a yawn, "theirs is a young Empire. As recently as 950 A. D. they were nobodies. And besides, who is there to vouch for the authenticity of all those stories? It reminds me of what took place in my Ambar Palace a few years ago when I was entertaining that visiting European Prince."

Everybody began to laugh. It appeared that in order to prove to the visiting Prince that there was no such thing as knee-deep gold in the strong room in the Ambar Palace my host let him go in blindfolded and permitted him to take away all that he could carry in his hands

"And," I asked, "did he get anything?"

"Oh, a few small diamonds."

He laughed again and so did everyone of his guests. Whatever was the matter with my sense of humor that night, trying as I was, I failed to catch the rollickingly funny point of His Highness' story.

The cannons were booming again next morning. This time in honor of the reigning Maharaja of Jogpur and his younger brother, Rao Raja of Jogpur, who dropped in (with a suite of some two hundred men) to have a friendly chat and a spot of food. I was not present at that informal luncheon. My week-end bag, my typewriter, my "bearer" Mohamet and the one hundred and eighty pounds of myself were loaded atop a sacred elephant and sent to inspect the Ambar Palace.

Awe-inspiring as it is to see that immense grey animal sway from side to side and cut its way through the dense traffic of horses, mules and camels, I would rather watch it from a more detached point than its massive back. When we entered the narrow, steep roadway of the Ambar Palace, laid between the two twenty-foot thick walls, the elephant shook forcefully. I yelled and grabbed the herder by the shoulder: a split second longer and I felt sure my legs would be crushed.

The herder merely grinned and said something in throaty Jaipur.

"The master must not be nervous," translated Mohamet. "The herder says his elephant dislikes nervous people."

I closed my eyes and started to count to one thousand.

Two hours later, leaning on the strong arm of my faithful Mohamet, my eyes bloodshot from seeing too many diamonds, too many emeralds and too much gold and silver, I limped down the massive stairway of the Ambar Palace into a small garden where a royal tea was being served for a party of British officers and their ladies.

Once more I heard the colorful stories dealing with our host, his ancestors, his wealth and his prowess in sports. All during the tea there were strange guttural sounds coming from without the wall.

"What is it," I asked, "more sacred animals?"

My companions laughed.

"Not quite," said a young lady. "Now watch me."

She took a handful of crackers, got up and threw it across the wall. A riot of excited voices broke out. Shrieks of hatred, moans of pain, heavy breathing and shuffling of feet.

"The beggars," said the lady. "Waiting for us to throw them a coin or a bit of bread."

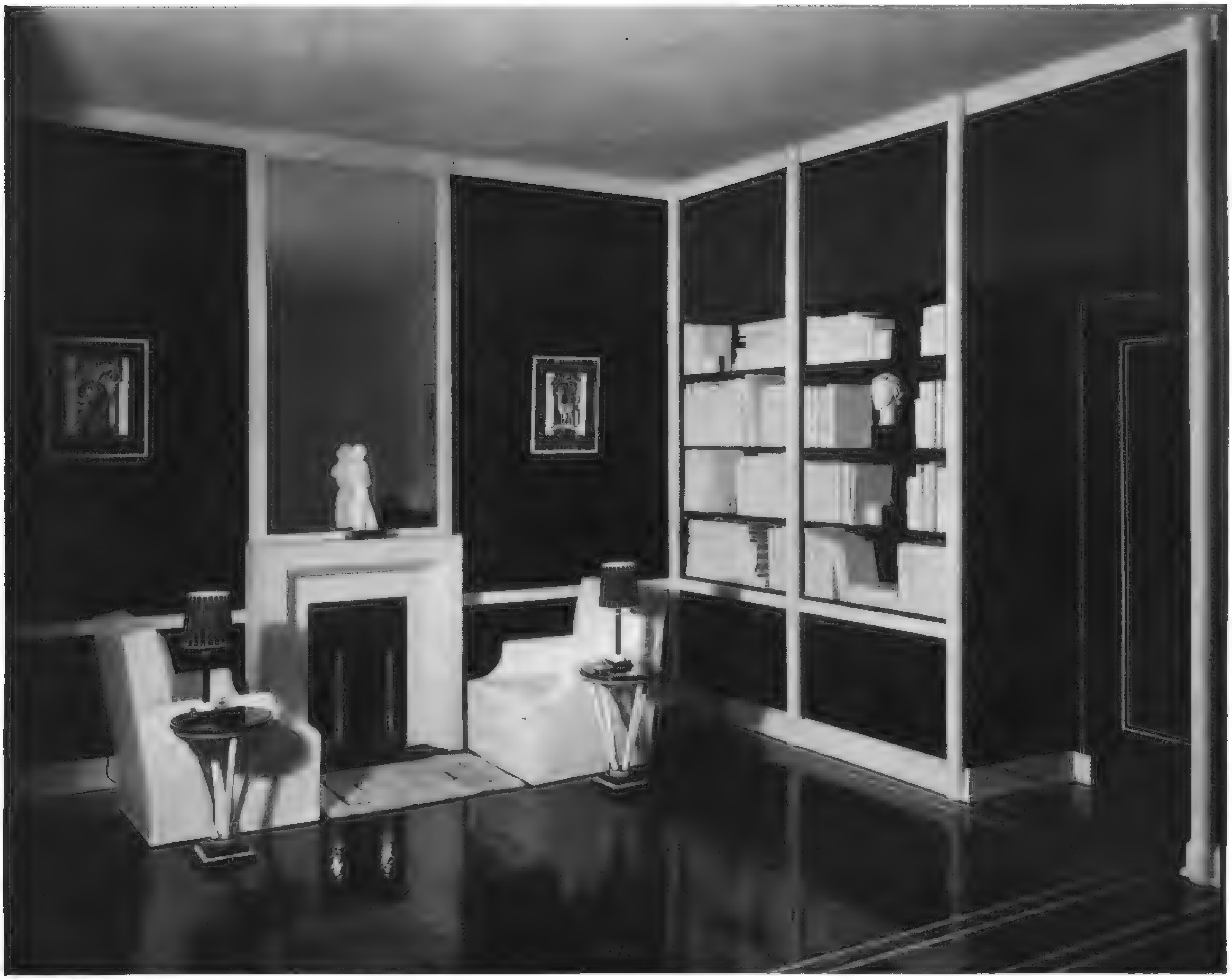
Pick 'em Where You Find 'em

Continued from page 70

torsos (I am not sure that I approve); Popeye has advanced to first place in the Thimble Theatre and most comic strips are harrowing continued stories of orphans, villains, and fortunes; a popular song lasts three weeks; sex appeal has lost out in the pictures to Marie Dressler and Mae West (who, in spite of what you think, has other attractions); vaudeville is dead and burleycue dying and George M. Cohan is acting for the Theatre Guild in a play by Eugene O'Neill

So things change and the editor of this magazine has invited me to note some of the changes and to write about new pleasures and old—to which all the foregoing is, in a way, a prologue. New or old, the first pleasure will always be in the immediate fun or surprise or whatever emotion it is that an artist gives you. If Chaplin stopped making people laugh, he would still be a great artist, but of a totally different kind; if Berlin lost his magical gift of the melodious phrase, he might and might not continue composing (probably not), but he would no longer be a ballad singer of megalopolis. The question for me is only whether by recognizing certain secondary qualities in popular artists, I get more or less pleasure; and the answer in my case is more. The primary quality is the thing to experience, the secondary, the thing to remember. When Chaplin kicked an obnoxious little boy in the stomach (in The Pilgrim) the action was very funny; later you remembered that by that kick he had in a way satirized all the pictures in which little tikes were sentimentalized and slobbered over—and it doesn't, I think, take away from your first pleasure to have another. The little joke or the little tenderness of the immortal Krazy Kat you perceive at once, and they are perfect; and later you begin to feel that there is irony in the legend of the Kat and that he is an enchanting figure in a new mythology. In the old days the shout and the jump of Al Jolson were as direct as a blow between the eyes, and equally effective; if you thought back you knew that his rare and distinctive talent made the shout part of a song and the jump part of a dance.

I have the kind of mind which takes pleasure in discovering these secondary values which back up and enrich the primary ones. For those who haven't, I have a word of consolation. It was pretty generally suggested ten years ago that the practitioners of the lively arts would grow self-conscious under the scrutiny of the critics, would attempt to rise above themselves, and would be corrupted. I can report that my influence on the great men has been nil. Whiteman, it is true, gave concerts at Carnegie Hall, but he still played, and still plays, popular music very well; Gershwin, in spite of my personal reservations, is a popular composer who every year or so writes something of supreme charm; Berlin, next to Chaplin the most discussed of all our popular artists, has grown and varied, but not changed in essence; of all the rest, I can think of none gone artistic, whereas I can think of dozens of men in the fine arts who have let themselves go popular, or go social, or go money-grubbing or succumb to some other form of weakness. The reason must be that great artists are really incorruptible.



DESIGNED FOR ESQUIRE BY G. McSTAY JACKSON

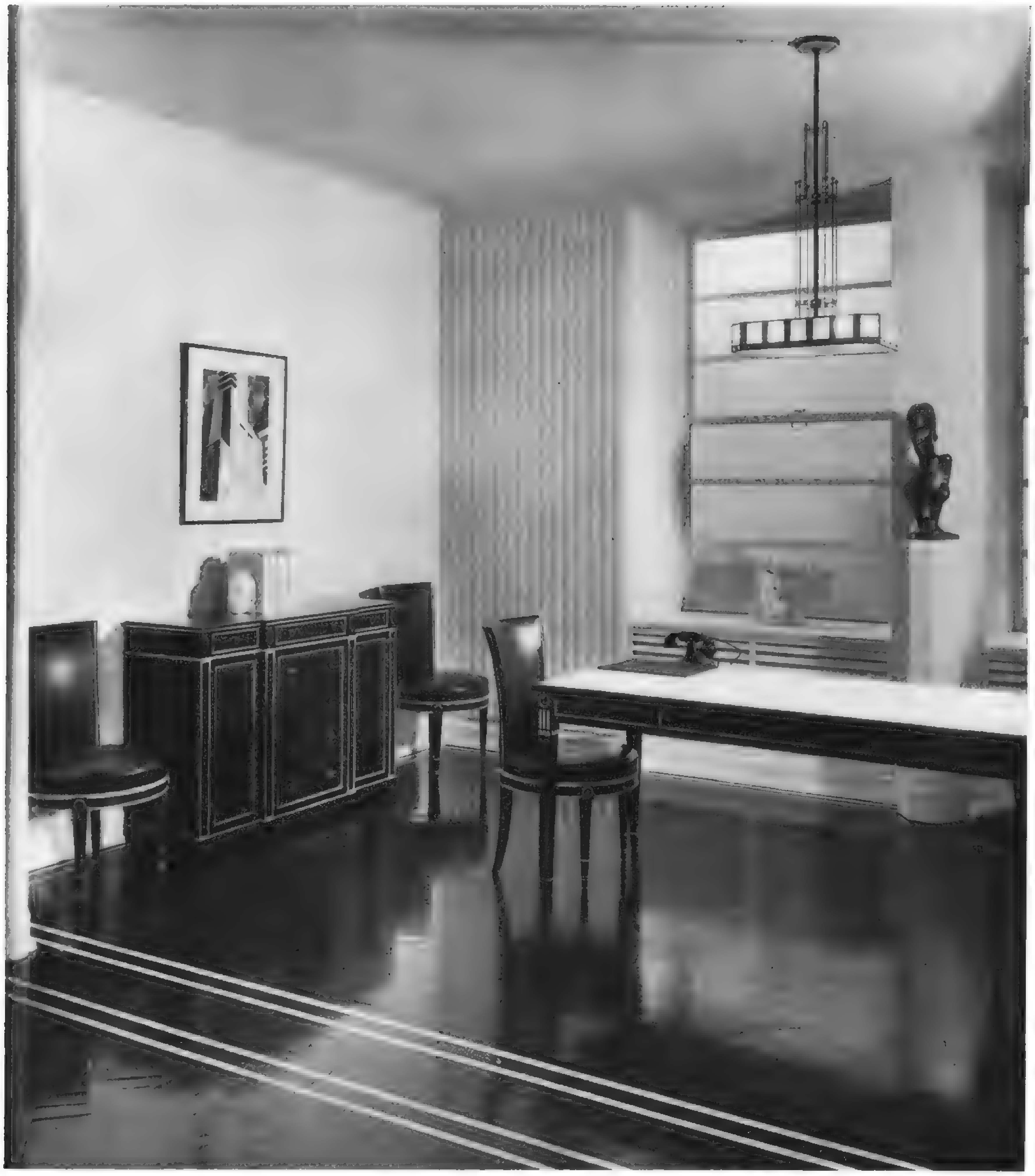
CONFERENCE ROOM OR OFFICE FOR A PROFESSIONAL MAN

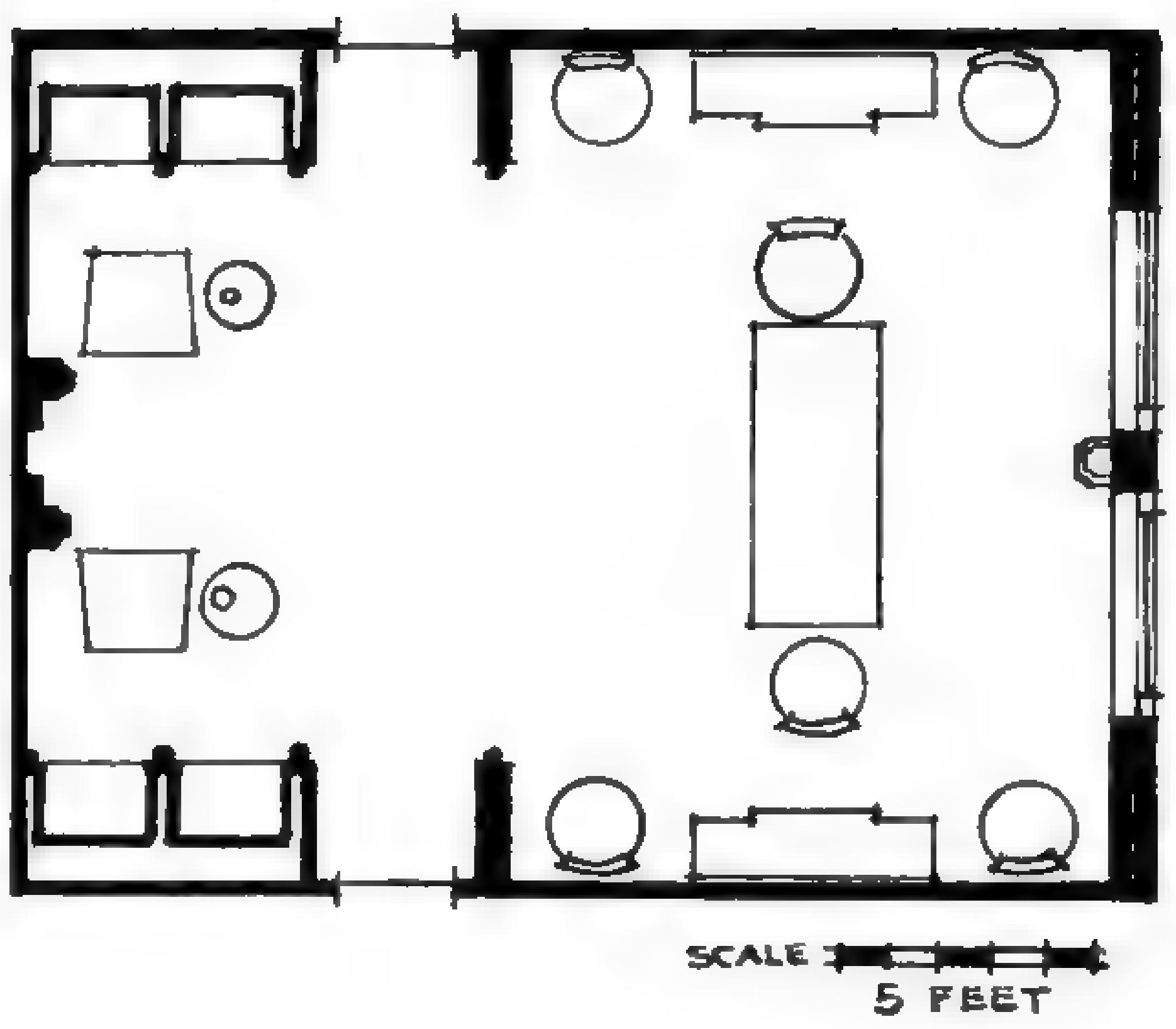
As the second in our series of suggested designs for rooms intended for male occupancy, we present two views of an office or conference room. The aim, in this case, has been to combine good taste with common sense, to obtain an effect that would suggest the direct opposite of cheapness, and yet avoid an outlay that is contrary to the spirit, not to say out of the reach, of business in these parlous times. It was all very well, in the zooming twenties, to lay out a few thousand dollars for such a trifling item as wood paneling for office walls, but that sort of thing simply isn't done, for ever so many good reasons, these days.

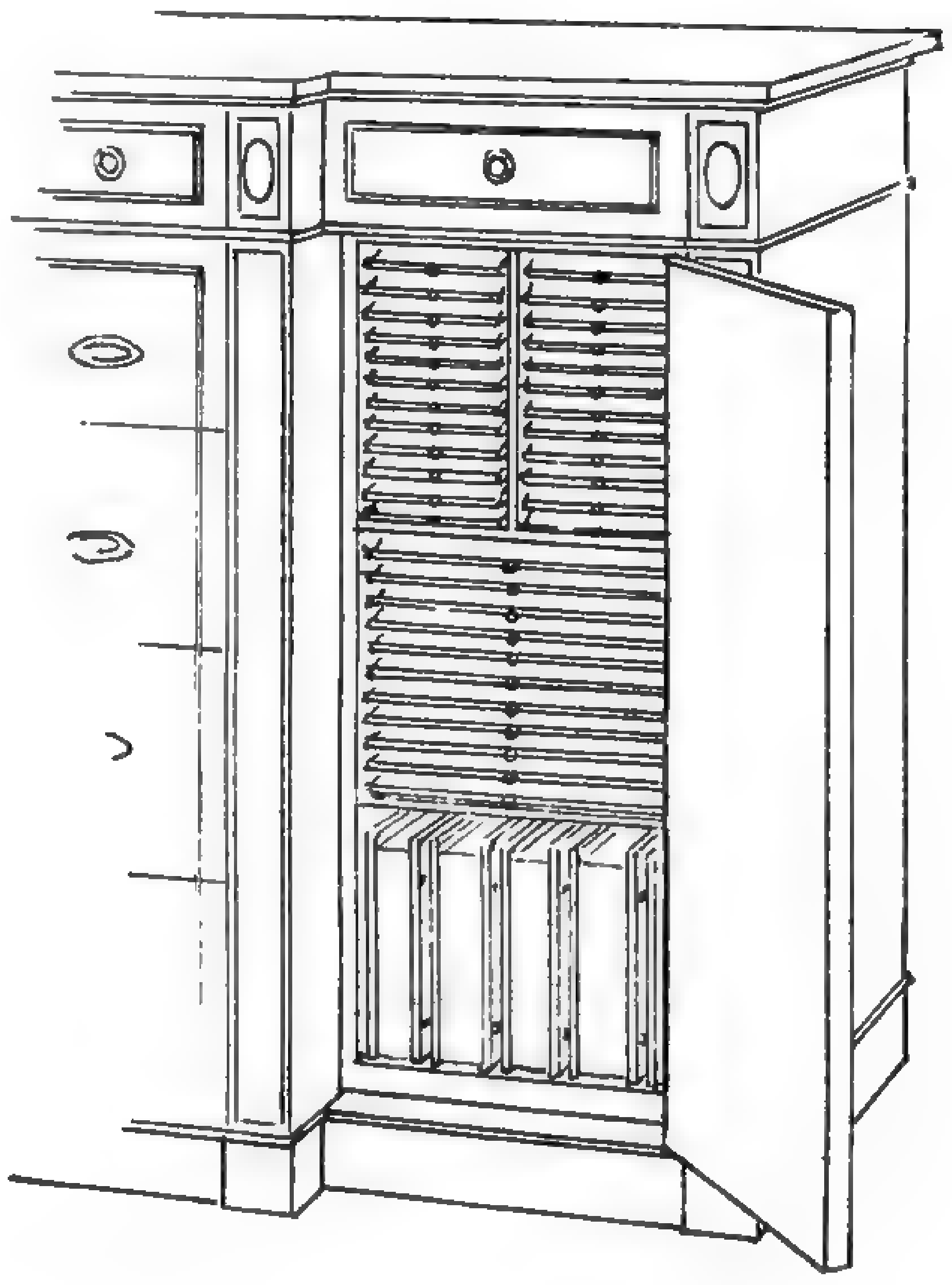
This entire interior is done in black and white. There is no color anywhere in the room. At one end, white furniture is used against a background of black walls, while at the other end, the walls are white and the furniture is black. As the floor plan shows, the entire arrangement is symmetrical, and the walls that are not shown in the two views presented here are exactly the same as those you see. The impression of the room as a whole is gained most readily by bearing in mind that the white column shown at the extreme right of the left hand picture is the same one which appears at the extreme left of the picture that is on the right hand page.

The use of expensive woods is avoided, because all finishes are flat paint. The upholstery, in this instance, happens to be washable leather, but, in cases where expense is a determining factor, plain fabric could be substituted. Wood flooring, as shown here, gives the best effect, but in localities where the cost of either the labor or the material is excessive, this effect may be very closely simulated by the use of linoleum.

To provide storage space and, at the same time, to do away with the unsightliness of exposed radiators, one wall has been firred out, away from the windows, giving two wide window ledges over the radiators, and affording two cabinets. The latter are not







noticeable when closed, their doors being an integral portion of the fluted false wall. Each swings open, like the traditional "secret door," at the press of a button.

Similar provision for the covering up of unsightly documents and files has been made in the case of the two commode-like pieces, which combine the practical with the decorative, in the manner shown by the detailed sketch in the lower right hand corner.

While, in general, there is no better wall covering to be had than that afforded by the backs of books, in instances where the volumes themselves are not attractive, as is often the case with business or professional libraries, the use of plain white jackets, as shown here, helps to relate them better to their decorative surroundings.

You will notice that the walls have been firred out much farther, to provide the space occupied by the books, than they were at the other end of the room. This gives a large amount of storage space both above and below the bookshelves. The fact that it is storage space is not evident, as these panels, which are hinged, simply pull down to reveal the shelving behind them. One or more of them might be dedicated to the storage of refreshment facilities, if desired.

Approximate cost of duplicating this room, which was recently completed as one of the units in this magazine's publication office, is as follows:

Floor, $100.00
Cabinet Work, $400.00
(above includes cost of mantel)
Painting and Canvassing Wall, $80.00
Center Fixture, $65.00
Fur Rug, $14.25
Chrome Andirons, $16.00
One Pair Easy Chairs, $120.00
One Statue, $35.00
Statue on Mantel, $45.00
One Pair Bookends, $20.00
One Pair Small Pictures, $35.00
One Pair File Cabinets, $200.00
Six Side Chairs, $480.00
One Desk Table, $175.00
One Pair Lamps, $17.00
One Pair Round Tables, $50.00
Total, $1852.25

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

One boo per thousand cheers, or a month in the playhouses of Broadway's gay renaissance

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

Ah, Wilderness (!!¾) Eugene O'Neill's satisfactory caricature of puppy-love and fatherhood in the early 1900's.

As Thousands Cheer (!!!?) Speedy, insolent revue by Moss Hart and Irving Berlin, with Marilyn Miller, Clifton Webb, Helen Broderick. Sellout.

Champagne Sec (!!¼) Immortal music of Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus," delightfully sung by Peggy Wood, Helen Ford, George Meader and a great cast. Book harmless.

Double Door (?!) Mild thriller, but some like it.

Murder at the Vanities (?%!) Earl Carroll hash, half-baked, more flesh than flavor.

Her Master's Voice (!!) Clare Kummer's quaint wit, meringue plot. Roland Young and Elizabeth Patterson. Very funny.

Let 'em Eat Cake (??!) Gaxton, Moran and Moore try to repeat the hit of "Of Thee I Sing." Fairly good, but slightly dubious success.

Mary of Scotland (!!!) History in lush lyrics by Maxwell Anderson. See below.

Men in White (!!!!) Gripping, inspiring drama of interne's life.

Roberta ($?¾) Somnolent dress parade, with two fine tunes by Kern. See below

Sailor, Beware! (!!!) Naval maneuvers against a lady's virtue. Guffaws. *Not* for Aunt Minnie. S.R.O.

Sunday Nights at Nine (!) Pleasant revue for Sunday evenings.

Ten Minute Alibi (!½) Intelligent, rather literary murder.

The Dark Tower (!¾?) Homicide and wise-cracks by Alec Woollcott and George Kaufman. See below.

The Green Bay Tree (!!!) Suave study of how quainties are made. Witty and arresting. Directed by Jed Harris.

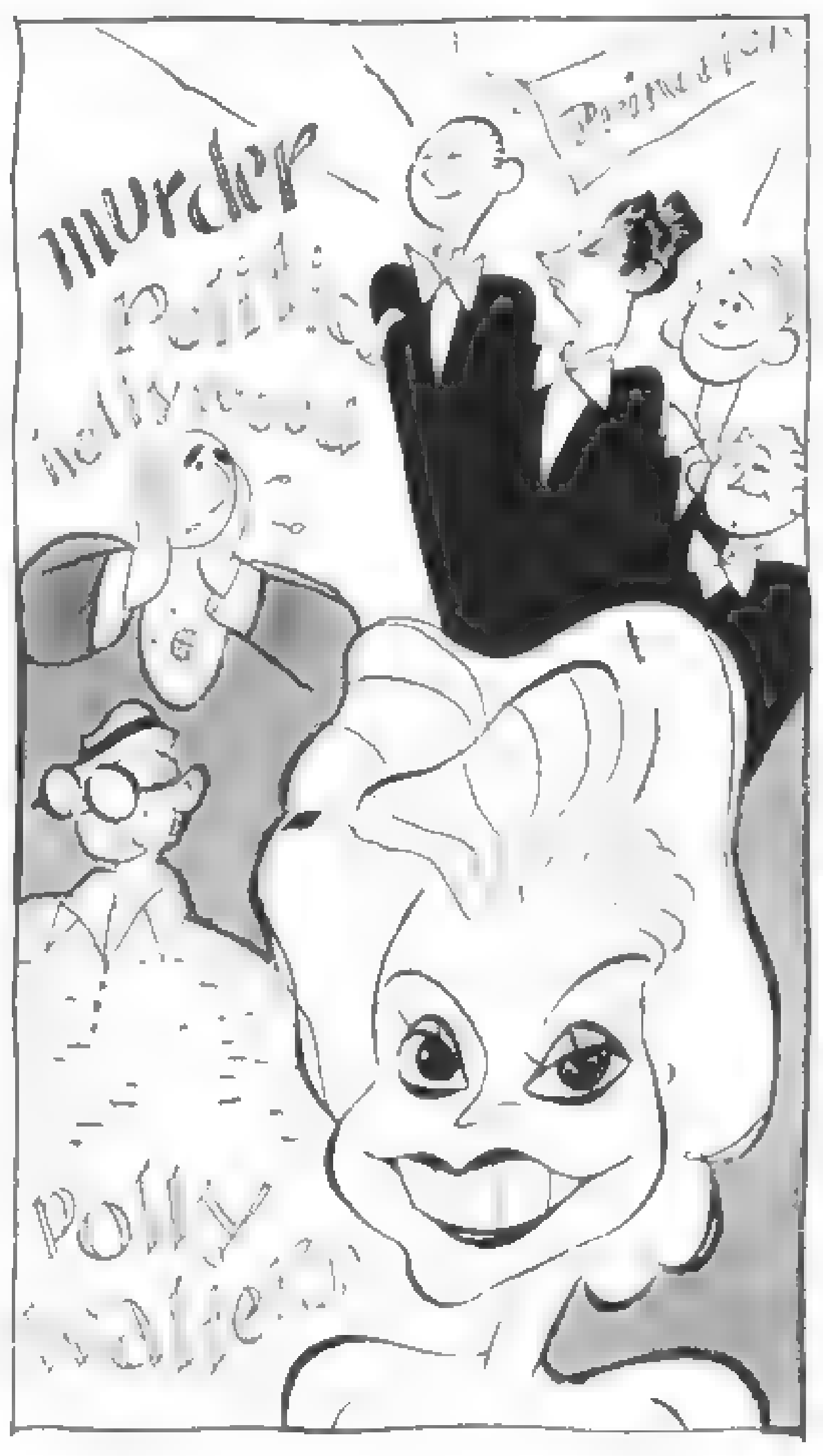
The Pursuit of Happiness (!!) Amusing amours in Revolutionary times. A great plug for the human warming-pan.

The School for Husbands (!?) Molière's classic tried on the doggerel with some success. June Walker and Osgood Perkins. Excellent.

Tobacco Road (!!½) Thrilling and heartbreaking study of Georgia whites. Sensational and moving. See below.

A few palookas have raised their wistful heads in the path of the humming season, but they have been unceremoniously pushed over. Some valuable additions have been made to the steady hits. I had rather hoped that a few of the bad ones would last a little longer, so that I could take a good smack at them. I'll get to the good ones in a few lines, but first I feel bound to chronicle some briefs about several failures.

For instance, there was a shrill somethingorother about three women (total cast), which produced in me a yearning to suggest Nazimova, by reason of her yelps and squirmings, as leader of a new Nazi-movement. Then there was the somewhat unlovely sight of large Blanche Yurka, standing on her head while she is alleged to have sung a Puccini aria. And old Cwistopher Morley's "Funder on ve Lef'" exhibited a youthy-pouthy imagining himself a dreat bid mans—very lousy-wousy. Another attack of the tweets, instigated by Charles Hopkins under the title of "Strange Orchestra," had the distinction of opening and closing on the same night—a record seldom equaled. But two evenings later, this record was surpassed when "Haywire" had a Broadway run, but closed before it even opened!



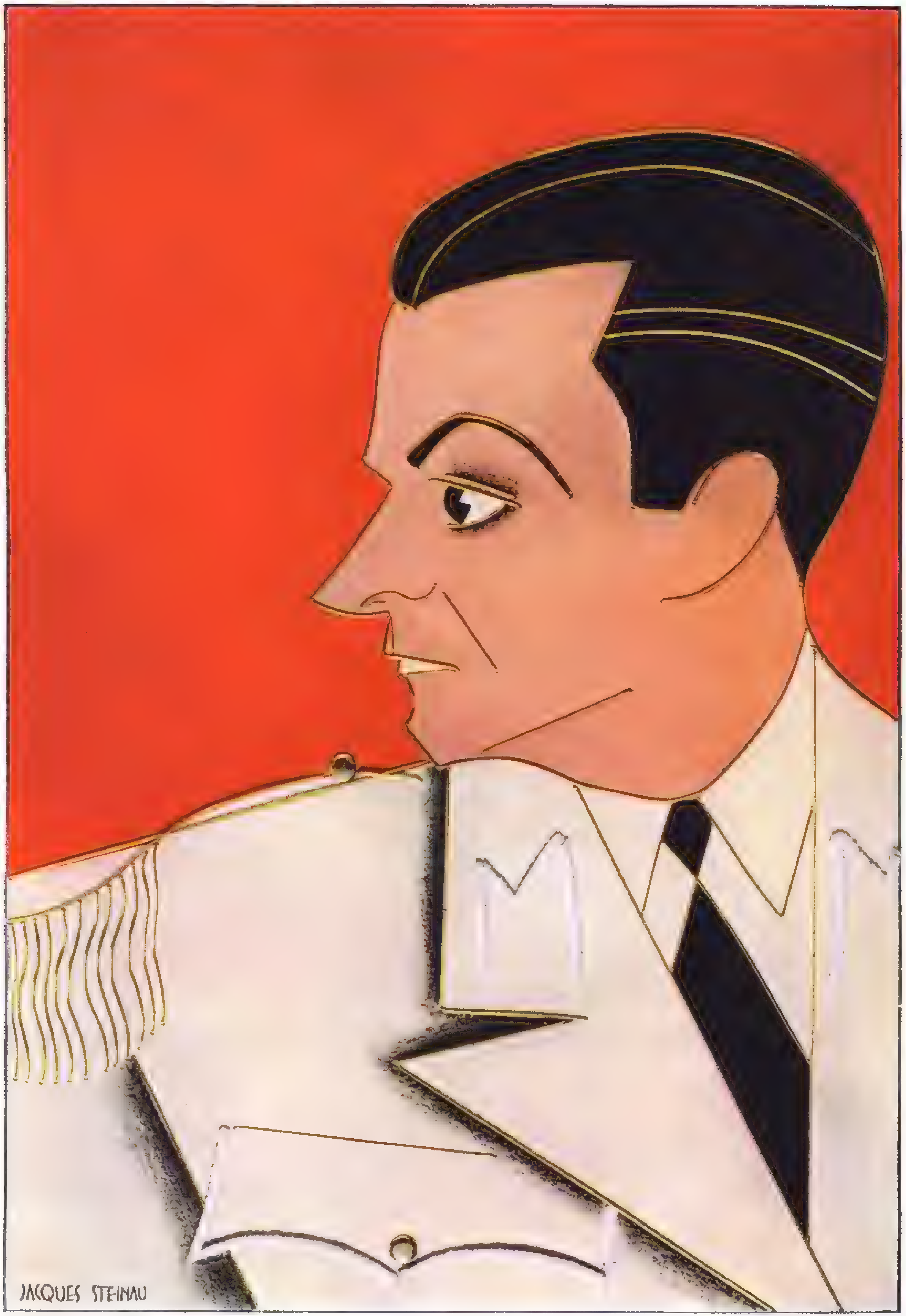
My spy reports that the producers of that opus gave three dress rehearsals, before paying audiences, under the guise of "benefits." The first-night was scheduled, but these cagey gents saw slaughter impending. They counted the cash already received, found it would assuage their loss considerably, paid off the actors in full, and tossed the remains into the ash-can. While I'm up, I'll finish my gossip of the flops by telling what happened at an Irish casualty by Lennox Robinson. On the second night, my ears were assaulted by continual hearty snores and whiffles arising from a lank gentleman two seats away. After a while I requested the lady sitting next him to arouse the sleeper from his roaring snooze. "Aw, no—the poor man!" she replied, "it's the author!" and it was.

Now to the treasures. On the laugh side, "She Loves Me Not" leaped immediately to the top of the heap. It is sizzling, dizzying, mad farce-comedy, racy and rowdy but not rancid. It deals with a comely young night-club entertainer who, guiltlessly entangled in a murder, seeks sanctuary in a Princeton dormitory. Four spotless-souled undergrads clothe her in men's duds, abash her grateful overtures, and conceal her in their quarters. But a naughty world lifts its eyebrows at this shining good deed. From a local scandal the noble experiment blazes into a national hell-popping, involving High Politics, the Cinema Industry, Communism and Big Business in this University free-for-all.

Howard Lindsay adapted and directed as shrewd a job as you'll see anywhere. He uses multiple stages (set happily by Raymond Sovey) with precise dexterity, often keeping action going on two floors of the dormitory, for instance, at once, interweaving the effects cunningly. One particularly ingratiating example of this technique is one of the Galahads making love to the dean's daughter, downstairs, by singing and playing a song he has written; to this music, seeping through the floor, the caged hoofer upstairs invents and practices a dance routine. Every feature of the show seems so right. The cast is flawless, special mention being due Polly Walters as the snide little dame, John Beal and Burgess Meredith and two other lads as the only convincing collegiates I can recall seeing on the stage, and Charles D. Brown as a movie publicist. Even the songs sounded like real Triangle Club ditties, only good. Princetonians themselves express pleasure over the ride given their Alma Mammy. Out of the welter of delights, the particular high spot for me was one which I think will appeal to all ex-inmates of a studium—the one in which the dean is socked cold. The show is the fullest evening of entertainment in the city—silkier and more sophisticated than "Sailor, Beware," and not so *cochon*, if I know what I mean.

Maxwell Anderson's "Mary of Scotland" is a very important dramatic offering. My heart rejoices to hear verse so rich and strong, in perfect tune with the regal settings, and never going plush. Beauty of sight and sound redeem action which is a trifle sluggish, though never tiresome except in two scenes where Helen Menken seems rather more a monarch of Westphalia than of England; and even she overcomes this handicap in her big confronting of her unfortunate rival. Helen Hayes, in the title role,

Continued on page 154

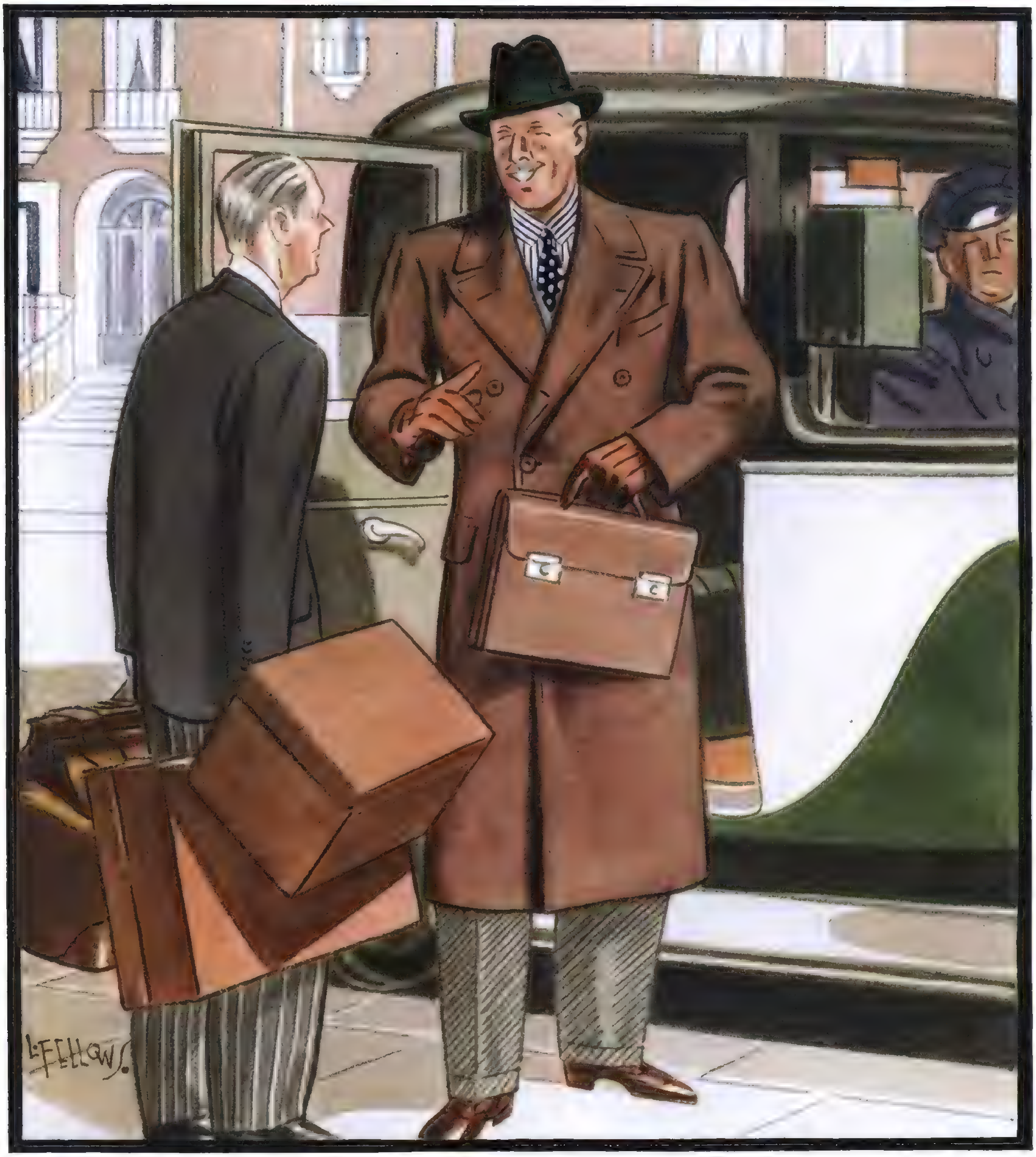


LOGAN-PERSEGUITI PROCESS

DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

WILLIAM GAXTON, STAR OF "LET 'EM EAT CAKE"

Decorative Wire Caricature by Jacques Steinau



FOR THE BUSY MAN WHO MEETS HIMSELF COMING AND GOING

Living out of pullmans for days at a time, catching this or that plane or rattler at the last minute and at almost no notice—there are a lot of fellows who have that sort of thing as a year around routine. To them, the new leisure might as well be the name of a night club, because their constant round of activities, under this or any other deal, calls for being continually on the go. Such men as salesmen or managers in charge of a territory—they must take their fashion straight, and smartness, for them, is a code that begins and ends with practicality. Here is an outfit that won't stop a style show, but can stand a lot of rough usage without appearing conspicuously awry. The luggage, too, is worth more than a passing glance. There may be other shirts that are handsomer than the tab collar one shown here, but none so safe for a long busy spell away from all mirrors. Then, too, there may be more flattering gloves, both as to color and leather, than these of reddish capeskin—but none that can offer a greater crusing radius from the dry cleaner's establishment. The diagonal suiting is distinguished both by its appearance and by its happy knack of holding its shape. The rough felt Homberg hat has a dressed up look that it doesn't lose quite so fast as the more informal snap brim model. In short, here is a case of head to foot planning for the man who must appear to be careful of his clothes, and can't be, six days out of ten, because of circumstances beyond his control. By the way, the double stitching on collar, lapels and pockets helps the brown Harris tweed overcoat to keep its shape. The fact that it's double breasted, too, helps in that respect. Practical all the way.

Masters of Myth

Continued from page 111

following anecdote: After a combat, a Legion private steps from the ranks and utters the prayers for the dead. He does this so well that his chief asks him where he learned. And he says: "I was a bishop—or a priest, or an archbishop—in civilian life, Captain—or Major, or General!" That anecdote was first printed in the sixties, and Georges d'Esparbes used it again in a book which he wrote in the late nineties. Ex-Legionnaires will use it as a personal experience as long as the Legion exists, giving for locale the Sahara, the Tonkinese Jungle or the Jebel Druse, according to their campaigns.

Every Legionnaire will insist that he has met an unfrocked bishop of the Catholic Church in the ranks. I sought for months to find that traditional, and elusive, character. He was always in another garrison, in another outpost. At last, some time and somewhere, I was told: "He's here." And I sat across the table from a bearded old fellow, who confessed that he had been a bishop, before coming to the Legion fifteen years before. He would find his ring in the morning and show it to me. What made me doubt his story is that he could neither understand nor read the simplest Latin.

Who has ever met an ex-Legionnaire who did not have a prince for a bunkie? Books on the Legion always repeat the story of the prince of a reigning house who died of fever —or of wounds—as a second class Legionnaire. And, a few weeks later, a cruiser of the great nation arrived in port to take the body home in state. There have been and there are genuine princes in the Foreign Legion. But for every genuine prince, there are fifty pseudo princes.

Your ex-Legionnaire has a romantic afterglow concerning his years in service. He likes to appear a man who has withstood much, who was distinguished from others. If, during the heat of his relation, he has an idea that a bit of startling brutality is needed to strengthen his effect, he will not hesitate. Regardless of truth and regulations, he will supply the hard sergeant with the lash. It is usually noticed that he was not the one to suffer, for there is a limit to what a man will do to prove his words, and scars would be in order. The one exception, I believe, is an Englishman, who offers to show whip-scars. I would be inclined to recall, in that case, that certain offenses are punished, in Great Britain, by the application of the cat-o'-nine-tails.

Legionnaires are not whipped.

It would seem that men observe their past through a telescope. When out of the Foreign Legion, it is the Legion that is astonishing, luxurious, miserable and brutal to an incredible degree. But the Legionnaire in uniform, among his comrades, boasts very little of hardships in the Corps. For glory or misery, he turns to his past in civilian life.

Legion officers soon learn not to believe all they are told. It is said that certain hysterical types plague priests with invented sins in confession. Many Legionnaires will relate stories concerning themselves that are utterly false. I met a young German, barely nineteen years old, already decorated and a fine soldier, who told me in confidence that his father was a famous German surgeon, that he had left a magnificent home to elope with a show girl, who had left him when his money was gone. I was touched by this tragedy, spoke to one of his superiors, who smiled. He knew the boy well, had corresponded with his mother in Germany over some question of discharge. The boy was almost illiterate in his own language, was a peasant by birth, and had been compelled to leave home by a harsh stepfather.

Those who have had real tragedies do not talk. I met a man who spoke perfect English as well as perfect French, and who could speak three other tongues fluently. It was obvious that he had background, breeding, that he had been "somebody." He did not need to talk to be noticed. I suggested that he must have had serious reasons to break off from his old existence and become a private of the Legion. He gave me an excellent lesson in two words: "I had."

The Legionnaire not only likes to talk as a rule, but he loves to read. And, generally, he prefers adventure fiction. In the bundles of mail coming for Legionnaires, I noticed magazines in all languages, usually with hunting or combat scenes on the covers. I was plied with questions concerning gangsters and cowboys. Not one but twenty Legionnaires have told me that they would like to go to America and raise cattle! And a kid of eighteen, with the Colonial Cross and a campaign medal, asked me about Indian fighting with glowing eyes.

He was an interesting young fellow, and good proof that if tales of the Foreign Legion excite boys in America, stories of America excite boys in the Legion. For he had once attempted to desert from a Saharan outpost, with rifle, ammunition and pack. His intention was to walk across hundreds of miles of sand to reach the Atlantic Coast and sneak aboard a ship for the States. The native auxiliary riders caught him before he had been gone twenty-four hours, and he was brought back.

His captain, an excellent chap old enough to be his father, talked to him at length, explaining what it would have meant had he remained away long enough to be accused of desertion. He told the lad that he would not punish him this time, but that he would like to know why he had taken such a chance of punishment by the French or massacre by hostile natives.

The young Legionnaire looked at him ardently, and said:

"It's so dull here, Captain. I wanted to go to Chicago!"

Bird of Passage

Continued from page 62

of nearness with danger, and daring—and romance.

Suddenly the roaring of the propeller dropped into diminuendo, and ceased altogether as the machine glided with Aladdin-like magic downward at an almost imperceptible angle, toward the cluster of spectators waiting on the brown mat of the open meadow. As an autumn leaf, guided by some invisible power, the Sea Gull came at last to rest.

* * *

Shadows of evening were falling upon the November landscape, from which the tints had fled. The Sea Gull with its bright yellow fuselage and the spread of varnished wings supplied all the color that remained. A red gasoline truck, that for three days had served the man-made bird, appeared in the gloom like a smear of rust. The brown earth, made bare of foliage by the tread of many feet, gave testimony that Garland the Great had drawn a crowd to his sky riding.

"What's the grand total, Pete?" asked the Emperor.

"One hundred and sixty-two passengers, at three bucks apiece; not counting little Ada, the come-on girl. She certainly started the jaspers into the air. You pull some raw stuff now and then. Do we or don't we beat it out of here tomorrow for the salubrious south land?"

"I think," said the Emperor, "that day *after* tomorrow will be about right, unless the Queen makes up her mind to hasten the coronation."

A flash of distrust crept into Pete's eyes. "Another one of those take-a-chance stunts of yours. Yea Bo? You damned near got your head shot off playin' around last week with that air-sick farmer girl in the Shenandoah Valley. Why the hell do you fall for these country chickens. Take it from me, Elmer, there *is* a limit. You've got your foot in it. Let's blow tomorrow."

"And leave the Queen. . . . "

"Yes," barked the Cockroach, throwing his ball of waste in the tool box, "—leave her while the leavin's good. You belong in the air, with the eagles. You act like an ostrich with your head in the sand, and your tail feathers on high."

"Why, Peter," replied Elmer, mockingly, "how can you utter such cruel words. If, as you have so well said, I am an eagle bird, why should I not swoop down upon a domesticated swan now and then?"

The Cockroach, cursing in an undertone, turned his back upon the raptorial bird and disappeared in the pup tent. Like a velvet curtain dusk fell upon the field blotting out the distant woodland, the wind breaks and the perspective in the east.

Garland the Great, lighting a cigarette, strolled leisurely in the direction of the farm house a mile away where a tired widow woman and a star eyed girl were making preparations for the coming night.

"It is late this year," said the elder woman, "fall came lingering. Even the wild swans due from the north a week ago have not yet reached the Currituck. When I was a girl they always came under cover of night between the 25th of October and the 1st of November by hundreds of thousands, whitening the water and departing early in March. No one ever saw them actually arrive or depart."

"Yes," said the girl mechanically. "Last year they dropped down at midnight on the 27th. I wonder what they think of the flying machines. Mother, did you imagine that a child of yours would some day fly?"

"No," answered the woman in a detached mood, closing the cupboard door and untying her apron. "When *is* that young man going away?" She had steeled herself to say it; to come logically to the theme that for three days and nights the girl had ever on her tongue. "Ada, I do not care for him."

"You don't understand, Mother," replied the girl in an even tone. "He is not like other people."

"In what way is he different?"

"He is air-minded. He sees the world from the heights." A fugitive blush swept over her

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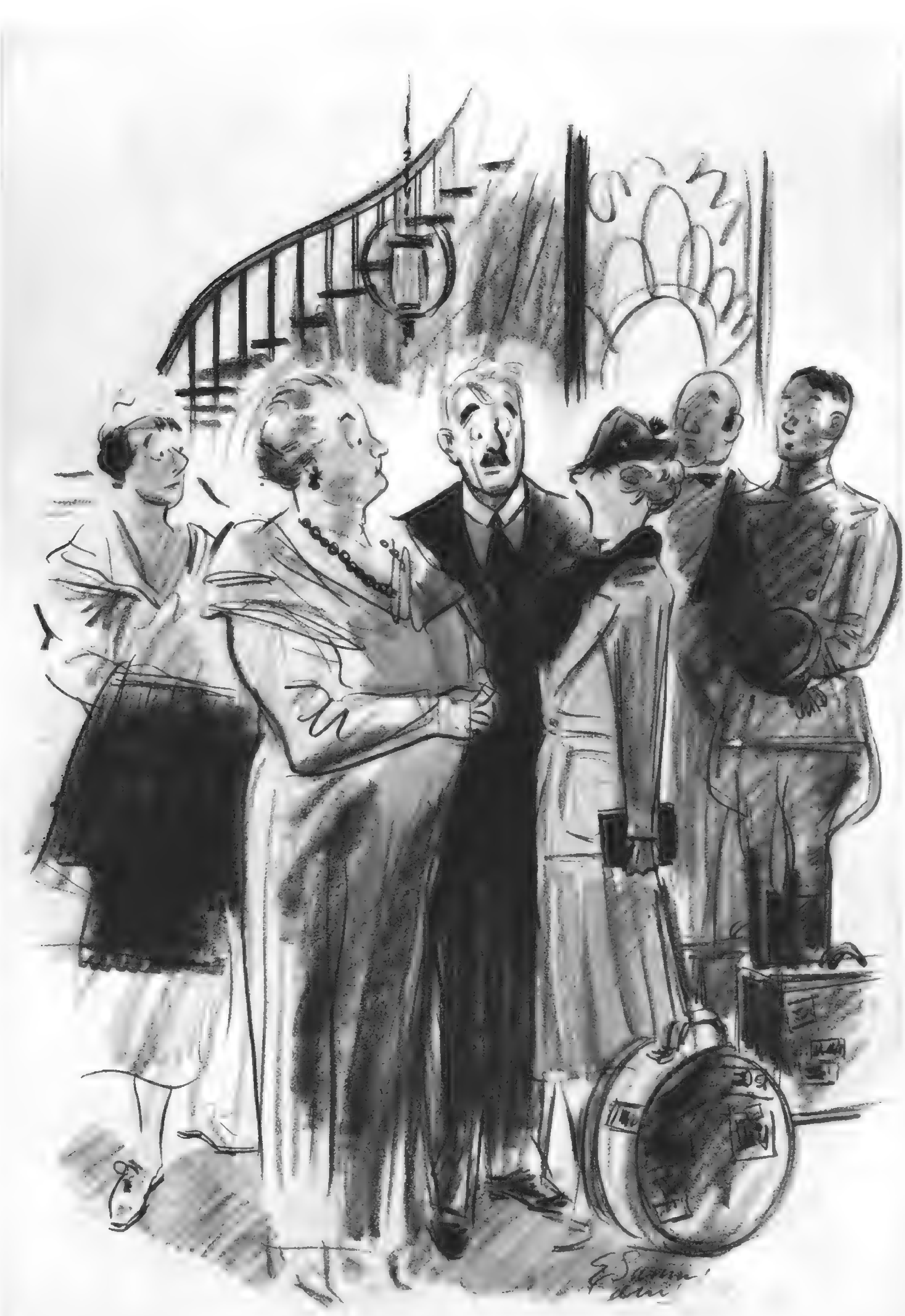


*"But Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow—*they *didn't go to Bryn Mawr"*

The Candid Cameraman

Panning the musicals, damning the Marxes except for Harpo, and fanning one ribald epic

by MEYER LEVIN

UNFORTUNATELY there are only a limited number of angles from which a camera can photograph a bunch of nearly-naked blondines tripping up and down glass stairways. Now that the musical-extravaganza-chorus has been shot from above, below, before, behind, and between, through water, through glass, through cellophane, we may expect that the cycle of back-stage cinemas has again run its course; a new "trend" is to be expected in pictures. Two possibilities appear. We may be in for a season of sophistication, or a season of sissyfication. The direction in which pictures swing will depend, I suppose, on whether "Little Women" grosses more than "Design for Living."

A couple of active prejudices prevent my appreciation of the smirk-smart "Design for Living." (1) I detest the works of Noel Coward. (2) I hate plays about artists. As this play stems from Noel Coward, and contains an artist and a playwright, it is obviously calculated to give me the heebie-jeebies. The movie version departs widely from the stage play; Ben Hecht, who made the adaptation, didn't even keep Coward's oft-quoted line about "an unpremeditated roll in the hay." However, he kept the too-too clever characters. Most of the picture is set in the Paris-garret period, which was not in the action of the stage play. I can't imagine why this was done, as the garret-in-Paris stuff is stale, and Messrs. Cooper and March seem much too old for the Bohemian gayety required in depicting the unknown-artist-struggling-in-Paris. The only part of the picture that wrung laughter out of this resistant soul was the last episode, when the oh-so-clever artists return from China to burst into a quite ordinary party being given by their ex-girl's latest husband. They just kid the life out of that poor Babbitt husband. So Gilda runs off with her two body-and-soul mates, back "to Paris! and Work!" But the picture, like the play, fails to solve the one serious problem raised by Mr. Coward's opus: what about the sleeping arrangements of the reunited trio?

A more palatable brand of sophistication is offered in "Should Ladies Behave," a cute bit of fluff evolved from Paul Osborne's play, "The Vinegar Tree." Though this, too, concerns a painter and his loves, it strikes a freer note of wit; in fact it is rather refreshingly civilized. Good caricature performances are given by Lionel Barrymore as a crochety old garden-putterer, and Alice Brady as a giddy dame. Katherine Alexander is beautiful in this one as a worldly lady who can't see why she has to walk up all those stairs to her lover's apartment when there's an elevator handy.

Neither of these pictures is a world-beater for entertainment. But it does seem significant that their appeal is aimed at the mind rather than at the eye. Drawing-room wit takes the place of gags, slap-stick, tap-dancing, and the display of opulent flesh.

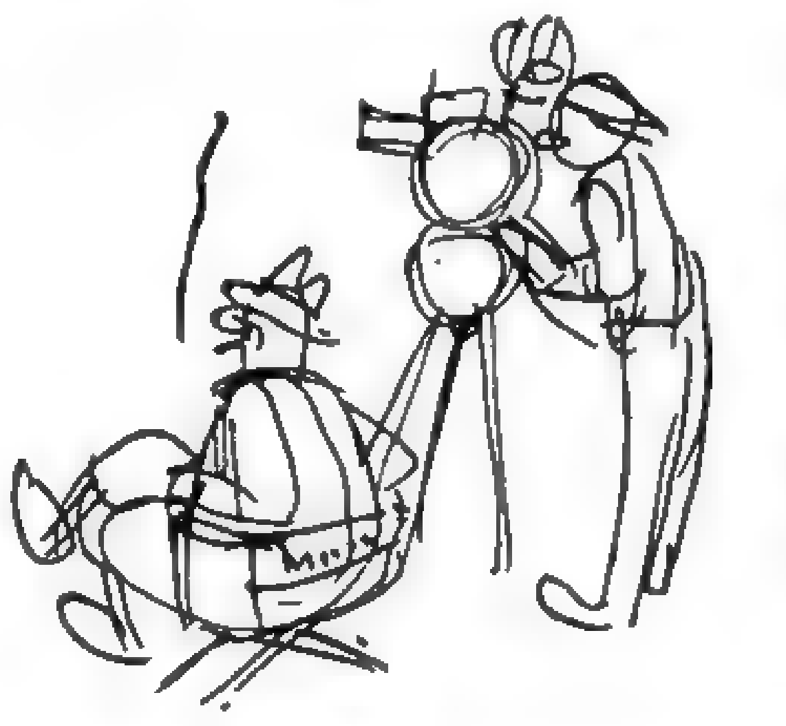
Though not necessarily an advance for the art of the talking picture, this change in trend is welcome. The musical field needs to lie fallow. The last flowers were sort of pale-like. Take, for instance, the latest offering of the Four Marx Brothers: a blurp called "Duck Soup," and their worst concoction. The story is a feeble effort at satirizing dictators; Groucho, ruling over one of those mythical musical comedy kingdoms, has adventures with a rich widow and a foreign ambassador.

The Marx brothers ought to get wise to the fact that Harpo, and not Groucho, is the genius in the family. Groucho's gags grow staler, and his puns flatter, in every picture. Yet he has more to do in each new opus; his jabber disastrously slows the pace. Harpo's appeal is directly to our instincts. He does everything we are inhibited from doing. If he sniffs a pretty female, he makes a bee-line for her, eyes ablaze, arms open. He takes a fiendish delight in destroying things; his pockets are full of outlandish contraptions, idiotic inventions. He is, in short, the boy in man, for once allowed exuberant life. At times Harpo impresses one as having a gift comparable to that of Chaplin. But where Chaplin's humor is sad-eyed, based on negation, Harpo's humor is positive, ablaze with his frenetic appetite for life; he isolates the sheerly idiotic joy of life. The brothers ought to try building one picture around Harpo.

"Duck Soup" contains a really hilarious scene. Zeppo and Harpo, both disguised as Groucho, confront each other as in a mirror. They go through a convulsive series of facial contortions, nose-thumbings, twirls, hops, leaps, crawls, in perfect parallel, trying to catch each other out.

Another sputter in the major movie constellations comes from Eddie Cantor, whose latest picture, "Roman Scandals," won't set the world on fire. Again the fault is in the forced and clumsy story, the labored gags. This saga is of the "Connecticut Yankee" pattern. The ne'er-do-well of the town of West Rome dreams himself through an adventure in ancient Rome. "Roman Scandals" contains a good musical extravaganza sequence in a harem scene of negro slave-girls grooming pulchritudinous blondes. Incidentally, some bright movie man would do well to put together a single picture composed entirely of extravaganza shots from the various musical productions in which we have to sit through long sections of plot in order to get to the beautiful climax scenes. The skyscraper numbers from "Forty-Second Street," the water-dance patterns from "Footlight Parade," the strangely fascinating merry-go-round finale from "Dancing Lady," and a score of other really stunning shots from the recent flood of musical pictures might be preserved in this fashion. It would be interesting to see how much this development in motion-picture art owes to the abstract movies by Manray and other experimental artists, shown some years ago in the little cinemas. Those abstract studies of crystal-forms, machine-movements, snow-flakes, and match-sticks really showed what could be done with pattern in motion; the wise Hollywood boys put naked chorines into the patterns instead of match-sticks. In Cantor's latest picture, the black-and-white harem sequence gives us a multiplied effect of Manet's famous painting, "Olympia."

"Roman Scandals" has its gags. Eddie, in ancient costume, gets his back-side nipped by a sacred she-crocodile. Whereupon he makes a remark about ladies "biting a man's togas." There is also a bang-up chariot chase to wind up the picture. About ten per cent of "Roman Scandals" is one hundred per cent entertainment. But the show on the whole is slow.



There's a new Cagney picture around, called "Lady Killer," which has some funny Hollywood movie-making scenes, and a swell cave-man shot in which the tough boy shows the proper way to kick a lady out of bed. And a Lee Tracy picture called "Advice to the Lovelorn" which boasts the worst story of the month: a sort of "Blessed Event" butchery of Nathaniel West's good novel, "Miss Lonelyhearts."

Of the current epidemic of lawyer-pictures, "Counsellor-at-Law" is the best. John Barrymore doesn't fit the part as did Paul Muni, but Elmer Rice's excellent story-craftsmanship carries the picture through. Many of the minor parts are well played. Watch Vincent Sherman, who does the "Communist" bit.

The most refreshing trend in recent pictures is in a couple of fairly simple shows made from the cowboy stories of Will James, who appears in person as the narrator in "Smokey," a horse story that contains touching animal scenes.

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The Mythical Morgan

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dealing with his servants—as kindly and courteous to them as he is to his business associates. When riding in his car alone, he does not loll luxuriously in the back seat but invariably sits up in front where he can visit with his chauffeur.

One way in which Morgan has been considerate of his partners is his unwillingness to try to impose his views on them regarding affairs outside of business. There was the time a friend tried to persuade him to attend the Dempsey-Carpentier prize fight. Morgan has never been to a prize fight and he explained that one reason for his aversion is the unsound economics in connection with a championship bout. You see, thousands of people, he explained, paying from $10 to $50 a seat—money most of them can ill afford—and most of this total going to two thugs.

"But don't tell my partners what I have just said," he added. "At least four of them are planning to go and might stay away if they thought I was out of sympathy with such an affair."

As a sample of the minor details in which we have been misinformed about Morgan, the public has always resented that, after a few years residence in England where he went to learn foreign exchange and old world banking methods, he should have acquired a British accent. But the joke of it is, he does *not* have a British accent at all. What he does have is a decided Harvard accent. Never did a man speak with truer Harvard intonation and inflection than when he mentions his occupation as "private bankah."

We have thought of Morgan more as a powerful, greedy money-lender than as one of the great scholars of the country; and yet the fact is that it is doubtful if anyone in the country has a much more scholarly knowledge than he has of the Bible and of Shakespeare. He reads the Bible in Latin and Greek and has a quotation for every current situation. Often these quotations are from the Book of Revelation. Some day we may learn what Biblical phrase he thinks applies to his enforced spilling of his secrets.

Few men have a deeper knowledge of history, biography and the classics. But he has tried to keep in touch also with current literature as well as with books that serve only to amuse him. He has read "Babbitt," "The Good Earth"—which greatly interested him—and at the time of the Senate investigation was just beginning Ellen Glasgow's "The Sheltered Life."

When he reads solely for amusement, without thought of literary profit, his passion is for mystery stories. His favorite is "Bulldog Drummond." Can this be because of the opportunity for vicarious adventure in using native ingenuity to outwit powerful adversaries?

On the train coming from Washington to New York after the Senate hearings, Morgan remarked to one of his partners:

"I'm having a hard time restraining myself."

"Restraining yourself from what?" asked the partner, perhaps wondering if the boss wished to challenge the lawyer, Pecora, to a duel.

Morgan held up a book he was reading, a mystery tale. "I can hardly keep from turning to the last page right now to learn who committed the murder," he said, with a chuckle.

Now that we all know Morgan better, and also know more about the kind of business he has been carrying on, we may properly wonder what is going to happen.

It is possible that recent drastic legislation may curb the Morgan power not necessarily because of anything vicious in Morgan or his partners, but because the kind of régime he has carried on may not belong in this modern world. His situation is not altogether unlike that of Louis XVI, last of the real Bourbons in France. Louis was reverential, modest, and likeable personally, just as Morgan is. Those who came to know him toward the last—even including his jailers—couldn't feel hatred for him. He was the victim of a system rather than the cause. His enforced trip from Versailles to Paris, where he would be in closer contact with the masses, was just a wee bit analogous to Morgan's trip from New York to Washington. But the great difference is that no one has the slightest desire to behead poor Morgan. The worst anybody wishes to do is to give him opportunity to fit his talents into the modern scheme and abandon whatever financial régime may be looked upon as too much of an obsolete racket.

A conspicuous difference between Louis Capet and Jack Morgan is that Louis tried to run away. That is the last thing Morgan would ever try to do. Cowardice is not in him. Some years ago, a crazy man got in the Morgan Long Island home and tried to kill the banker. But Morgan didn't run. Instead he walked up to the intruder and grappled with him.

His sons might conceivably become important figures not in carrying on the ancient power and glory, but in helping to build a Better System. His elder son, Junius, shy and modest as a girl, is a man of real ability. He has rare charm, with a smile that is well nigh irresistible; and he also has courage. During the World War he enlisted in the United States Navy and was assigned to the Queenstown patrol on a submarine chaser—right off the southern end of Ireland where subs were thickest—and he made a wonderful record.

The younger son, Henry, is more like his grandfather—more of a driver. He, too, has charm but he doesn't always turn it on—preferring most of the time to use the same kind of driving force that characterized the original J. P. He is an adjustable chap, according to those who know him best, and would adapt himself to whatever kind of new order may be in store for us.

My guess is that one of these days the Morgans may turn into useful citizens!

This Brave New Love

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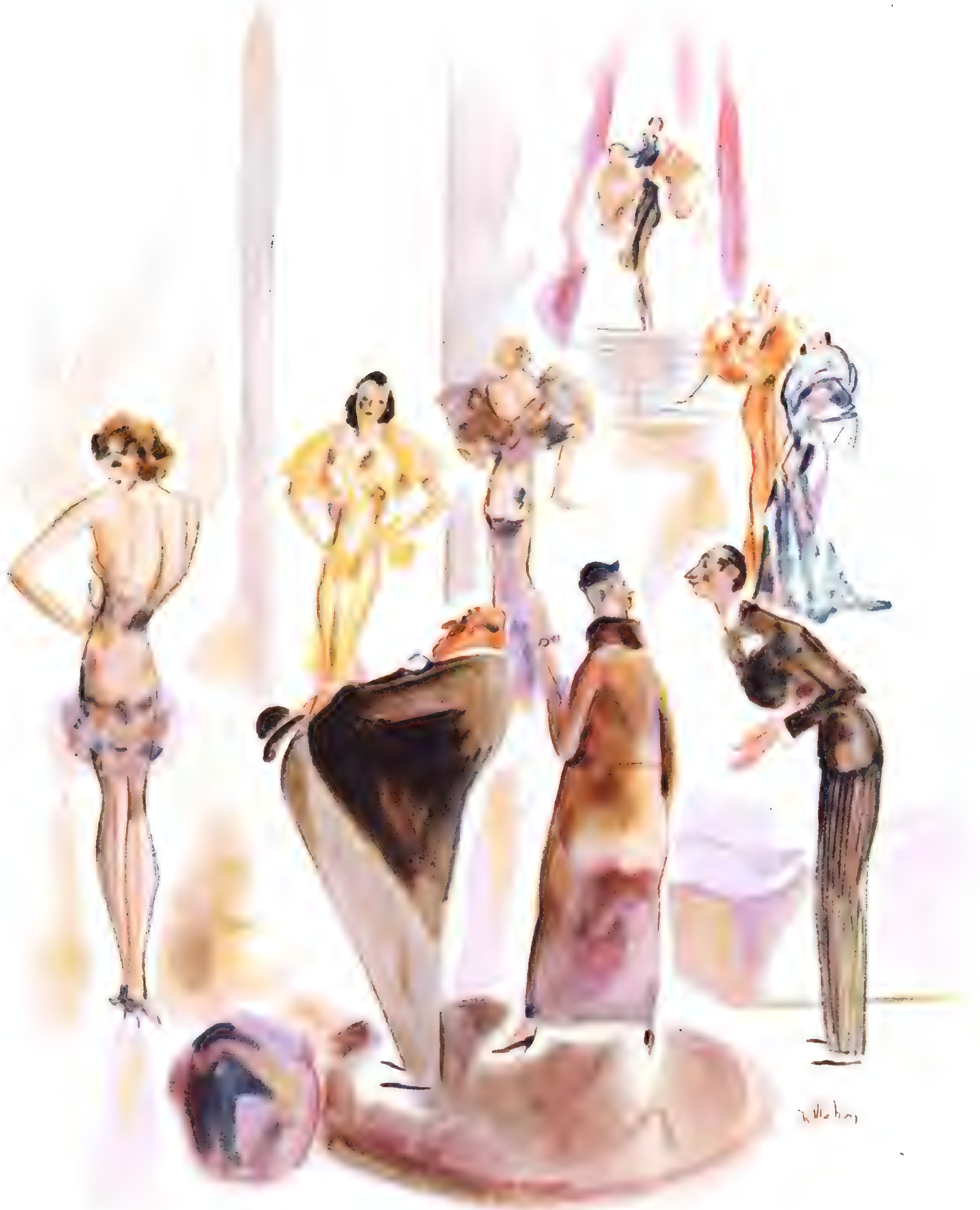
of fact, it doesn't work out so well when people get it rotating in a small apartment. The tragic intensity idea is a creditable device all right, but there are so *many* hours when one would like to lay back one's ears and just coast a while, that these fierce onslaughts of a fully-charged opponent would be a certain menace, I feel, to this thing known as home life in America. Personally, I'd crack under the load, and go out whimpering pitifully for a collateral amour.

No, the brave new love is something else again—and here goes for a shy at it. The particular brand of sex relationship now in style is, may I say, something like a column of mercury in an exposed thermometer, rising and falling with every wave of temperature thrown off by its owners. It is not a rococoesque bit from Provence, nor is it a shooter of mighty voltages in the grapes-of-victory manner. It merely responds, as delicately and perfectly as a human institution may, to whatever is going on in the lives of those responsible for its existence. It runs the gamut of temperatures, cool, to warmer, to blood heat—and all the way back again—with the quite natural comment that it takes all sorts of weathers to make apples grow. At certain seasons we consult it hourly, then come long stretches when we go about our business and barely look at it, knowing all the time that it is there, and that we need only lift our eyes to be put in touch with an emotion as necessary, as delightful, as changeable as the climate. And sometimes—quite often in fact—we get tired of gazing at its simple face and yearn violently to chuck it out the window. . . .

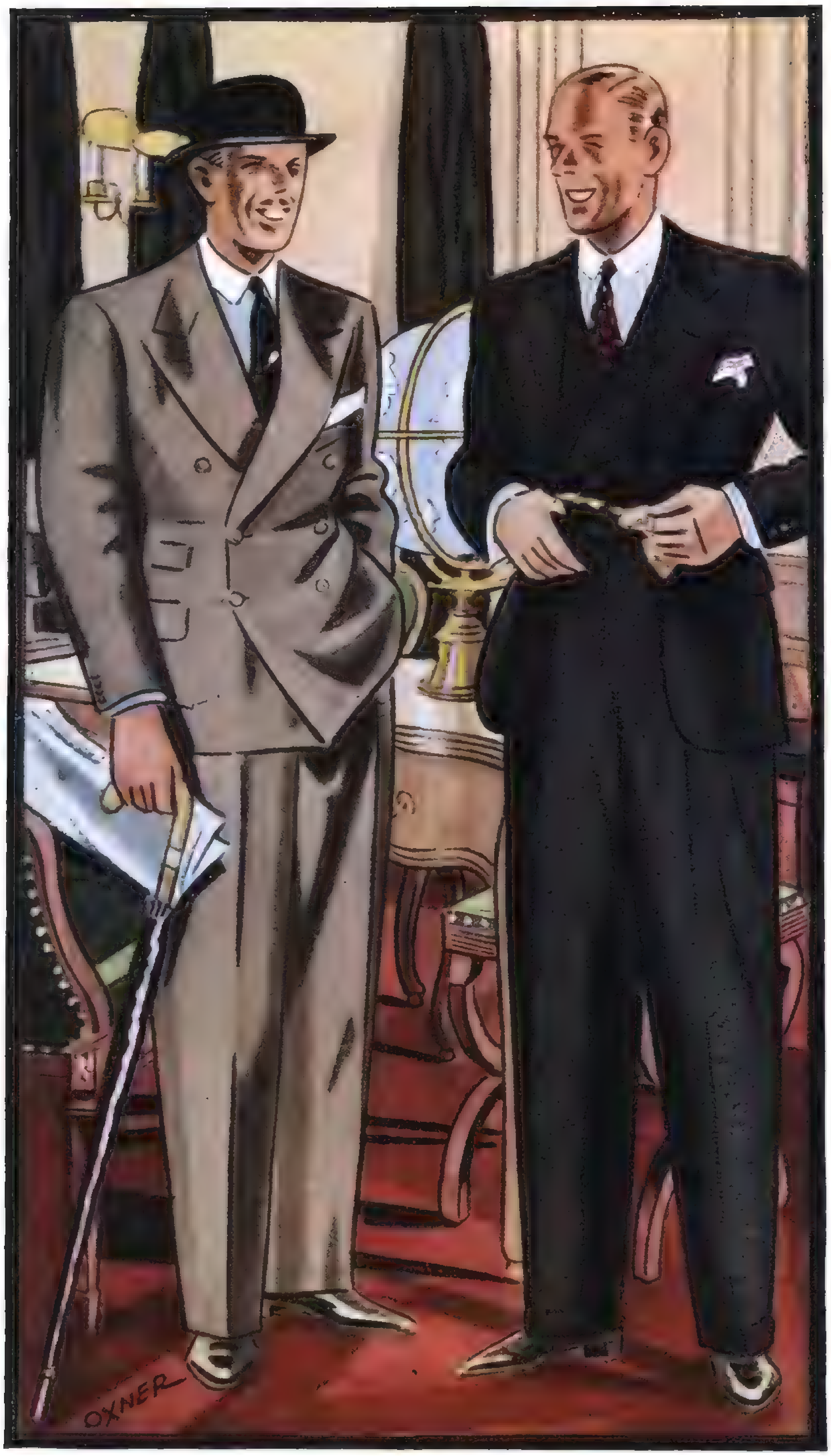
It is at such times that the New Love shows its superlative wisdom and strength. Gathering up its hat-box and gaiters, it takes a last look around the chamber wherein it celebrated the mystery that is no longer a mystery, and starts to walk out into the waiting elevator. It has no intention of hurling itself down the shaft—it merely wants to get away from that ever-fluctuating column of mercury now congealed in the bulb. But if there is any chance that the column will ever rise again—as it will if the whole device isn't shattered to splinters—the Good Love pauses by the umbrella stand to canvass the question once more. "What am I chasing, and why?" it asks the pale lonely face in the hat-rack mirror. And the answer usually comes back:

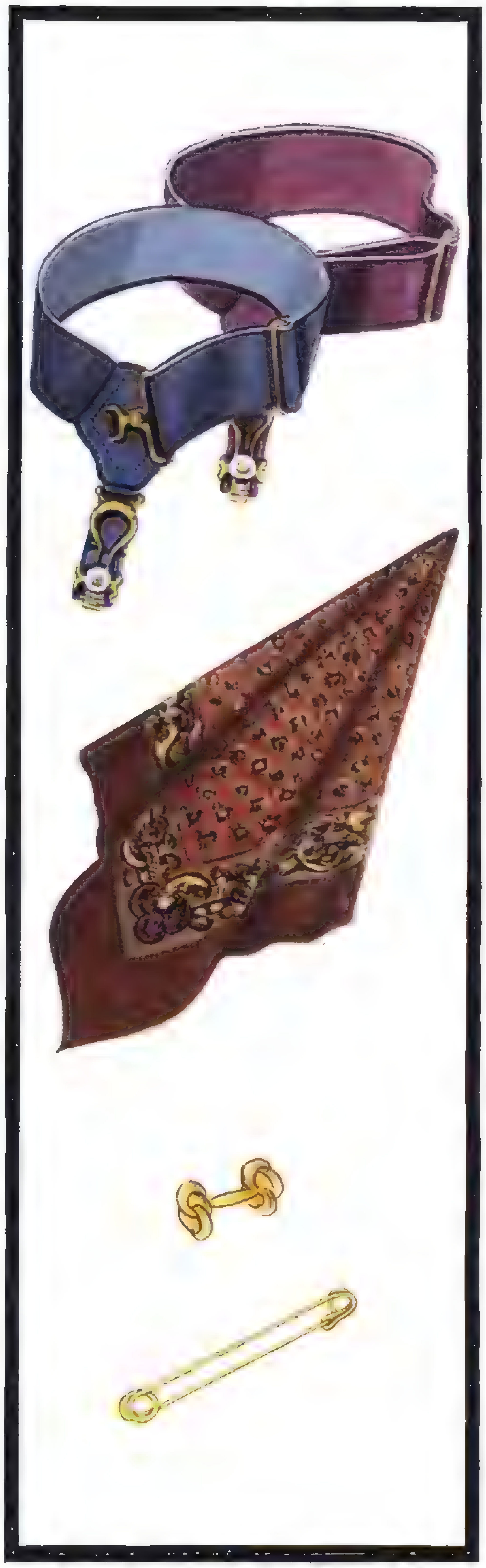
"You are chasing a dream conceived in fallacy and propped by childish desires. It is called Romantic Love, and it is the most effective escape from reality that harassed men and women have ever found. It is a soft delusive weed that frequently strangles the growth of an honester, more hopeful relation between two human beings. You thought you were rid of it, but here it is again, a messy remnant of adolescence still clinging to your days. Once more it tempts you forth in search of the Romantic Illusion, but even though you find it again it will give you only a transient druggedness and the old lasting pain. What do you run from now? Must you always be the refugee child, fleeing the onslaught of reality? Did you expect a goddess to share your miserable bed and be drunk forever with the thin wine of your wooing? Turn again Dick Whittington, for though her habit of sucking oranges rasps you like hell, there is no one better or truer to be found—not in *this* world, on *your* income with *your* repertory and profile. Go realist for a while, get your battery recharged and stick around. . . ."

Thus will the Romantic snake be scotched as it approaches the Eden Tree of mortal happiness, providing always that we can get enough female candidates to believe that the seductive serpent carries nothing but misery in its forked and fascinating tongue.



"Horace takes such an interest in my wardrobe"





DISTINGUISHED IN CUT EVEN THOUGH COMMON IN COLOR

Stylists can stand on their heads and shout themselves hoarse in praise of brown, green, tan and mixtures thereof, and a lot of Harvey H. Hardheads will still maintain that the only colors they can wear are blue, and more blue and maybe grey. That this is sausage, however sliced, has nothing to do with the case, because the fact still stands, despite all lamentation, expert or lay. The only answer that the captains of fashion can muster, is to have the designers take up, in desperation, where the colorists leave off in disgust. All this that man, who isn't supposed to give a hoot anyway, may be a bit more presentable in his manliness. Relief measure Number One, in the case of the blue suit, is the use of the double breasted waistcoat, which will make even the most confirmed blue suit addict look less monotonous in spite of himself. The second expedient, to the rescue of the eternal greyness of grey, is the addition of a cash pocket and a little added sprightliness in the double breasted cut. White starched collars, in both instances, lend a note of freshness that would otherwise be lacking. Both men wear colored shirts, the one at the left being a solid blue with stiff bosom, while the one that is striped is a soft shirt. A dressy touch is given to the grey outfit by the use of a solid color black tie with a small pearl stickpin—a combination that has for some time been a favorite for town wear. Note the heavy watch chain worn by the man at the right—an idea that is catching on very fast. Sketched at the right are web garters of sensible width, a madder foulard handkerchief, a gold collar pin, and an interesting cuff link with an ornamental metal knot.

Bird of Passage

Continued from page 129

and vanished. The older woman saw it come and go.

"Is that the way he explains it to you, my dear?"

"No. But that is the way I feel. Something tells me—something here—" she placed a hand upon her heart, "—that we are mates."

Softly, with maternal tenderness came the response: "This is not the mating season. Wait until Spring."

Whatever speech lay upon the girl's lips died a'bornin', and there was a troubled look in her eyes. "The air is close in here," she said presently. "I'm going out for a while. Do you mind?"

"Don't be long," answered the mother. "I'll wait for you."

Down the graveled path, under the bare branches of the apple trees, past the honeysuckle hedge now rattling its dry leaves in the night wind, the girl who would mate with the eagle made her way to the front gate.

* * *

"Is that you, kid?" The voice was husky. "I thought you'd never come." He held out both arms into which she flew like a homing pigeon, allowing him to press his hot mouth upon her unresisting lips.

"I don't like you to kiss me that way," said she, escaping from the smother of his embrace. "At least—not yet."

"Good God, Kid, you're mine ain't you?"

"I will be—some day—all yours, to have and to hold. . . ." Again he took her in his arms.

In the typhoon of desire which swept about them, the Emperor of the Air knew that the girl, once a vagrant gust took hold of her, would go the way of all unstable things and careen to disaster. He enveloped her like a hurricane, resolved to shake the anchorage that held her to the roots of earth.

"A—da!"

The door of the cottage had been suddenly opened.

"A—da!"

"Don't speak," whispered the flyer.

"Yes, I'm here," answered the tremulous voice, ignoring the request for silence. "I'm quite all right, dearest."

"Very well," responded the woman, after an interval of searching the shadows. "Don't go away. I feel a storm coming."

"Can she see us?" whispered the flying man.

"I don't think so," said the girl. "Remain close to me."

Mother closed the front door as the young lovers, plunged now into deeper darkness, uttered a blended sigh of mutual relief.

Between the opening of the portal and its shutting the gathering cyclone shattered and passed into space.

"I *must* go in," said the girl now freed from the hungry arms. "A chill is in the wind. Don't . . . Not tonight."

"When?" asked the insistent one.

She laid both her hands upon his breast and felt the pounding of his heart. "Tomorrow . . . at this hour . . . Come for me . . . I trust you . . . I . . . love you."

She gave him her lips in one mad, impulsive surrender, and then thrusting him away ran down the graveled path, past the honeysuckle, under the apple trees and let herself across the threshold into the warmth of home fires.

Garland the Great, Emperor of the Air, burning with evil intent, his thin lips compressed beneath his hawk's beak, his dark eyes gleaming, would wait another day for the culmination of his black ambition. He looked upward, through the trees of the forest, into the field of sidereal fire, across which a tenuous mist was creeping like a film. He felt, that somewhere in that uncharted void he would find space for his unsatiated frenzy. He wanted to unleash the Sea Gull and breast the night wind until his fever cooled. In a few moments he stood before the tent into which Pete the mechanician an hour before had retired in bad humor.

"Come out, you big stiff," said he, "and spin the fan for Papa. I am a bird of passage, and crave the air."

A grimy hand appeared at the tent slit. The flap was thrown back. "What the hell do you want now?" asked the Cockroach, stepping out into the darkness.

"The Emperor is about to inspect the moon and the stars. How much gas in the tanks?"

"Enough to take you there and back—no matter where you go," snarled the disgruntled helper. "Did you see Queenie tonight, Big Boy?"

"Yea Bo and I'll see her again tomorrow night. That's all you need to know. Now Watson, attend."

The Great Garland walked over to the machine, climbed into the front seat and began fingering the levers. "Don't ask to go with me, Pete," said he, throwing his helmet out on the ground, "I wish to be alone with —Venus."

The Cockroach mopped the inevitable grease with the inevitable waste. "You needn't hurry on my account," he hissed. "Give her the gun." Into the black velvet the Sea Gull rushed, bumped lightly along the field, and with a buoyant uplift glided into the deepening night.

* * *

Aloft in the vast immensity the yellow plane soared on reaching wings, the solitary figure in the cockpit still under the spell of the girl that, less than an hour ago he had held, half swooning in his sinuous arms. A slight pressure upon the steering stick and the Gull swung in a gentle curve toward the cottage, with its lighted windows through which filtered a pale light gilding the apple trees. He visioned the two women under the moss green shingled roof. Once, twice, and for the third time, the Sea Gull encircled the homestead, holding the lights in his hawk's eye until, surfeited with the thought of remoteness, he flew southward, along the jeweled frontier of the beacon lighted Atlantic.

Glancing at his instruments he observed that the barometer was in a mood for prophecy. "Falling." The word was in his mind, not upon his lips. No matter; his brain was occupied with the pomps and vanities, with that split second of clinging lips; with something recorded in an upward wave through his tense body. Onward, at full speed through the starlight, into the distant haze, into the south, his back upon the house on Currituck, to which he would return when the temperature in his blood had fallen. A cold pursuing wind touched his cheek as he banked to the westward. "Forty-two degrees." It was a mistake to have thrown his helmet on the dry grass of the meadow. The film overhead was thickening perceptibly, while the stars to the north were being swept from the heavens as the somber bank of clouds lifted toward the zenith. Garland the Great banked his plane and headed for the north, for the light in the apple orchard, for the spot—that was his magnetic pole. He would take one good night flash at the glowing windows and then rejoin the Cockroach.

"Tomorrow?"

An ice cold blast smote him across the forehead. The Emperor of the Air dropped to one thousand feet and at eighty miles leapt back to North Carolina across the estuaries flowing in from the sea. Straight ahead, in the imponderable dark he discerned the cloud bank drifting upward, swirling, rolling, tumbling like some monstrous tidal wave escaping from the unknown. The barometer continued to fall. The lights below began to fade into indefinable blurs that disappeared like something sinking in an ocean of glue. Elmer decided that within half an hour he could drop down by the pup tent and the gasoline truck. More power! The Sea Gull responded to the pressure of his foot! Gas! Gas! More gas!! The motor sounded like a swarm of Gargantuan bees flying home to the hive.

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The Man in the Black Hat

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But I wasn't surprised and I knew it. It seemed perfectly natural to see him, except that he was broke. His black hat looked the same and his grey goatee was trimmed and his clothes weren't unpressed or anything but I knew he was broke. Nobody can fool me when they're broke. They can dress in a brand new outfit and ride in a $12,000 car behind a chauffeur but one look at them and I know they're flat.

"Hello," I said. "Remember me?"

His grey eyes turned toward me with about as much expression as marbles.

"Certainly," he said. "How are you?"

"As jake as Jamaica ginger," I said. "Mind walking a ways with me?"

He fell into step with me and I led him around the corner to where my car was parked. It was a $5000 Imperial I'd bought a couple of days before.

"This car," I said, "is free."

His eyes didn't show any feeling but his lips smiled a little.

"What's the gag?" he asked.

"No gag at all," I said.

"Then, in that case," he said, "I'll take it if you don't mind."

"Not at all," I said.

I took the pink slip out of my wallet and held it against the windshield while I signed my name. I handed it to him.

"Thanks," he said.

"Don't mention it," I said.

He got in the car and drove it away.

The next time I met him was at the automobile races near San Leandro in California. I drove into the infield and parked against the fence. Another car just like mine parked alongside me. I had some sidecars mixed in a thermos bottle and I opened it to take a drink. As I lifted it to my lips I looked across

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Brooklyn to Helsingfors

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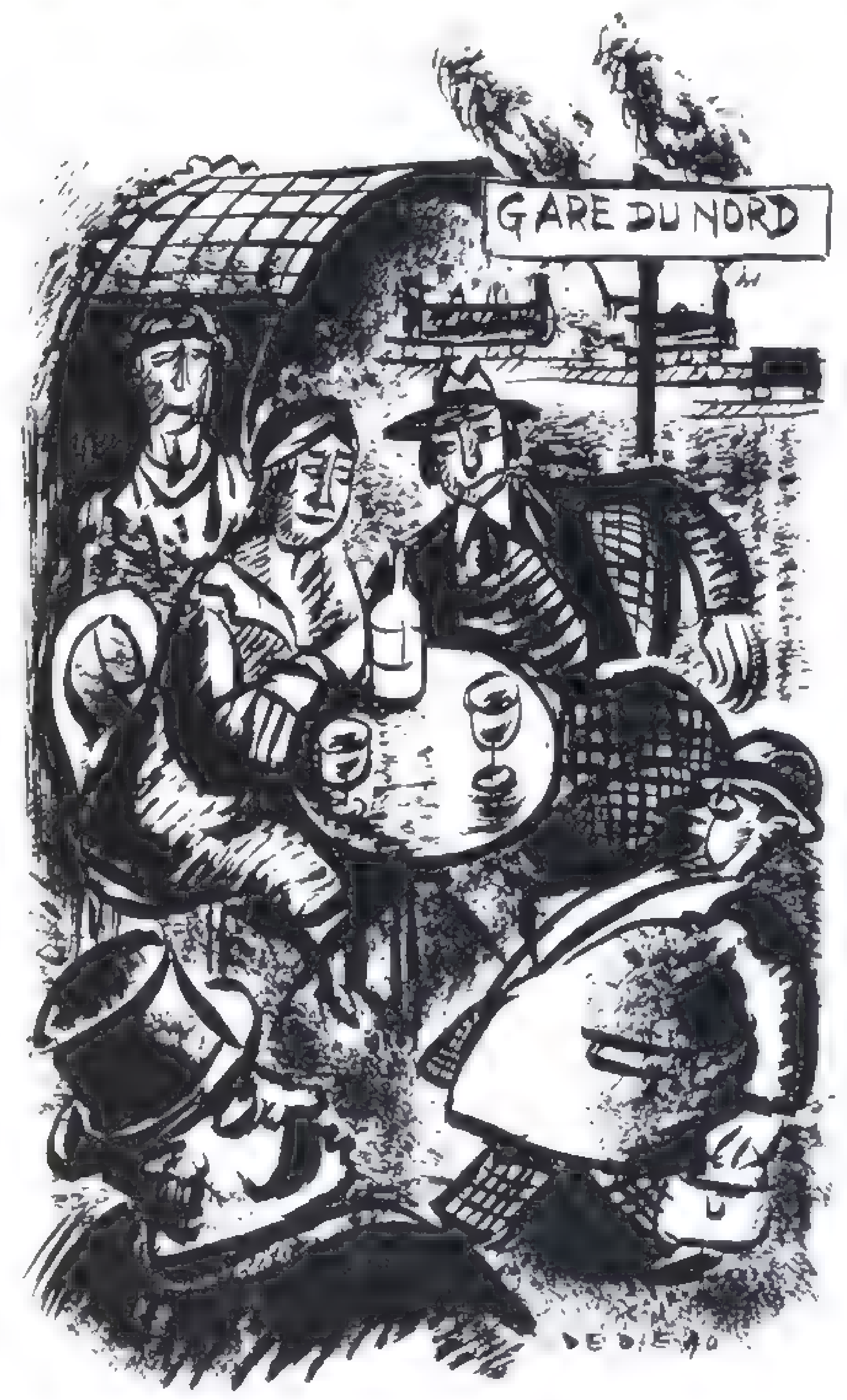
Hansen?' 'A nice day Mr. Hansen' but never more than that, very respectable people you understand, of course he wouldn't have stood for the other kind, fast girls and all that, all they thought of was to make you spend your money.

Going through the Pentland Firth the tide ran so strong that the boat kept swinging round till she was almost amidships to her course. The Orkneys stood up tall and grassy against the bright north; to the south was the smoky Scotch coast, slate roofs and steeples, leaden inlets. Mr. Hansen was saying that of course it wouldn't do to be extravagant, but that now he would be able to afford a few pleasures. He'd never believed in drink and raising cain; he blushed when he used the expression. He was afraid his relations would think he was a millionaire, over here people still thought we could pick up money in the gutters in California. But now and then a glass of beer or ale hurt nobody, and he must learn to talk and discuss topics of interest. When a boy he'd been quite a talker. It worried him a little that he might have forgotten his Danish; at the village where he was born they spoke a dialect. He supposed it was speaking the language incorrectly that had made him have so few friends in the States. "In California, I have been always a lonely man, now I must be careful that they don't marry me off to some woman who thinks I have money. Relatives are always up to that sort of thing."

Mr. Hansen was in such a hurry to get to Denmark he left the boat at Christiansand to cross on the ferry and missed the long quiet trip up the fjord to Oslo through the pale glare of the white summer night; in the middle of it you woke in your bunk at two in the morning with the red sun shining in your face and your nose full of a northwoods birchbark smell, like the smell of Maine. A few days later I met him in Copenhagen at the beginning of one of those endless summer evenings. He seemed a little too glad to see another American. He wore a new derby hat but he looked unhappy. I asked him to have a glass of beer with me; we sat a long time at the cafe opposite the empty amusement park. He told me he'd been back to his village and found that they didn't speak the dialect any more. Everybody he'd known had gone. He'd been to see some cousins in Copenhagen, but it hadn't been a success. He found it hard to speak good Copenhagen Danish, harder than English. But almost everybody here speaks English, I said. That wouldn't be the same, he'd wanted to talk the way he used to talk at home. He'd had a handsome headstone put on his father's and mother's grave. Now he didn't know what to do with himself; he supposed he ought to go to see the sights in Copenhagen, the museum or Elsinore; did I know a nice restaurant where we could eat? We went to a restaurant and sat down in front of a mirror brimmed with the late pale light of the summer night. He wouldn't drink anything and he looked as if he would burst into tears at any minute. I couldn't think of much to say. Then he said maybe he'd go back to the States, they had told him that if he should come back he could have his job again. The restaurant was empty. Whatever time it was, it wasn't when people eat in Copenhagen.

3. Gare du Nord

The Gare du Nord in Paris is a building large and colorless as a European summer twilight. It has a hotel in it where you can take a room that looks out through grey columns on the dark green taxis and busses and the long streams of commuters swirling round the stout spearpointed railings that are there to keep the Parisians from rushing the railroad station if they happen to get sore at their government. From your room at the Gare du Nord you can go in and out of the Ville Lumière as if it was a museum of painting or go over it like a stack of old postal cards found in a trunk. Every time you come and go from your room you can look through the long windows of the inside corridor down into the trainshed and smell the oily steamy smell of the locomotives. But sometimes Paris is worse than postal cards, these too handsome June days with the horsechestnuts and the advertising kiosks all in bloom; often it's painful snapshots I seem to have taken myself years ago; now and then I can make out a few familiar squinting figures in the foreground; now who was that, could that have been me in that funny hat? There's the Tuileries and the dome of the Institute and the spring crop in the picture shops along the rue de la Boetie and the Cafe de la Paix that used to be the corner of Baghdad and 42nd Street and the cafe all white and mirrors at the Porte Maillot and the little bars where so and so said such and such and the bright barges and towboats on the river, and the little steamboats as old as the Eiffel Tower still announcing Maggi and Amer Picon and Chocolat Meunier, and the whiskered senators still dodder over their croquet in the Luxemburg Gardens, but where is the Ville Lumière, the intersection of Bankok and Buenos Aires, of Barcelona and Berlin, Panama that was the center of the world? Surely not in the grands reportages in the Petit Parisien or in the quaintish restaurants people try to make you go to because a Somebody was once seen straining his soup through his whiskers in one corner, or in the spindly young men in dark suits who look like perfumery salesmen they tell you are surrealiste poets, or in the queasy-looking hicks with hangovers who sit fidgeting at the Dome in the American quarter, or in the anachronistic phonies with long hair who sit eating supper in the little square on the top of Montmartre where we were caught by an air raid once, or in the nocturnal whoopee ten years stale in the dumps in the side streets off from duMaurier's Boul' Mich' . . . well it may have been always like that. I keep a timetable in my pocket all the time and the wire saying my Russian visa's gone to Helsingfors. You and me both, Mr. Hansen.



4. Baltic

Looking out of the window across Germany is not half so entertaining as looking out of the New York, New Haven and Hartford between Providence and New York. It is fine going on board the Finnish boat at Stettin. The boat is enameled and bright as a toy in a toyshop window, everybody's eyes are blue with clean shining freshsoaped faces; everybody talks languages I can't even pretend to understand, but is delighted to produce whenever necessary a few words of a neat copybook English. The midday meal crossing the Baltic was Valhalla brought down to earth (except alas for the mead); in the center of the diningsaloon there's a long table; down the center of it lie two whole boiled salmon head to head, they are flanked by a hundred dishes of smoked salmon, of herrings smoked, pickled, salted, creamed and raw, haddock and whitefish in a number of forms, caviar, hot cheese dishes, salads, cole slaw, red cabbage, pickles, savories, spiced meat, smoked tongue, sugared ham . . . no wonder Veblen the old Scandihoovian understood the philosophy of conspicuous waste. When the whole long table is thoroughly gutted the passengers, who have been darting about politely but briskly with loaded and reloaded plates in their hands, settle down to the spotless white tables, to eat a quiet solid four course lunch, a lunch to put a sevenfoot lumberjack to sleep. No wonder the bourgeoisie of these parts rose on its ear to defend its fleshpots.

Helsingfors was all right except that the sea wasn't salt there and the town looked like a clean Duluth and they'd run entirely out of the year's supply of darkness. There was a big fuzzy park where two brass bands played cheerlessly through the livid night and stocky pinkfaced boys and girls walked round in fours and fives nudging and elbowing and stepping on each other's feet when they met. In the center of it was a chaletshaped restaurant where for a remarkably small sum you could be admitted to another Valhalla similar to the one on the boat.

The Sundays waiting for a visa in Helsingfors are the longest anywhere. You take a little steamboat and steam through endless birchcovered islands like islands in the Great Lakes, then you come back and walk out of town and go swimming in the chilly unsalt sea, then you come back and walk around in the elegant empty clean-as-a-pin railroadstation, a new building in National Finnish style; it's nine o'clock but it's bright day; no place is open and there's nobody anywhere. Through the windows of the big hotel opposite the station you can at least see waiters moving about. The cavernous dining room is a chilly pink with lugubrious hangings

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Bird of Passage

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Something cold as ice and penetrating as a needle fell upon his cheek. Snow! Not soft snow, but snow as hard as shot, striking him at eighty miles an hour. Garland the Great became a unit of ice. The very blood of his body seemed to freeze. Dread fell upon him. A million white, high velocity particles of wind-driven snow hurled out of the sky and played like bullets upon the struts, the fuselage and the wings. Could he ride above the bleak hurricane and be once again with the luminous guiding stars? The Sea Gull nosed upward and for a short time shielded his face from the hail of ice.

Suddenly an object, plunging like a white bayonet, passed to the left of him. And another—right, left—a pair. And then another —that blew into mist as it struck the propeller. Out of nowhere, with no warning, a white aura radiating in a smeared circle defined by the whirling blades splashed before his eyes. The motor, like some wounded and stricken monster, bellowed above the roar of the elements, the thunder of the blades. A barrage of splinters, wet with thick fluid, drenched and mutilated him. Heavy, soft bodies smashed against the fuselage as the Sea Gull, cracking and rending from stem to stern, her wings battered, her superstructure coming away, her silken garb frayed into ribbons, faltered in mid air. All of the space about the Sea Gull was bathed with a crimson spray in the midst of which the Emperor was being reduced to an unrecognizable pulp. Writhing in the throes of complete annihilation the ship shot upward, hovered for a final second of uncertainty in the sanguinary flood, and plunged downward, through the white whimpering plague into the salt sea, bearing the mutilated remains of the Emperor of the Air drenched with the blood of the wild swans returning from the north to the Currituck.

* * *

Item in the North Carolina *Observer:*

"The annual flight of wild swans from the North ended on Currituck Sound last night. It is estimated that three hundred thousand settled. For some unaccountable reason many of the birds seem to have molted in flight. Residents along the south shore reported a shower of swan's-down that came filtering from the sky like a storm of apple blossoms."

Personally Not Anti-Semitic

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the close of the World War as the leader of the Fehme Mord gangs. They were a group of soldiers who refused to recognize the armistice, battled first against the allies, then against German pacifists, and finally, their ranks depleted, clothing gone, and cause hopeless, they used their arms in petty plundering of German villages.

The stories issuing from Heines' Breslau concentration camp indicate that Jews here are meted out the most horrible treatment in all of Germany. It is said by the best authorities in Breslau that Heines personally thrashes all offenders, that late in July he closeted himself with four leaders of an anti-Nazi revolution and smashed rebellion out of them with his two great fists, that he has beaten every usurious Jew in town, and that he personally rights all wrongs done the Nazi code, whether it be by Communists or members of his own stormtroops.

"I am the famous Fehme Mord leader," he greeted me at our introduction. He smiled broadly as he spoke; and until his smile disappeared he seemed to be the mildest mannered Nazi I had met. But without the disarming smile, the hardness of Heines' character was reflected from every deep line in his face and from every glance of his steely, penetrating eyes.

The smile dropped when I, quite as smilingly, accused him of being anti-Semitic. "Gott verdammt," he bellowed as I ascertained the shortest way to the nearest exit, "I anti-Semitic? Sicherlich nein!"

As I calmed my own fears he described how Jews had fought with him after the armistice had been signed. "It is true," he said in conclusion, "that certain distinctions have recently been created between the Aryan and the Jew. But I personally am not anti-Semitic."

Dr. Achim Gercke at twenty-six has been put at the head of the Race Commissariat of the Ministry of Interior, a bureau whose importance in national affairs skyrocketed with Hitler's rise to power. In the care of Dr. Gercke lies the responsibility of herding 600,000 German Jews and three times that many part-Jews from the Aryan fold and adopting such measures as may seem necessary to prevent further interbreeding of the races and gradually to provide for the decadence of the Jews.

He had given me an elaborate explanation of his work, how he intended utilizing every medium of propaganda to impress Aryans with the inferiority of the Jew and the importance of remaining on a distinctly higher social plane, how the Jewish contributions to and participation in national affairs, culture and scientific development should be eliminated, how he would facilitate divorces of Aryans from Jewish mates, how he would purify the German race through suspending mixed marriages, turning Aryans married to Jews out of office, and sterilizing the unfit, when I asked the cause of this hate for the Jew.

"Hate for the Jew?" he asked. "This is not hate. It is merely a plan for purifying the race, undertaken scientifically and coldly. In fact, I personally have only sympathy for the Jew. I am not anti-Semitic."

Herewith are concluded my choice examples of Germans who are "personally not anti-Semitic." I have purposely avoided mention of the three leaders of the Nazi regime, Goebbels, Goering, and Hitler: Because Paul Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, too closely resembles the Jewish stage comedian, and reports that his wife is part-Jewish are too well substantiated to allow for any reasonable expectation of this admission from one so intimately identified with the Nazi movement. Because Hermann Goering, president of the Prussian Government and Minister of Aviation, has been too well proven mentally unsound for his utterances to carry conviction. And because Adolf Hitler, who was offered a chancellorship at the last election and who took a dictatorship, is far too complex in character and the various influences playing upon his position at the helm of German affairs too intricate to be discussed in a brief article.

But I would trace anti-Semitism in Germany to this one man who has succeeded in overcoming tremendous opposition in his struggle for power. I would attribute Germany's anti-Semitism to that well-known Prussian discipline, which demands that every man follow the leader.

Surrounded by nine belligerent nations, every one of which at one time or another has fought on German soil, Germany's survival depends upon unity. Mass action has become more beloved to the German soul than personal liberty. Hence, when the leader, Hitler, self-asserted "drummer boy of the revolution," struck up the band Germany fell into line behind him.

And yet Hitler, who has claimed more space in the dailies than any man ever has, who has inspired millions of people to gather together in public demonstrations of acclaim or protest, who is more caricatured than Gandhi, who has given impetus to international broadcasting every time he has gone on the air, who has caused the front pages of scandalmongering tabloids to go political, whose picture on the newsreel has caused Yorkville to applaud and the Bronx to give its native cheer, who has instigated riots in Prague, London, Vienna, Zurich, Amsterdam, and Copenhagen, who has caused the Republic of China and South American countries to limit Jewish immigration, who has inspired rebuke from the Emperor of Japan, who is said to be at the bottom of wholesale Palestine murders, who has received sharp protests from South Africa, who is the subject of numerous resolutions adopted by Jews in Harbin, who is the object of hard words from the Kremlin and Vatican, who has caused suspension of German celebrations from San Francisco to New York, who has caused every world power to inflate its armies, move troops near its own (and, incidentally, its neighbors') borders, and engage in a race for military supplies and naval supremacy—even Hitler lags behind the anti-Semitism of his country.

To say that Hitler is not anti-Semitic would be an untruth, for his autobiography, "Mein Kampf," reeks with hate for the Jew. But I cannot believe he is as anti-Semitic as the movement he instigated.

Anti-Semitism was a political platform which gained the votes of millions of Germans who believed they might benefit by taking over Jewish jobs, business, and property. Once in office, however, Hitler realized that his anti-Semitism had invited disastrous consequences. Mainly on the strength of persecution of the Jews the German export trade was ruined and 9,000,000 persons dependent upon it suffered; Germany became roundly hated by virtually every nation on earth; her pleas for arms equality fell upon ears that still rang with tales of Germany's lust for Jewish blood; Jewish capital flowed from Germany, and Jewish artists and scientists went elsewhere to win their international prizes; European alliances suddenly crystallized around Germany; and Hitler found himself the ruler of a country surrounded by the eloquently suspicious armament of all its neighbors.

I believe that at the present moment, Hitler too is personally not anti-Semitic.

I Am An Unknown Writer

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names acquired save through the consideration by editors of the offerings of "unknowns"? I am satisfied, therefore, that every promising story I ever wrote received sympathetic and even hopeful reading in more than one editor's office. If it was rejected, it either was not a good story, or it was not acceptable for reasons of policy.

Two other things happened to me in Paris.

My first story, that unhappy, premature, initial success, was republished and given a high rating in one of the better known annual collections of short stories.

It was a bitter triumph. I had already begun to hate that story, and to be sorry I had written it. Editors occasionally referred to it and compared my latest offering unfavorably with it. It was later republished in still another anthology, and I am not permitted to forget it even now. I sympathize with Ellis Parker Butler, who once confessed he had come almost to detest mention of "Pigs Is Pigs." I do not mean to imply my story could be mentioned in the same breath with his masterpiece; I merely suggest my experience was his, in a much smaller way.

The second thing that happened to me was the acquisition of a literary agent, which came about through the inclusion of my story in the anthology. He wrote to me from New York and invited me to use his services on a percentage basis.

I had never heard of him, which was not strange, considering my ignorance of the writing profession, and my experience with literary middlemen had been limited to one of the vultures that prey on unsuspecting, aspiring, young, would-be writers, charging them "reading fees," and otherwise attempting to mulct them through appeal to their vanity or false encouragement of their aspirations.

There was no such knavery attached to this offer, I was convinced; so I accepted, gratefully aware of the convenience such an arrangement would afford me. I could save postage (no small item to me then) and avoid the maddening delay of sending and re-sending manuscripts across the Atlantic. An agent in New York could reach half a dozen or more markets while I reached one.

The connection established then continues today, although there is no longer an ocean between me and the magazine markets. I cannot enter into the argument over the respective merits of dealing through an agent and dealing directly with the editors, because I am not qualified to offer an opinion. But my arrangement suits me perfectly. I have never met my agent and I know nothing about him. I do not know whether he has "influence," or even the respect of editors. He may not even have an office, for all I know, for I have never attempted to check on him. I know only that he has dealt patiently with me for years, that he has encouraged me to keep on writing, and that he has placed and continues to place stories for me that I probably never could have sold. That is sufficient for me.

I left Paris, however, before he had an opportunity to demonstrate his efficiency. I left Paris without having experienced any of the great, satisfying adventures I had anticipated.

I met few literary people, if you exclude the *transition* group, whose work I did not understand and would not pretend to judge. Since my work kept me inside the office, I did not even have the reportorial opportunity to interview Scott Fitzgerald, Lynn and Lois Montross and other well-known writers who visited Paris while I was there.

At first I sat often in the Montparnasse cafes where Hemingway and others of his school were reputed to sit, drinking pernod and conversing brilliantly, but if they came there, I did not meet them, did not even see them. And the conversation I heard was not brilliant.

I met a few "unknowns," who, like myself, were groping and hoping, and I met a great many pseudo-literary parasites, who soon made me quite sick with their superficial talk and transparent pretenses.

Most of my year in Paris was a prosaic and humdrum experience. I went to the office daily, returned to my little apartment, ate frugally, slept comfortably, spent some time each day at my typewriter, went to the cafes and theaters rarely, drank too much occasionally, explored the city a little, worried about the necessity for buying new clothing—in short, I lived pretty much the same sort of life I would have been living in Chicago or Memphis or San Francisco. I wrote no more, no less, no better, no worse than I would have anywhere else.

Of course, we were the envy of our friends back in the States, whose romantic imaginings were as erroneous as mine had been.

So the silly young "unknown" who went to Paris to set the world on fire with his writing and win a Name for himself returned to the States a year later, still very much unknown in a world not noticeably warmer as a result of his creative efforts.

That special Providence previously mentioned was still on guard when it became necessary to return home. My wife, facing a "blessed event," lost some of her gay courage in an attack of homesickness. I was pretty tired of the Romantic City myself.

I wrote to a newspaper editor I had worked for, told him I wanted a job—and the money to get to it. He sent it! I don't understand even yet what produced the moment of weakness in which he responded to my appeal (and it was an even greater mystery to him later), but I thanked heaven for it.

We returned on a freight boat. We were the only passengers, and my wife was the only woman, aboard.

I resumed my fiction writing immediately, but when I finally began to succeed in turning out an occasional acceptable story, you may be sure I did not again go crazy. I clung to my job, with its small but comfortably regular paycheck each week. Fiction became a sideline and, more and more, a diversion.

I am still at it, and I am still an unknown writer, although I have "crashed" many of the class magazines and a few of the popular ones.

I am not a repeater. Only three or four editors have accepted two stories from me and none has accepted three. Nearly every story I write is entirely different from all others I have written. I am still groping, experimenting, and learning.

Of course, I hope and still believe that some day I shall strike my stride, find my special forte, and stick to it until I shall have won a Name for myself and, with it, financial independence.

I have observed that success comes more surely and in a larger measure to the authors of good novels. The writer who achieves fame and fortune through short story writing is a rare exception.

So, naturally, I have written a novel. I have written two, in fact. They were terrible. Each required nearly a year to complete, and it would have broken my heart to throw them away, had not an impersonal re-reading a few months after the creative ardor cooled made me disgusted with and ashamed of them.

I shall write another and better novel. I shall keep on writing them until I turn out one acceptable to a publisher and temporarily satisfactory to me. Then—another novel.

But I shall not forsake my first love, the short story. It is to me the most fascinating of all forms of literature, chiefly because of the challenge and opportunity it offers to achieve perfection.

What satisfaction it is to conceive a plot, develop characters that seem actually to live, create a mood, and achieve an effect—all with the play of 5,000 words or less on white paper!

Through my occasional short stories I hope to cling to the dark outer fringe of the literary world, and being—as you may have suspected—still young, I confidently believe I shall some day work my way inward to the center of the charmed circle.

That my outer fringe really is dark you may judge when I tell you I have never met a magazine editor. I don't know a single, real "live" author—a famous one, I mean. I have been to New York only once. I don't know anything at all about the goal I am striving to reach. Perhaps I shan't like it, when I get there. I don't care—I'm on my way.

Meanwhile, we "unknowns" are affecting the literary scene, slowly and subtly, but surely. Individually, we are of but small importance, but collectively we are an influence. Our very anonymity gives us freedom. We have no reputations to uphold, no followers to demand that we dance to a familiar tune until we sicken of it. We may go as far as we like—or the editors permit—in our reaching for something new, something different, something better. We can gamble, experiment, and play, for we have nothing to lose and we may gain much. Unknown writers lead the way in departures from tradition; others follow, and literature changes and grows.

The unknowns, whether they remain in obscurity or rise to fame, are having the time of their lives, if they but knew it.

Two Opposing Views of Germany

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lini: that the latter has conquered power by armed force, and had it not been for the wisdom and diplomatic genius of two men—of the King of the House of Savoia, and Benito Mussolini—the consequences for Italy of the March on Rome might have been very different from what they have turned out to be.

It must not be forgotten that a whole year elapsed between the time when Hitler was offered a substantial share in the Government by President von Hindenburg, and his final appointment to the chancellorship, and during that year some of his closest friends and most trusted advisers suggested he should seize the power, using the superiority of his Brown Shirt followers. He flatly refused to listen to such advice, waited patiently and finally obtained supreme power in a strictly legitimate and constitutional way. He won the majority of the German votes for the Reichstag in a campaign, in which, making extensive use of flying, he personally addressed millions of Germans. President von Hindenburg, the venerable warrior and statesman who had been reelected by an overwhelming majority of the German people, finally handed him the executive power by appointing him chancellor and President of the Reichs Cabinet. He seized the power according to the rules of the German constitution, but we must not forget that the beginning of the Nazi rule in Germany marked at the same time the beginning of a great moral and intellectual revolution which is still going on. It is characteristic of any real revolution that it brings to light an almost infinite variety of ideas, ideals and aspirations, some of them fine and noble, some of them inevitably bound up with reaction following upon suffering, poverty and humiliation. It is typical of such a revolutionary outbreak of ideas that, starting from ideologies, they should cut deep into almost any sector of human life, and be by nature idealistic and not at all utilitarian. Phenomena in Germany are by no means isolated. A wave of nationalism is sweeping over the whole world. Nations are turning away from the Fata Morgana of international ideals and retrenching themselves in a fierce nationalism; the ideals of a nation, one in origin, language, and tradition, are pushed to the extreme. Out of these sources, combined with poverty and economic suffering, are to be explained the efforts to diminish the Jewish influences in some sections of German life, where such influences threatened to become disproportioned and a menace to free development.

The ideas of a national state, self-contained in trade and industry, spring from the same sources, there, too, idealistic constructions and hard facts are apt to clash in the realities of life. Germany is today in the main an industrial nation, having developed an important steel and iron industry, an electrical industry of the first magnitude and a thriving textile industry. She has no iron ore, no copper, no wool and no cotton, and therefore, at a glance we see that self-contained German economics is an ideal, but not a reality. To find workable agreements between ideal aspiration and reality should be the goal of all wise and far-seeing men. Noisy campaigns conducted by individuals lacking in tact and foresight are not helpful to bring nearer the solution of difficult and vexed problems.

The passionate movements which have now started in the German Protestant Church also go back to the same tendencies; adapt everything to purely nationalistic ideals, but their tradition, centuries old, and convictions, deep rooted, cannot be overlooked or wiped out.

The task which Chancellor Hitler found before him when he assumed power was bristling with difficulties. In foreign policy, relations with the Eastern neighbor Poland were so strained that the best informed feared an outbreak at any moment. When the danger became threatening, the Chancellor took negotiations into his own hands, with remarkable success. Tension between Germany and Poland is relieved to a point that now, in the delicate Franco-German negotiations, Polish diplomacy, formerly a fierce enemy, is trying to act as mediator between Berlin and Paris.

With the Western neighbor, France, discussions about disarmament are conducted personally between Hitler and the French Ambassador, M. Francois-Poncet. The fact that this able and far-seeing French diplomat, who speaks German admirably, can understand modern Germany and its vital necessities, and understands and appreciates Adolf Hitler and his policy, should be counted as a favorable omen for the final success in dealing with these thorny problems. The number of Frenchmen who understand that an agreement between the two great countries would be timely, and that Adolf Hitler can be trusted to keep his word, is growing daily.

In home politics, Hitler has concentrated all efforts on fighting unemployment. In this fight he is severely handicapped by the extremely narrow limits of German public credit. While President Roosevelt is able to give battle on a vast front, getting practically unlimited funds from the seemingly inexhaustible resources of federal credit, Germany would find it difficult, if not impossible, to raise even 100 million gold dollars in her home market. Therefore, all that is undertaken has to be planned on cautious and modest lines. A public works program has been elaborated, particularly aiming at building new and improving existing roads. General Goering, at the head of Prussia, the largest German state, comprising almost two-thirds of the whole, gives his special attention to flying and has already considerably improved passenger air service. Dr. Goebbels, the indefatigable worker for establishing close contact between the masses of the German people and the present Government, can look back on brilliant success in organizing mass movement and now is straining every nerve to let the world at large have a truer and more complete picture of the realities of German life. Unemployment has been considerably reduced in Germany, in the teeth of the difficulties we have sketched; there is greater contentment, less dissatisfaction among the workmen than in any period since the war, and the slowly recurrent tide of beginning prosperity is met with hope and confidence by the broad masses of the workmen.

In foreign policy the efforts of Hitlerite Germany are concentrated on one point exclusively, which is the task of maintaining Peace; in the field of economic life on the objective of reducing unemployment, and finding a happy combination between individual initiative, state supervision and state interference.

If government control over economic life were really the panacea, as some professors seem to believe, Germany would just roll in happiness and content, because in the Fatherland the Government controls almost everything; transportation (state railways and shipping), most of the banking, the majority of coal, steel and iron, large sections of the timber lands, all communications (post, telegraph, telephone, radio). While Germany sees with amazement the United States—for generations the champion of economic liberty and individual initiative—lean toward state intervention and state control, if not state activity in economic affairs; Germany is through with these ideals. She has learned from long and painful experience that the state should give private initiative the widest scope, and interfere only in limited fields where supervision and interference is absolutely unavoidable. It was one of the decisive moves of Adolf Hitler to appoint to the Ministry of Economics a man of outstanding ability, honesty and competence, Dr. Kurt Schmitt. The businesslike, matter-of-fact policy of this self-made man has greatly contributed to strengthening the confidence in Hitler's rule among conservative business elements in Germany. The developments may be summed up in the following phrase: When Hitler assumed power he had the masses behind him. The measures taken since he is in power have won him the support of the German classes.

The rising tide of recurring world prosperity will help Hitlerite Germany, as it will help the rest of the world. The essential thing is, Peace in Europe must be kept.

I am sure the judgment of independent, hard-headed business men, who see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears, is bound to break through the veil of mist which an unwisely active propaganda tries to spread over the realities of present German life. It is, I assure you, seen at close quarters, somewhat re-shaped, rejuvenated and transformed, the very life of that dear old *gemütlich* Germany.

Family Matters

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The old devil caught me with that blarney. I figured out that he was being pretty nice to me so I ought at least find out what he wanted even if I turned him down. My natural curiosity was aroused also and I told him to spill the story. He answered that he was expecting a lady who would tell the tale and he would then give me instructions if I wanted them.

Shortly thereafter the bell rang and his orderly admitted a young woman dressed in deep mourning and heavily veiled. He introduced her as Madame M. and asked her to repeat to me the story she had told him some days previously. She begged me to pardon her if she could not quite control herself but this for her was a most unhappy affair.

She then asked me whether I knew Mr. R—, the famous sportsman of New York. I replied that I knew the gentleman only by sight, my circle being very far distant from his in wealth and social position. I had, however, often seen him at the race-track when his horses were running. She asked then whether I knew Count de S. whose sister Mr. R. had married. To my negative, she responded, "Well then I must tell you the story from the beginning. S. enlisted in the army as a volunteer before his class was called to the colors, he is now only twenty, and was assigned to the artillery. He early distinguished himself and is a Lieutenant nearly a year. When your great country came in on our side, his knowledge of English and his ability eminently fitted him to be sent there on mission and—it must be admitted—Mrs. R. pulled a few strings as well. When the U. S. adopted the 'seventy-five' instructors were needed and he was retained there and has taken an active part in teaching your young men its use. While at Fort S., during the social activities in the neighboring city, he became infatuated with a young Spanish woman visiting relatives there and has let his passion for her go so far that he has already given her information concerning the state of preparation of the American troops. He has just returned home and is about to take advantage of the leave to which he is entitled to meet her in San Sebastián and I feel certain that if he meets her there that he will betray his country and our Allies still further."

I interrupted her at this point to ask her how she knew all this and received the reply that she had read the Spanish woman's letters to the Count.

I thought of the old quotation, "a woman scorned." I decided to see just how far she would go and said, "Well, what do you suggest? There are several courses to pursue. The young man can have his leave stopped and be sent to the front with his mail carefully examined or he can be tried by a court-martial and sent to prison or he can be decoyed here in Paris and killed or he can be permitted to go to San Sebastián and be done away with along with his lady-love."

Very much moved, she barely whispered that the final suggestion was best of all.

When she said that, I turned to the Chief and barked at him, "I think you have a damned nerve to want to involve me in an affair of this kind. Is this woman so important to you that you call me here to serve as a private executioner, and that's what you're aiming at, because a kid throws over one mistress for another? To the devil with you!"

The Chief turned on me and it was the only time he ever spoke roughly to me. He shouted at me, "Shut up, you imbecile" and said gently to the woman who was then crying softly, "Madame, I fear that you will have to tell him who you are."

She rose from her chair and came over to me and said, "Monsieur, please take me on faith. This is no private vengeance. I beg of you to help us." I replied, "I take no one on faith except the Chief when I am under his orders and I am no longer in his employ." She looked at the Chief, he nodded, and then with great effort, she spoke, "Monsieur, I am the sister of the Count de S. and love him dearly but dearer than that is my love for my country and for my family name which has been without blemish for centuries. My family have always been soldiers of the King, of the Emperor and of the Republic and until this unhappy affair, like the Chevalier Bayard, 'without fear and without reproach.' I can say no more."

I apologized for my language and my doubts and then asked the Chief whether the whole thing was serious. The young man could not have told the woman anything she could not see with her two eyes and besides she might not be connected with the Boche. He answered that unfortunately the woman was on his suspect list and worse still that everything might have been hushed up by sending the youngster off to a regiment in Africa were it not that the American Secret Service had somehow gotten wind of the affair and had transmitted his name to the French Military Intelligence linked with the woman's. He was afraid that the Americans would insist on bringing the matter to a head and then there would be a lot of horrible publicity which both the family and the government wished to avoid.

He told Madame M. then that there was nothing further that she could do except to bear up bravely and trust him that there would be no scandal.

When she had gone, he told me how much he regretted this affair and particularly that Madame M. knew of it. He had had a *dossier* on the young man before she had come to him. One of our agents had decoyed the Spanish woman from San Sebastián to Biarritz and she was now in prison. Under pressure she revealed that she was working for the Boche and that while S. had as yet told her nothing of importance, she had been working on him and expected to get out of him the new regulations for the use of the "seventy-five" on the offensive. When it was suggested that she come into the French service, she evinced a willingness to do so and to betray her former employers, to save her skin.

I interrupted the Chief at this point to say that if such were the case why not let her drop matters entirely with young S. and save him from herself. He answered that when he discussed that with her she said she had turned the letters and the copies of the documents that S. had written, over to her superior, and even though she no longer worked on S. he would be blackmailed by some other Boche agent into further indiscretions. She very coolly stated that no matter how you looked at it the youngster's goose was cooked. She suggested that the Chief let her return to San Sebastián, decoy S. there and have him done away with. She would then be able to report to her Boche employer that she had failed in her mission but would still have his confidence. Thus she could better serve us. To this plan the Chief agreed and had her write a letter to S. requesting him to come to San Sebastián the day before Christmas. When he arrived at the Hotel P. he should ask for the room reserved for Monsieur Duval which she had taken adjoining hers. She would not be there to greet him as she was leaving for a short motor trip returning only Christmas eve. He should unlock the door between the rooms on his side and she would come to him the moment she arrived.

The Chief showed me the letter and said that it was ready for mailing as soon as the details were arranged. I had heard the case. I had heard the boy's sister pronounce a death sentence. His personal opinion was that there was no other way out. Now it was up to me. I could take the job or pass it up. If I refused, someone else would be assigned to it. What was my decision?

To stall for time, I asked what he was going to do about the Spanish woman, it seemed to me she would sell us out as lightly as she was willing to betray the Boche. The Chief smiled and said he could answer that best by using the analogy of the orange, one squeezed it until the last drop of juice was out and then threw the peel into the refuse and Spanish oranges were no exception. Then I asked why I was selected for this job and Pierre, who had been busying himself about the room, spoke up, "I suggested your name and my reason is that you are the most cold-blooded killer that has ever been in the service. If an individual is to be disposed of, you do it with no hysteria before or after. You are not sadistic nor do you have to be worked up by anything or anyone. You are entirely rational and unemotional. Voila."

I turned to the Chief and asked for instructions. He opened a desk drawer and handed me a gun with a silencer and a small box of cartridges and a passport good for Spain with a phoney name but my picture (he was quite sure of my doing the job). He then said, "You will go to Biarritz and stop at the — Hotel until the morning of the 24th. You will get a telephone message to your room then telling you where a fast car will pick you up. Drive to San Sebastián, go to the Hotel P. and ask the clerk for a room where you can have a bath and a siesta before resuming your trip *northward*. Pay in advance. Go to your room leaving word they should call you at six o'clock if you have not come down earlier. When the coast is clear, make your way to room 417 which is the room next to the one reserved for S. When you get in listen carefully at the connecting door to hear if he is there and alone. He will have arrived in the morning. If he is not in his room enter it and hide until he arrives. If he is there, open the connecting door quietly and let him have it. Don't give him an opportunity to cry out. Take the poor boy's body and his belongings into room 417 and put everything into an empty wardrobe trunk you will find there and snap the lock shut. Lock and bolt the door from your side and then watch your opportunity to go into the hall, go into the boy's room and lock and bolt the connecting door from his side. Make your way back to your own room and await the call at six o'clock. Come

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as a Factor in Europe's Future

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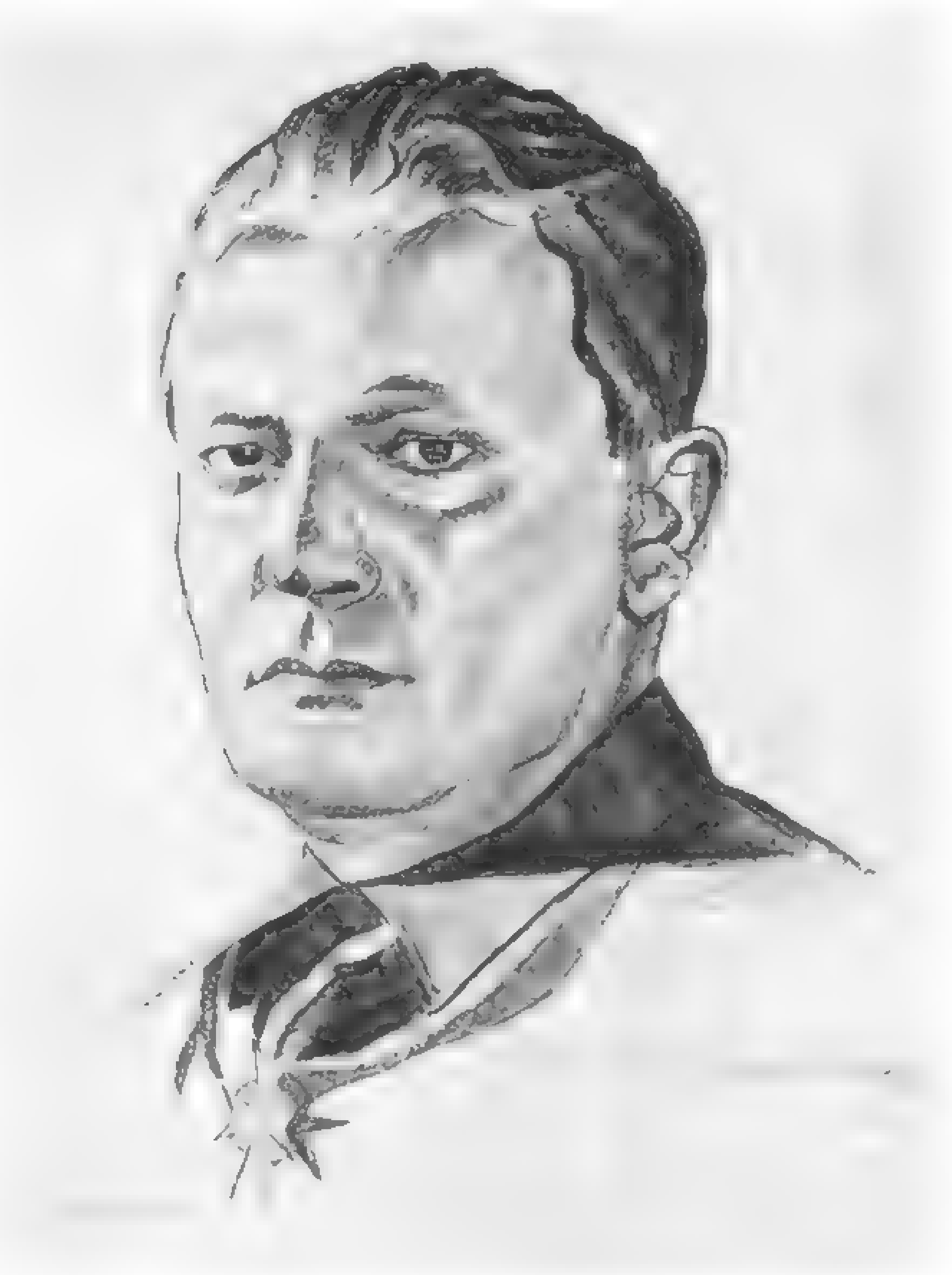
The first principle of the domestic policy of the Third German Reich is violence. Not more than some thirty per cent of the population believe in the doctrine of National Socialism. The other seventy per cent are opponents, partly extremely bitter and obstinate opponents, who can only be kept down by the exercise of sheer force. From the beginning the Aryan patriots stopped at nothing. They shot the political leaders of the radical parties one after the other, they sneered at the principles which have been accepted by civilized white people for two thousand years as the basis of civilization; they simply abolished them. They reintroduced slavery, but baptized it as "Voluntary Labor Service." They imprisoned their opponents, and treated them worse than dogs. They tortured them and called it "bodily discipline." They compelled them to physical humiliations and, the greater the indignities imposed upon them, the easier it was to explain these as "training for national service." The commandment "Thou shalt not kill" was abolished. Political murder was praised as the highest glory. The Führer addressed as "comrades" those who had murdered a worker in a particularly bestial fashion, solely because they were murderers. Memorial tablets were erected to the murderers of Rathenau and Erzberger, the remains of the murdered Bavarian Premier Eisner were torn from the grave, the murderer of Heines was appointed Chief of Police. During the first three months of the Hitler regime, five hundred and ninety-three unpunished murders took place, a larger number than in the ten preceding years—and these were merely the murders that had become known and were officially admitted. Further, during the first few months of the regime more people were executed than during the fifteen preceding years.

It is evident that, instead of enlightened despotism, as advocated by Machiavelli and Nietzsche, as actually practiced by Frederick the Great, the Third Reich is in the hands of a brutal and highly ignorant tyranny. Germany today is not ruled by generals, but by drill-sergeants. The crawling bourgeois is the highest authority to whom this state crawls. For this reason it follows that there is nobody so hated by the present rulers as the man of intellect, the man who is not afraid to speak. The destruction of literature, in the literal sense of the word, that is, the burning of books, is perhaps the most important symbol of their power. Perhaps this also explains their boundless hate against Jews, against that race which alone has survived by reason of the book, the Bible; the race which has survived through the mind.

Lying is the second fundamental element of the Hitler regime in Germany. The most highly esteemed representative of Hitler's "racial theory" is a certain Hans Gunther, and in the works of this gentleman, "Nordic cunning" is emphasized as the highest qualification of the Aryan man. The practice of the Führer is deeply colored by this "Nordic cunning." Over and over again Adolf Hitler has broken his word. With a brazen impudence he will announce principles, if they happen to suit his policy, which are in direct contradiction to his book, "My Battle." In the same spirit of untruth the rising generation is being educated. They are told that Germany did not lose the war, that the German people are the noblest in the world, and therefore are threatened at home and abroad by treacherous enemies. Young people are taught to explain that their military exercises are merely "sport." Children are taught that they belong to the state, not to their parents. Whatever their parents respect is spat upon and reviled and whatever the latter abhor is exalted. If the children agree with their parents, they are cruelly punished. They are taught to lie.

The greatest crime in Germany today is to acknowledge reason, to respect honest opinion and to believe in peace. The government does not expect anyone to be convinced, but expects them to say they are. It also expects every man to spy upon his neighbor, son on father, friend on friend. People are afraid of their comrades, of their employees, of the waiter who serves them in a restaurant, of the person beside them in the street car. In recent months the Germans have learned how to lie. Many people publicly praise the regime, but secretly curse it. But their voices do not penetrate abroad and the opinion of foreigners does not reach them. There is a Nazi Storm Troop headquarters in Berlin-Kopenick; it is called Demuth and it is notorious because there prisoners are mishandled in a particularly dreadful manner. At first, while the prisoners were being beaten in cellars, a man was employed to let the motor of an automobile run so that the cries of the victims and the noises of the blows could not be heard. This is a perfect picture of the Third Reich.



Nonsensical and false is everything that the rulers of this Reich do and do not do, what they say and do not say. They began with lies and they will end with them. Lying is breath of life, lying is their law, lying is their science, their faith and their sense of justice. Their Nationalism is a lie and so is their Socialism. Everything about them is false except one thing, their hate. Germany is suffering, but order is maintained. This order rests upon six hundred thousand prisoners in concentration camps. Ninety-five per cent of the population voted for Hitler's government. The country is devastated and destroyed. But nobody who takes a walk along the Kurfurstendamm in Berlin, or the Jungfernstieg in Hamburg, sees anything but law and order.

The most perfect expression of the government of the German Reich today is the Triumvirate; Hitler, Goering, Goebbels. Of the three Goering is the pure, gross, animal-like expression of sheer violence. The Swedish courts deprived him of the right to look after his own son on the ground of mental incompetence. This is the gentleman who has been made absolute master of Prussia and consequently the guardian of thirty-eight million adults. Showing off in his endless uniforms, constantly breaking out in public into wild torrents of fury, he is a perfect picture of untamed brutality. Every one of his pictures tells a story.

The ugly little, misshapen Goebbels, the head of the Lie Ministry—officially known as the "Ministry of Propaganda"—who presumably personifies the beauty and majesty of the Aryan man, who brazenly persuades the hungry that they have eaten, the miserable that they are happy, who is never at a loss for some excuse to evade the misery of the people—Goebbels completely personifies the second principle of the Hitler regime; lies.

Chancellor Hitler combines the worst features of both. The lying brutality of his empty face is exactly what appeals to every petit bourgeois, the kind of despot he requires. He is a mediocre stock company actor, gifted with a voice with which he can produce whatever has been taught to him parrot-wise. The greatest part that he has ever had is this part as German Chancellor, which permits him to march through rows of deferential supers, who greet him in the Roman manner. To his astonished satisfaction he has discovered that there is no better way of achieving power than to act as if you had it. Everybody, at home and abroad, bows in the presence of the pasteboard king.

Man Whose Name Is Steel

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symbolic trait I noticed in him.

He spoke in the most friendly way of the Americans, whose health, freshness and youthful courage he admired. I think that, on the whole, he does not hate the bourgeois world. He does not despise the rich, but the idle—and we all do that. The greatest service of the Soviets and the point at which they resemble the Americans is that they have produced people who are beginning to work and think out of the lazy, dull, superstitious masses of the Russian peasantry.

A rich American once said to me: "In England a man who does nothing is called a gentleman; in America we call him a loafer." There are no gentlemen in Russia, and there are also no loafers. Ten years from now the resemblances between the two nations will be much clearer, for they are the only countries where everybody works.

Whether Stalin will then be alive or in power will be of little fundamental importance. Unlike all our other dictators—now Europe has four or five—Stalin is not the personal guarantee of the existence of the new Russia. Here a committee really governs. When I pointed to the sixteen chairs around the table in this simple room, Stalin said proudly: "Here sit the specialists we have for every question. They decide, not I."

Above him, in oils, smiled the powerful face of Marx, who kept his thoughts to himself. *(Translated by Ernest Boyd.)*

One Way to Die

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powerful, amazingly fast small automobiles. Campbell's Bluebird, with its 2,500 horsepower Napier motor, would make three of the white Stutz-Blackhawk that plunged into the ocean February 22, 1928 with Lockhart, then killed him April 25 that year. It was a car that he designed and built in the Stutz factory. Its cylinders had a bore little larger than a silver dollar. At high speed it had a scream dreadful to hear. In 1928 as it swept down the beach carrying Lockhart to a certain new record it blew a tire and swerved into a 2,000-foot skid. The boy sat in the cockpit tugging at the wheel as the car bore down upon the grandstand. There was a flash of false hope in the crowd, then the car pitched into the air over the heads of spectators. A cameraman was knocked down. Lockhart's body smacked neatly to the beach almost at his wife's feet.

Ray Keech was the next to die. In that same year he had driven a three-motored clumsy American juggernaut with eighteen cylinders to a speed of 207.55 miles an hour. Keech was a veteran racer. He was tough, a lusty, regular guy. Like Campbell, he was reckless, though in a different way. Campbell's recklessness consists of driving a race even when conditions are not the best. Keech was reckless in all things; he was a daredevil; what racers call a leadfoot. And in 1929, having won the Indianapolis race, he went to the wooden track at Altoona, crashed, and died in a flaming wreck.

Lee Bible was next When J. M. White, owner of the Triplex, in which Keech had set his record, returned to Daytona Beach in 1929 he had a hard time selecting a driver. Bible kept begging him for a chance. He owned the garage in which the car was kept and he had a simple, adolescent admiration for the ugly, deadly power-plant on wheels. He was a jack-of-all-trades, having been a mechanic, a mill-hand and a railroad man. Recently he had been driving a few country dirt track races. He was a simple, quiet man, friendly, likeable and earnest. White finally consented.

On the day of the races he made one run south at 183 miles an hour, then turned to try for more speed. I sat in the press box. Next to me was Ted Gill of the Associated Press. The announcer's voice boomed from the loudspeaker atop the grandstand: "The Triplex has started north." Without waiting for more, Gill's typewriter began to click:

"OCEAN SPEEDWAY, Daytona Beach, Fla.—Lee Bible, 42-year-old novice automobile racer, was killed instantly here today when he tried to break the record set by Major H. O. D. Segrave . . ."

A moment later the Triplex emerged from the sea mist down the beach, first a whining speck, then a recognizable shape, and the announcer said: "Here he comes! He's going like hell."

The car screamed past the stand, Bible sitting rigidly upright, then was lost in a thick wake of pungent black castor oil smoke, sand and sea spray. Somebody yelled: "It's a record!" Then the announcer said: "The Triplex has swerved, hit the dunes and crashed."

So we followed the clanging ambulance down the beach. The huge car had swerved into the sand ridge, shot into the air for two hundred feet. drenching spectators with hot oil, and it lay there, a twisted, smoking wreck. Bible's body had catapulted neatly out, struck the beach, where it sat upright a moment, then rolled gently over. The shoes were gone.

That was not all. Charles Traub, a cameraman, had stood at the end of the record mile shooting the approaching car. When it swerved toward him he ran. The car hit him squarely in the back and smashed him into the dunes. We found his torso sitting against the soft sand bank, as if the legs were buried under him. I never saw the legs. His camera was standing, unhurt, where he had left it.

Sir Henry Segrave, the gentleman racer, was as charming a man as ever held a wheel. He survived being shot down from 14,000 feet during the war, years of racing, two record trials on the beach, and several speedboat races. But in 1930 on Lake Windermere, England, his craft, Miss England II, pitched him into the water, driving a rib through a lung, and he died in bed in a quiet country inn an hour later.

Segrave, like Campbell, was a complete fatalist. And he had remarkable nervous control. In Daytona Beach you get a chance to study a man's control. Preparation for a race is long. Sometimes a driver waits six weeks for the proper beach conditions. He grooms his car, he goes down each morning to see if the day has come. He never knows when. All the time he is living with death, and Florida is not an easy place for that; the life is slow, the weather is soft, the foliage lush, the scenery beautiful; the place makes one like to live.

On the eve of Segrave's 1929 record run several of us, including Tommy Milton, the American driver, sat with the tall blonde Englishman in his hotel room. In his very polite, clipped speech he told eagerly several bloody tales of the mangling and decapitation of his friends, including J. G. Parry-Thomas and Dario Resta. Parry-Thomas died at Pendine Sands, Wales, when the chain of his chain-drive car lashed up and seized his neck. Resta was killed in England in a car Segrave turned over to him at the last minute. It had a faulty tire; it skidded and went through a metal barrier, shearing off the top of Resta's skull. Milton added equally horrible reminiscences. The laity began to turn green. Ted Gill, the husky Associated Press man, who has had his share of Cuban revolutions, hurricanes and Daytona races, leaned forward, and said: "My God, Major—how can you go out and race tomorrow after this?"

Segrave laughed and Milton began to grin. They looked at each other. Segrave said, "It makes me doubly careful," and the racers went on with their stories.

Well, Campbell is still with us, and undoubtedly he will try again, maybe this winter. He has spent a fortune on his expeditions to the beach. None is cheap. The cars are specially designed, privately made, with the most expensive parts, and require months of trial-and-error testing and large staffs of mechanics to maintain them until the race is over. The timing of a speed trial brings several experts from the American Automobile Association and costs plenty. Campbell himself admits that driving for a straightaway record, even on the best course in the world, which Daytona Beach certainly is, has its agony. Why do they do it?

For one thing they win fame, and fame can be turned by skillful hands into money. They all say, though, that they are serving a useful purpose: they are developing the automobile industry and transportation in general. Years ago Henry Ford brought an awkward gasoline buggy to the beach and lived there in a tent while preparing to test it in a record run. Unfortunately, the crankshaft broke.

Lockhart conceived inverted carburetion and developed the small motor; others perfected and tested tires, radiation, ignition, various devices. These drivers have been called the guinea pigs of the industry. All this is true enough. So is what the former beach record-holder, Tommy Milton, said:

"Racing is a hard and wearing game; but after a man has quit for good—and believe me, I have—he forgets its darker, sterner side and lets his mind wander back to the thrill of it. I remember only hazily the gruelling hours, the cramped body that must not ease itself, the burning feet baking near the engine, the straining tendons, the taut nerves and the smarting eyes.

"But as vividly as the day I quit I can feel now the wind roaring in my face, the thrill of speed, the ecstasy of triumph, the joy in the power of a roaring engine, ready at my slightest sign, the hurtling, screeching, rocketing flight that sent the blood through my body in a fierce glory of accomplishment."

Brooklyn to Helsingfors

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held over from the old regime. The waiter speaks a little English, denies (this was June '28) that he knows any place I can get a drink. The food is like the food in a Maine summer hotel, no Valhalla here, nothing for the bourgeoisie to put up a scrap about. I sit munching alone; then a voice from home comes drawling out from some table behind the portieres, emphasizing each pause with a rattle of phlegm: "The trouble with . . . European countries . . . is . . . now all these customs barriers, well in the states . . . forty eight of 'em, well sir there's nothing like that. A man in Connecticut can trade with a man in Louisiana with no difficulties whatsoever . . . There everything is done to promote trade friendship, here you do everything you can to interfere with it . . ." All of which was indubitably true. Eating the canned pears that ended the meal I formed a project to talk to the invisible speaker and his soundless companion; maybe they'd know where a man could get a drink. The voice honked and gurgled and went on: "Now look at the great enormous city of New York . . . stretched over three states . . . fifteen millions of inhabitants if you count the entire metropolitan district. Now look at that great metropolis" . . . I had.

The thing to do was to go to bed and lie there in the colorless evening light worrying about why the Russian visa hadn't come. If not Russia where? No, must go to Russia.

Two days later it came. In the clean and comfortable Finnishstyle station I turned in in a clean and comfortable third class sleeper. The train rambled out of the station and on through endless grey birchwoods in the pale gloaming. It was fine to lie half asleep looking out of the window, joggling gently towards the actual existing to-be-seen-with-my-own-eyes border that divides, with such bloody cleavage, yesterday from tomorrow.

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WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO PEORIA, ILLINOIS

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A Good Bull for Pepe

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operate. But with Pepe omens are a phobia. We dined together shortly before my debut; and when, with that false modesty with which we absurdly seek to mask uneasiness, I said that I'd probably get it in the chest the first time out, he went white as the tablecloth and knocked wood in serious and emphatic denial.

It was this vociferous addiction of his which prompted me, returning to the city for one of his corridas, to bring him a little token—the small tin replica of a bull—which I had filched from one of the images in the cathedral at Taxco. Somehow I thought it was quite a fitting token for a bullfighter (someone had assisted the nudity of Jesus with a pair of lace panties) and promising of good luck. Pepe seemed to think the same thing. He was almost as pleased with it as he was the time he had his picture taken with Charles Lindbergh.

He should have been more pleased, really; because the luck charm incident had a far pleasanter aftermath than the Lindbergh one. Before that corrida began, a ladder was leaned up to the box of the celebrated visitor, and Pepe climbed up to present a cape to the Lone Eagle. The Lone Eagle accepted it and posed with Pepe for the photographers, but when the latter came out to make his kill, the Lone Eagle was in no shape to watch. The horses had affected him. The cape is now in the St. Louis museum.

But the little token—!

The Saturday evening before the corrida of January 15th, 1933, Pepe went, as was his custom, to La Villa, the shrine of the Virgin of Guadaloupe—where 400,000 other religiously devout people make pilgrimages every year. Here he asked for good fortune on the following day. He spent the night at the home of his manager, in that district.

In the morning he went once more to the church, then hurried to dress. For a long time he dressed at the hotel where I lived, but a bad cornada made him seek a—so he considered—luckier place. There, surrounded by his huge and chattering circus of manager, secretary, assistants, and the inevitable and devoted aficionados—the greatest fans in the world, Irish soccer partisans perhaps excepted—he assembled his costume.

A handler wads cotton and places it between his toes; then to give length and swiftness to his leaps, tapes his feet exactly as a boxer's hands are taped. Next tape above the knees, and then the long silk stockings and slippers. Then the drawers, the silk pants, the ruffled shirt and string tie. He whirls into the sash which holds snug his waist, slips on a vest and the heavily decorated coat. He combs his long, flung-back hair, carefully adjusts his hat—which has been doused in water to give it weight and grip—and is ready.

Little Pepe, the secretary, takes the case of swords. Another follower has the fancy parade and the work capes. A car is waiting outside. And a huge mob at the puerta de la cuadrilla de calle—the stage door of the arena. I go around to the spectators' entrance for my seat.

This is in the front row, directly above the puerta de la cuadrilla—where the troupe first enters, and where the dead bulls are dragged out. In the tunnel below the boys are lining up. Pepe is in the middle. On his left is Jesus, eldest of the two sons of the fine Solorzano family who have taken up the running of bulls as a profession. On the right is the cocky Alberto Balderas, so brave during the past few weeks—egged on by the taunts of the bullfight critic, Monosabio—as to be a damned fool.

Last year Balderas took no chances. Perhaps it was his season of fear; perhaps he but came into bravery abruptly, as a singer into voice or flower into bloom. At all events it was principally bravery which in the past few Sundays had broken him abruptly to the top of the Mexican bullfighting heap. Bravery inflamed by Monosabio's jeers—Balderas and Armillita Chico being the only matadors who flatly refuse the critic monetary tribute, and so suffer in the latter's columns—had caused him now to be working almost entirely in the terrain of the bull. A beautiful banderillero, his work with the cape does not approach that of the man upon whom he would pattern himself, Rudolpho Gaona. It was that Pancho performed so close to danger that he caused his beholders excitement they seldom knew outside of bed.

Solorzano, on the other hand, was passionless as the frost on a highball glass. A tall handsome man with a bad posture—ten centimeters of horn in the left buttock was to straighten him up a month later—he had with Cagancho an unusual aptitude with the ladies and a slow grace with the cape lovely as a flight of geese against a winter sky. He had no color, but he had grace and beauty, and in combination with the vivid Balderas his virtues were such as to promise Pepe the hell of an afternoon.

The trumpet sounded. The mounted horseman appeared to ask permission of the judges to open the corrida, and this secured, backed his horse over its first tracks. Then to a blare of music the cuadrilla walked out into the bright Mexican sun, the left arm and shoulder of the matadors supporting their gay parade capes, their right arms swinging in unison and free. Behind them came the banderilleros—youngsters on their way up to that front rank, or older men who had missed it; then the picadors with their long steel-tipped lances and fancy saddles mounted on old skates.

The procession broke up against the opposite wall, at the barrera below a favored section of boxes. The matadors flung their capes up here, before the prettiest girls dressed in the American fashion that they could spot, then got behind the burladero to watch the bull come out.

The burladero is the product of Belmonte's years and wounds. In the barrera, the low wall of the ring proper, he cut four openings. These sections he moved forward and extended a bit. Thus a performer who no longer could jump the fence might have convenient places to duck for safety. All bullfighters use them now. No one jumps the fence unless he has to. Indeed, what was once a common practice now is the signal for laughter.

The trumpet sounded again and the bull came out. It was Divertido (each fighting bull is named) like all the rest of the hardy San Mateo strain. It wasn't a very good bull, and save for a brief flash comprising an acceptable pair of veronicas, Pepe was not able to do much with it. He killed with the third thrust, to mild applause.

Bellotito came out for Balderas. It was an excellent animal, and Pancho almost at once took it away from the assistants who with their flirting capes would wear it down. His appearance was at once the cue for a great burst from the mighty crowd of ruffians who—for the time—adore him. No one ever had a tougher or more devoted claque than that section in the Mexican plaza de toros which applauds every move their hero makes, and profanely hoots and jeers at his competitors.

And Balderas plays to them like Mary Garden to a gallery. He lets them encourage him so, in fact, that they—in combination with the literary slurs of Monosabio—seem destined to bring about his death. In some degree this vivid youngster is injured continually. Today (and with this bull) it was to be but a scrambled nose. Last Sunday the blood which stained his finery belonged principally to the bull. But next Sunday he was to get it bad, and it seemed that he was not killed only because just at present he is too tough and contemptuous to die. He polished off Bellotito spectacularly.

Solorzano, poor with small bulls, had such bad going with Flamenco that there was applause in the cheap seats for the animal when at last his steel got to a vital spot. Ortiz thus was in a good spot to look well with his next, Exquisito, but it too was an unprepossessing beast, and his running of it was reason for hoots from the Balderas bunch.

These hoots changed to cheers when their champion came out for Pinturero, the best bull yet to appear. Pancho handled it bravely, sneering and stamping at it, bringing its horns closer and closer until they were grazing his coat, while the crowd gave great simultaneous gasps. His injured nose was patched up with adhesive tape. A bang of greasy black hair hanging over his swarthy face, he looked colorful and efficient enough to have been drawn by Doré. He received an ovation upon his kill.

Then Consejero appeared for Solorzano, and was fatally surprised to learn that such a nice appearing young man could thrust a sword so deeply . . . and that would have been all—except that Pepe Ortiz suddenly showed why he is the most generally popular of the Mexican gentlemen of the ring. He would bring out another bull.

Six bulls constitute the usual corrida. A matador may call for a seventh, but he must pay for it himself. This does not happen often. There must be a pretty strong reason of self-disgust, or over-inflamed vanity, before a matador will pay for the dangerous privilege of extending a performance for which he already has been paid seven or eight thousand pesos.

In this case Pepe had had a sudden attack of that hysterical something which the crowd recognizes and applauds as color. He'd had a pretty bad afternoon. His two bulls had been scrubby and undistinguished. Both Balderas and Solorzano had had far better animals; particularly the former. Even then, Balderas twice had intruded his cape at impertinent periods, and had had to be motioned away.

Solorzano was different. Chucho was a gentleman and never tried to take the play

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The Champagne of Thrills

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winding turns, and sharp curves of hairpin, "S," or horseshoe form, is enough to satisfy the most critical of sports followers in the high mountain valleys.

But when you try to clip off seconds from a normal, breath-taking flight of a minute-and-a-half down the side of a great mountain, the thrilling ride ends and the sporting proposition begins. In the case of bob racing the increase of speed becomes an athletic feat. This explains the bobbing on the straightaways, the swaying backward and forward which gives the sport its name, the diving into the minor curves high up close to the rim for accurate pitches into the track again, the various tricks of balance and ingenious driving which are employed to cut off seconds in the sharp curves. It is the competitive sport.

Bobsled racing owes its sporty thrill to the fact that machinery is eliminated, to the fact that there are self-imposed hazards which must be met in the path, to the fact that the danger of a spill increases with every additional mile per hour that the crew adds to its pace. It is a crew game, where smooth work in bobbing and skill in negotiating the high-banked curves cut off the fractions of seconds which are necessary to win. "Four" racing is more spectacular and more sporting, because of its higher rate of speed, because of its rhythmic team performance.

This racing bob weighs around five hundred pounds and costs five hundred dollars. The sleds are equipped with powerful saw-toothed brakes, operated by the rearmost member of the team. The front man steers and captains the team. All riders are required to wear safety armor, or at least a heavy leather padded helmet.

At the starting point, to pick up seconds, two or sometimes three of the crew run alongside the racing bob, sending it across the tape which operates the timing device with their added weight and push, leaping into their racing positions. The cry goes up: "They're off!"

Bobbing, an athletic feat readily acquired by the novice, will cut off many seconds on the straightaways, where the track is of glare ice covered with a thin frosting of snow so that the sled runners will bite in and hold the track. The brakeman strokes the crew, calling out above the rush of wind, "One, two, bob!" At one, the three members of the crew lean back, and continue to lean back during the count of two. At the command, "bob," they bring their bodies forward, pressing hard against the foot rests, so that the entire force is applied against them. Just when the pressure is greatest they lift slightly out of their seats. On a dash down a long straight this performance looks like crew racing in a shell.

The driver's judgment in gauging the parabolic easement curves will mean a gain or loss of seconds in the sharp curves of hairpin, "S," or horseshoe form. At times the pilot may call for brakes before the more treacherous curves, and still save seconds through skillful running of the gauntlet of ice.

Fighting the curves is bob racing's cardinal sin. The crew should let the corners take them around, and not take themselves around the corners. The members of the

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USEPPA INN *and* COTTAGES

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A Good Bull for Pepe

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away from a fellow performer. But then, one had to be a whole lot better than the well-born Solorzano or be thought terrible. Surely he had bested Chucho, but no one had yelled, "Back to the radio station!" at that handsome one. The advantage of family!

But deeper than these cuts to the pride—to be expected in the game—was that inner lacerating knowledge that he had turned in a lousy job. This was, actually, the motivation for the signal which caused the rapid 825 peso sale of the seventh bull, Jardinero. For it grieves Pepe when he is bad, as it must grieve Miss Coleman in event of a poor dive, or Miss Didrickson when she throws or leaps less mightily than is her custom. Pepe knew that the crowd was disappointed in him; but worse, he was disappointed in himself. So his retrieving gesture. That is showmanship, true enough; but it is the passion of the genuine artist as well.

The animal came out swiftly, the ribbons of its farm bobbing gaily where they had been pinned to its withers. It was a fleet, intelligent-appearing beast, with heavy shoulders and fleet hindquarters. The horns were long and straight, and drove straight at the first banderillero to flaunt a cape. The fellow dodged quickly behind the burladero.

Pepe gave the capemen a little more time, in order to see if Jardinero were ambidextrous, or hooked with only one horn. Then he came forward. He started briskly, passing the bull naturally on his right, his feet together and his back flat as though planed; then on the left with an equal elegance. The crowd, seeing it was in for something good, sent up a great appreciative and preliminary jet of applause.

Thus warmed, Pepe went on, his cape swirling in patterns of bright color, a cascade of pure beauty against the soft twilight. Pass wove into pass. A splendid pair of veronicas, one so close that Jardinero's horn snipped a bit of braid from his jacket. Then a series of its similar, developed pass, the farol: which starts as a veronica but which, as the bull passes the man, sees the cape lifted and swung around the man's head, to be behind his back as he both moves with the bull and follows the flow of the cloth. Pepe concluded and tied up the quite with an ortizina, his own pass, which is a sort of extended farol and so moving as to be almost insupportable.

But there it was, with Pepe whirling briefly yet completely between Jardinero's needle-tipped horns, his cape describing a full and insolent circle above his head. From the crowd rose the faint popping occasioned by snapping nerves and untaken breaths.

A last yellow-pink flash across the bull's nose, then Pepe turned abruptly and walked away. Jardinero stood and fascinatedly watched him. It was perfect domination. Then the crowd started up, screaming and throwing hats and canes down into the ring and feeling marvellous, or just sitting weakly still and saying "Jesus Christ" over and over again.

The girl next to me was almost suffering, trying to decide how she felt. "Almost like the first time I ever was successful with sex," she said presently. She was a smart girl.

The trumpet sounded for the picadors. This had been a bad day for the horses. Pinturero had bowled over four of the forlorn nags like so many figures of pasteboard, and the other bulls, though less forceful, seemingly had been most entrail-inquisitive. Jardinero was no exception, punishing its three horses badly, getting its horns in under the harness with which mounts are protected in Mexico. (A dubious saving, for with its horn unable to enter the horse's belly for the tiring toss, the bull often hits the mattress with such force as to knock the horse from its feet, and thus unseat and endanger the rider.) They had to bring out old grey-headed Berrenches, the sturdy veteran reserve who was picing bulls when most of these others were neophyte kids in the slaughter house yard, to stop Pinturero. But it looked as if Jardinero was too shrewd to make a show—and waste its strength—on the horses. It tossed its allotted trio and drew off to await developments.

It watched Pepe—carrying his muleta-covered sword—walk out to the center of the ring, throw down his hat and with a wide fling of the arms make that most embracing of gestures—dedicate the bull to the entire crowd. Then Jardinero went over and jumped on the hat, and pawed it. The little red bellows of its nostrils flared and pumped. It was obvious as poor drama that Jardinero was still strong, full of fight and increasing wisdom.

Pepe saw this at once, and with the immediate communication which sets up between a noble animal and a sensitive matador, he knew that he could be great with Jardinero. For as a champion box-fighter is so often at a loss with a set-up and superior only with a man who approaches his own cut, so is a matador unable to do anything with a stupid or spiritless beast.

Perhaps it is a defect in the Lombardini training, or perhaps it merely is a natural lack, but like Franklin, Ortiz avoids the banderillas. Too wise to appear second-rate (as well he might in contrast with such an expert as Balderas) Pepe let El Zangano and Maera skip out and place the barbed sticks in the bull's shoulders. They did it well, and happy as a pair of applauded hoofers, scampered back to gaze approvingly in their mirrors.

Gaona used to get so in tune with a splendid bull that in placing the banderillas he could dominate it into following him, walking backward all around the ring in a great figure eight, with the distance never lessening a trifle between the two. He then would back up against the barrera with the bull standing motionless before him. Then he would sever the connection, to allow the bull to charge. In placing the banderillas he would be so close that the uptossing horns grazed his stomach, and it would be the forelegs of the animal—sliding as it tried to stop its rush—that hit the wood and prevented Gaona from being crushed. The banderilleros then would wave their capes and distract the bull for a moment, and the imprisoned man was free.

Pepe Ortiz does this trick too, just as upon occasion he does everyone else's tricks as well as they do them—and perhaps a bit more so. A sharp and amusing commentary rests in the fact that the number of Gaona's house was 59, and that Pepe's telephone number is 59059.

But this time Ortiz had swung himself up to his best point; that is, of being himself. For derivative as he is, he is sounder as José Ortiz than he is as anyone else. The times when hysteria lifts him beyond his psychological checks, he attains the same sort of emotional unbeatableness peculiar to

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On Being a House Guest

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as a pretentious dauber, only to turn round and find his full-length oil of the hostess glaring balefully at me from the opposite wall.

Unless you are good at sports it is the way of discretion to eschew the more strenuous households. If you specialize, it is best to go the way of your specialty. A brilliant polo-player may, after all, be the worst sort of a dub at golf. Remember, too, that it is in every sense more comfortable to be a gracious spectator than an inept performer. If, on the other hand, you are remarkably proficient, consider that it is just as well not to beat your host too badly.

In a small house your keynote should be consideration for your hostess. In a large one you may reasonably expect the automatic service that goes with such an establishment. I know of one household where each guest is assigned a suite of rooms, a maid or valet, a car and a chauffeur. To stop there is very much like residing at a resort-hotel, to the point of its being equally dull and just about as expensive. A week-end in such a menage is as impressive and as irksome as I have heard them to be at Buckingham Palace—with the signal disadvantage, in the case of the former, of there being no meeting with royalty to provide one with a topic for future conversation.

All of these things are apt to seem like hard work, but that is what you have to pay for being a week-ender. To them add the simpler amenities and your way will not be stony. Do not, for instance, leave your clothes about. Treat your host's home as your own, or perhaps a bit better than your own. Accept service graciously, but don't give orders to another man's servants. Don't bring his horses in wet, his boats scratched or his cars muddy. Remember that repeal has not made his liquor supply inexhaustible, that his cook suffers the usual human imperfections and that you've not been asked to stay forever. Find out when you are expected to leave, and leave then or earlier. Write your thank-you letter immediately upon your return and perhaps you'll be asked again one day. Do not accept unless you've had a good time, else you'll acquire the week-end habit and need a license.

From all of the foregoing it may appear to you that I am somewhat prejudiced in favor of hosts. Nothing, as a matter of fact, could be further from the truth; my opinions of certain hosts of my acquaintance could not be published in a periodical intended for general, even though masculine, circulation. It is my fond hope that, at another time, I shall be granted the privilege of these pages in which to set down a few rules for the behavior of those gentry which may, if followed, accomplish something toward lightening the burdens of their guests.

Greek Tragedy

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"There's no sprain; there's nothing," said the doctor. "Tell him to quit stalling and get up."

This order, relayed in Greek, brought only a shake of the head, whereupon, at the doctor's suggestion, the other members of the group helped him to his feet. But no sooner had they withdrawn their support than he regained unconsciousness and fell on the floor as earnestly as he had ever been thrown there.

It is for fear of boring you stiff that I refrain from itemizing the result of the evening's events, which included two or three exchanges of blows between the Greek and his manager, and at length the definite announcement that the contest had been awarded to Big Bill Buell by forfeit or default; wherefore Big Bill Buell would be given the coveted match with Legs Lamont for the championship of all the states and territories save Arkansas and Guam.

Besides, it is perhaps more important for you to know that young Mr. Wells had called on Schwartz and hinted that for twenty-five dollars a week, he could do him a lot of good in a publicity way. Mr. Schwartz had replied: "Maybe later on. Just now we don't need you." Mr. Wells had never liked the Schwartz-Alexis crowd anyway. Mr. Wells had then called on Ike Morris, and though there was no immediate prospect of a match for Buell, Ike had said all right, because he knew that Mr. Wells was on Doc Bishop's payroll and Doc Bishop's judgment was pretty good.

Mr. Wells got it into his head that Buell ought to have the Lamont match; that the Greek was unworthy. And he knew that Buell and Alexis had come from the same Arizona town, if you could call it a town. So he prodded Buell with questions about the Greek's past until Buell had told him the whole story.

Now there actually was a young fellow named Roy Clayton in Alexis' and Buell's home town. Whether he ever left there or not, I don't know. I do know, as does every other ardent wrestling fan, that the Greek, sprained ankle and all, left Lou Schwartz, wrestling and probably the United States right after this fifth match with Big Bill Buell.

What Chorus Girls Talk About

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baboons who buy the booze can sleep for a week after a party while we have to work. I'm tired of the tired business man."

Fourth Voice: "In Chicago, I'll be darned if I'll let them soak me fifteen for a room again. Nora and I are going to double up in a little furnished apartment. You can get a two-room suite in a decent place for twenty a week together."

Fifth Voice: "I'm going to save me some money and try my luck in Hollywood. Jessie Grant went out there and look where she is now. Of course, she's got a friend a director. But why can't I do that? She's got nothing on me in looks."

Sixth Voice: "Good God—look here in this paper. Myrtle Anderson is dead. You remember her in the Fantasies two years ago? What a sweet kid, even if she did drink too much. Girls, we've got to chip in to send her flowers. The poor kid."

one little
trick
a shaver ought to know—

Now and then we hear about a man who just can't use Barbasol because his beard's too tough.

Maybe there is such a person, but honestly we've never met up with him.

It's true, some folks *think* they can't use Barbasol, but that's only because they've never tried it or because they were in too big a hurry to read the simple directions.

Not that there's anything complicated about a Barbasol shave. Far from it. It's the simplest and easiest method ever invented to remove the daily growth of shrubbery from the male visage.

But there is a little trick to it that you really ought to know if you want the smoothest shave man ever had.

First of all, wash your face and leave it good and wet before you spread on the Barbasol. This is important.

Now spread it thoroughly over your face and shave.

That's all there is to it. Whiskers skim off like magic. There's not a cuss word in a tube full of Barbasol if you use it properly.

No brush, no lather, no rub-in. No messy old brush to bother with.

Get yourself a tube of Barbasol today and try it out according to these directions tomorrow morning.

If you don't like it, don't hesitate to say so. We'll refund your money without a murmur.

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No Brush-No Lather
No Rub-in

Barbasol presents EDWIN C. HILL,
news commentator, nightly, C. B. S.
See local newspapers for time

Collecting *Hot*

Continued from page 96

Kings, Red Nichols And His Five Pennies, Bix And His Gang, and such jazz-conscious individuals as Duke Ellington, Bennie Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Gene Krupa, Ed Sullivan, and Russin, the astounding tenor sax of the Mound City Blue Blowers.

Of course, not all collectors follow the historical path in their choice of records. There are innumerable enthusiasts who collect nothing but examples of Louis Armstrong's *hot* vocalizing and trumpeting. Some confine themselves to his more recent period of interpreting, oftentimes with great musical originality, *sweet* numbers such as *Just A Gigolo; Love, You Funny Thing;* etc. (Victor, Okeh, Columbia, Bluebird). Others prize his early race records, *Savoy Blues*, *West End Blues*, etc. on Okeh and the early King Oliver records (Victor and Gennett) on many of which both Armstrong and Earl Hines, the great negro pianist, are discernible. This might be going far enough for most of us but purists among collectors of Louis also insist upon ferreting out every vocal—the singer being secondary—on which the *hot* Armstrong trumpet insinuates itself between phrases.

A comprehensive set of the records of Louis Armstrong would afford an illustration of jazz development, from the earliest *hot* or *ad lib* chorus to the latest *lick*. Records on which the late Bix Beiderbecke played would also prove instructive, Bix, whose inimitable *hot* choruses wrote jazz history, having been in jazz from the "Gennett" days. A collector known to the writer begins with the early Gennetts made by Bix (cornet), Carmichael (piano), Berton (traps) and other *hot* men and includes in his collection innumerable records on which Bix played. Some of these, such as the *sweet* records by Paul Whiteman's band (Victor and Columbia), have little to offer other than the emergence of phrases by Bix, Berton, Trumbauer (sax), or by Venuti and Lang, the *hot* violin and guitar duo. This *hot* nucleus, slightly changed in set-up, made records as Frankie Trumbauer and His Orchestra, Bix And His Gang, New Orleans Lucky Seven (all Okeh) and Chicago Loopers (Perfect)—which show that they were all but submerged in the *sweet* Whiteman ensemble. Bix is present, a lyricist of the cornet, and almost invariably Venuti and Lang contribute passages that should win them the respect of Kreisler and Segovia—with the droll and lyrical base sax of Adrian Rollini somewhere in the background.

Some collectors want words as well as music. Curiously enough, it is not easy to satisfy this taste. The number of men who sing *hot* is extremely limited. Outstanding are Louis Armstrong, negro, and Jack Teagarden, the latter being one of the few white men who sing with distinction. While there are many negroes who sing *hot*—some of them, like Cab Calloway, excellent—Armstrong is the greatest of them all. While he is at times repetitious and capable of sheer vaudeville, his talent transcends these faults. His vocalizing is creation. "As Written" is no longer an embalming process. For example, Louis takes the "As Written" sweetness of *Blue Turning Gray Over You* (Okeh) and creates a musical metamorphosis in a series of the hottest vocal breaks known to the jazz world. (Other examples of his best work in this direction are: *Sweethearts on Parade*; *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*; and *Shine*—all on Okeh).

Teagarden is less spectacular but a favorite with collectors who prefer his vocalizing to that of any other white man in the business. And with good reason. Teagarden's best vocals are second to none. His trombone playing resembles his singing and, it might be truthfully said, *vice versa*. The quality of his voice suggests the burr of his trombone. Like Armstrong and, for that matter, all *hot* men, "As Written" is more likely an indication of how many bars Teagarden will sing rather than *how* or *what* he will sing. The history of jazz is the history of the *hot* chorus. Good examples of Jack Teagarden's singing are *Beale Street Blues* (Charleston Chasers, direction of Bennie Goodman, Columbia); *Loveless Love* by Teagarden's Band (Crown); and *Makin' Friends*, the Kentucky Grasshoppers (Banner).

Blues singing by women has had more consistent attention from the public. All that might be mentioned here is that of the negro blues singers—Bessie Smith, Clara Smith, Victoria Spivey, Ethel Waters, etc.—early records are almost always the best examples and are practically the only records by these singers to be found in collections. *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home Blues*, sung by Bessie Smith on pre-Electrical Columbia, preserves the blues spirit . . . the haunting piano background, with its exemplary breaks, being the creation of Clarence Williams. To be sure, there are collectors who stick by Ethel Waters up to the latest pressing of "*Stormy Weather*" and many who do not agree with the writer that Louis Armstrong's voice and trumpet in *Skat-Dat-De-Dat*, *Hotter Than That*, and records of that period represent what is genuinely *hot*.

Collecting, in any line, need not be a matter of discrimination. One man collects nothing but records of *I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate*. Another secures for his albums every known recording of *St. Louis Blues*. On the face of it this would seem to be a rather harmless method of ridding one's self of one's money even though the chances are that on compositions such as the above, recordings might average five per cent *hot*. They *might*. However, that would still leave about fifty per cent *corny*—symphonic versions, pseudo-*hot* concoctions, etc.—and a residue which, when the critical thermometer was applied, would register a decidedly luke-warm temperature. As for the five per cent, that is only because certain pieces, these being among them, lend themselves readily to *hot* playing. *Tiger Rag*, *Farewell Blues* and *Washboard Blues* are examples of the species. These numbers have survived the "brief span" usually accorded jazz compositions. Modern parallels are *Dinah* and *Sweet Sue*, the latter piece having been honored by the following sizzling pressings: Louisiana Rhythm Kings (Brunswick), and Nichols And His Five Pennies (Brunswick).

Recently, collectors have been "getting a load of" Henry Allen, Jr., *hot* trumpet with Fletcher Henderson, and liking it immensely. Also playing with Fletcher on *Nagasaki* (Columbia) is Hawkins, considered by many the ace tenor sax. Up in the first ranks of trombonists is the negro, Benny Morton, to be heard on *I Got Rhythm*, Redman, Brunswick. *I'm Gonna Stomp, Mr. Henry Lee*, played by Eddie's Hot Shots on Victor, includes both negroes and white men in an all-American set-up.

The latest releases of an almost unbeatable combination are the current *hot* records by Bennie Goodman and band (Columbia) of *I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues* and *Ain't-Cha' Glad?* plus two other titles. These are being released simultaneously for the *hot* trade both here and in England. The band includes Bennie Goodman, clarinet; Joe Sullivan, piano; Jack Teagarden, vocalist and trombone; Charlie Teagarden, cornet; Artie Bernstein, string bass; Arthur Karle, tenor sax; Dick McDonough, guitar; and Gene Krupa, traps.

From the point of view of collecting, jazz history wrote its greatest chapter in the Gennett period, the period of recordings by the bands mentioned early in this article, and one or two others. These records, pressed about ten years ago and now scarcely obtainable, represent the very purest of *hot*. Until they are re-recorded, however, most collectors will have to resort to more accessible examples. One might, for instance, begin modestly by purchasing *Buy, Buy For Baby* (Victor), by Ben Pollack and his Park Central Orchestra. This record is an agreeable lesson in jazz terminology. Until the end of the vocal it is consistently *sweet*. After the vocal the boys swing into a series of *hot* choruses, Jack Teagarden (trombone) taking the lead, followed by MacPortland (trumpet) and topped off by Bennie Goodman's clarinet which is at its best. If the latter part of this record leaves you cold you're obviously not yet a *hot* collector but if you realize that the boys bring the piece to town competently—there's hope for you.

**Actually the Gennetts referred to are those of only five or six bands—the Gennett Company having recorded many other bands, none of them considered especially* hot.

The Man in the Black Hat

Continued from page 135

at the other car and there was the old man lifting a thermos bottle to his lips. I held my bottle out to him and at the same time he held his out to me. We crossed hands and took each other's bottles. It was like we'd rehearsed it.

"How," he said

He drank.

"How," I said.

I drank.

His were sidecars too only his cointreau was the real stuff and mine wasn't.

He looked at me once with those funny grey eyes and then started watching the races. I don't know when he drove away. He was gone when I looked up.

Three months later I was in Monte Carlo. I did pretty good for awhile. Then the little ball started ducking my numbers and colors. I lost steadily for three weeks. Finally I stood at the table and watched a croupier with a face like a polished boot rake in my last franc notes.

I turned away, trying to grin but it felt like a fuzzy worm was crawling around in my stomach. It's one thing to be broke in the States but another to be broke in a foreign port. The worm tasted of quinine.

Somebody tapped me on the shoulder. The old man, black hat, grey goatee and expressionless eyes, was standing there. I didn't feel a bit surprised. Not a bit. It seemed I'd been expecting him.

Continued on page 152

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Family Matters

Continued from page 140

down then, tip everybody and have your car called and leave for Biarritz. Make it a point to tell the clerk how much refreshed you are by your nap. Here is a pass-key that will open every door in the Hotel P. and here are rubber gloves!"

I said, "Good heavens, Chief, you're not going to leave that cadaver in the next room. It's bound to be discovered and the fat's in the fire."

He replied, "My dear fellow, that part of it does not concern you but to allay your fears I'll tell you what is planned. Senora A., wife of a Spanish diplomatist, is an inveterate gambler, always hard up, and is not averse to turning an honest or dishonest penny and we are paying her to engage the rooms and to let us have the use of them for the afternoon and to bring a trunk to Paris for us when she leaves San Sebastián on Christmas day. She travels on a diplomatic passport and her baggage is not examined. She won't know what's in the trunk."

* * *

I arrived at Biarritz at noon of the 23rd and remained in my room taking things easy, reading and writing a few letters and retired early. The following morning I got my telephone message and met the car. Everything went like clock-work, no hitch at the border, a magnificent road and a bit of luck in the hotel at San Sebastián. The room assigned me for the afternoon was on the same floor and the same corridor as 417.

When the porter brought my kit bag from the car, received his tip and left, I got busy. I put on sneakers and a light silk suit, tied the pass-key to a cord looped round my left wrist, put a small tube of vaseline in one pocket and a gag and a roll of piano wire in the other. I took a squirt gun from my kit and filled it with ammonia. I was prepared for anyone who might interfere with my plans. I tested my gun, loaded it and put it in a web shoulder holster under my coat and donned the rubber gloves.

I opened my door quietly and set it on the latch so that I could get back in without difficulty. Then I sped down the hall to 417 and quickly and noiselessly let myself in. I bolted the door from inside. Then I went to the connecting door and listened. I seemed to hear something and thought that S. must be moving about, so I smeared vaseline on the hinges of the door and into the lock and inserted the key. The door opened toward the other room and when I had it unlocked I moved it very slowly forward with my left hand to take a peep before entering. My gun was in my right hand ready to fire.

I could not believe my eyes when I got the door open an inch. There was S. on the floor of the room in a pool of blood with a man kneeling over him. I threw open wide the door and said, "Hautes les mains. Bougez pas." (Hands up. Don't move.) The man straightened up, throwing his hands above his head. I stepped over to him and frisked him holding my gun at the back of his neck. I took an automatic from his coat pocket and felt that he had no other weapon. I stepped back a pace and said, "Tournez."

He turned and when he faced me, I nearly fainted. It was Mr. R. He asked me, "Who are you?" In spite of my nausea I said in English, "Don't ask questions, man, I'm your friend. Help me get that body into the next room." We carried the body through the doorway and put it into the trunk and then put the boy's belongings in with him. We took towels and did our best to get the blood stains off the rug but a large spot still showed so we turned the rug about to get the stained part under the bed. Then we threw the towels into the trunk. I asked then whether he had the boy's papers. Without a word he handed them to me. He seemed as if in a daze, obeying me implicitly and without a word. When we had the room in order I motioned him into 417 and told him to open the corridor door when I rapped.

I locked and bolted the connecting door, and then skipped into the corridor and locked the outer door. R. opened 417 for me and we sat down.

I said, "Now don't you ask me any questions but just answer mine. What did you kill that boy for?" In a low voice he replied, "I presume that you, like I, are in the Secret Service. That boy was a spy." I said, "That's a lie, he was not. He was a potential traitor. You're his brother-in-law and you wanted to save his family from disgrace. Now come clean." He answered wearily, "You win but you are not entirely right. I knew that he was on the suspect list and I asked to be assigned to the case. I suppose now that I've bungled it, the whole sordid affair will come out. But who are you?"

I answered, "Never mind who I am. You get to hell out of here and out of Spain and let me handle matters from now on. Forget that you beat me to the job. Report to your service that S. never was here. Here's your gun. Good luck to you."

I opened the door to the corridor and made sure that it was safe for his getaway.

Choice of the Harem

Continued from page 75

my senses.

"She was quite young, a slender brown creature with delicate hands and feet. In contrast with the other favorites, who seemed anxious to display an imaginary dignity, this one rushed to meet us, obviously happy to escape for a moment from an overwhelming *ennui*; and she began, twittering like a bird, to talk to us in a language I did not understand.

"I asked my companion where she came from. He said she was from Cyprus. She had been there only a few weeks.

"Compassion and lust gripped me. The brown eyes of this little one had such an unbelievably good-natured, naïve expression, and her embroidered robe fell in tempting curves. I took her firm brown hands and kissed her wrist.

"The eunuch urged me on. I hated to go. He wanted to lead me on still further, but this time I did not give in.

"When we stood in the anteroom once more, he said:

"'My master has ordered me to ask Your Excellency a question.'

"'Ask.'

"'Is there a woman in the seraglio whom Your Excellency prefers?'

"I said promptly: 'Yes, the girl from Cyprus.'

"He bowed deep so that I could not see his face.

"'Tonight,' he said, 'Your Excellency will receive this woman as your property.'

"I left, agreeably excited, and told Le Verrier of our good fortune. We had a room prepared, and put in it all the pretty things we found around us. We even speculated about taking the little creature along with us, for even then there was talk about the Emperor wanting to use us on the Spanish battlefields . . ."

The *Maréchal*, who had talked fluently so far, broke off.

"And what? The Sultan did send her to you?" Fronsac asked impatiently, rising from his seat. Apparently, he did not find the whole story worth telling.

"Worse, Fronsac, worse," the *Maréchal* said somberly. "That night, as we waited with happy impatience, the same black *chasseur* brought us her head: her head on a copper platter. It had been prepared—all the blood had been drained out, the eyes were wide open, and her hair beautifully arranged."

"No!"

"Yes! The good Le Verrier vomited. I bit myself in the finger to brace up, and then I took a document which the black devil held out to me. But although I understood some Turkish, I could not read it, and I had to have the message translated next day. The Sultan wrote me something like this:

"'As a true believer, I cannot give to you, a Christian, a woman of my faith. But in this way which I have thought out, I can at least give you assurance that the one you favored with your glance will never belong to another man.'"

Rich Men's Leisure

Continued from page 120

usage to which they are subjected. Balls need recovering often. One cannot play without a marker to keep score. Naturally most champions of this sport have been millionaires; Clarence MacKay was once a star player and Jay Gould was American titleholder from 1906 to 1925 inclusive.

Court tennis is an entirely different game played in a different way with different rules than lawn tennis, the game you doubtless play and enjoy. Court tennis may be termed the aristocrat of sports; but even lawn tennis, its newer and humbler ancestor, can be elevated into the aristocracy when played, as it is to some extent in this country, indoors during winter. For building an indoor lawn tennis plant is almost as expensive a proposition as a real tennis court.

Here the term lawn tennis will be used merely to differentiate it from its older and more celebrated ancestor, court tennis, or real tennis. Because the fact is that indoor lawn tennis courts are usually composed of dirt or some composition such as *En Tout Cas*. An ideal sports layout also contains beside a tennis court, space for many other games, perhaps a bowling alley, a squash court, space for badminton, and a lounge for billiards and ping-pong. Clarence Dillon, New York banker, has a court on his estate at Far Hills, New Jersey, containing only a small plunge, a tennis court and living quarters for a professional that cost around $75,000. A complete indoor sports layout according to Musgrave Hyde, New York architect, should include a tennis court, a

Continued on page 157

The *Highlight* of Palm Beach Fashions is LEKTROLITE

Everywhere you go from Bradley's Casino to the Everglades Club, you will find smart people getting first puff enjoyment with Lektrolite, the flameless mystery lighter.

* * *

At the Everglades Club, at the Horseraces at Hialeah Park, at the Whitehall Hotel, at tea dances at the Patio Marguery and the more formal dinner dances at the Colony Club, Lektrolite in one form or another has decided social entree.

* * *

There are several reasons for the flameless mystery lighter's social acceptance. It works like magic. Lift the cap and there's a soft glow ready to light your cigarette, cigar or pipe.

* * *

No flints, no flames, no wheels, no strings, no batteries, no tricks, no gadgets. Works instantly and always.

* * *

Lektrolite comes in a wide variety of models and metals. The Sportsman lighter illustrated at the left, complete in gift box and filler kit, $7.50.

The vogue for Lektrolite is not only high fashion at Palm Beach but has spread from coast to coast in every strata of society. It's dependable, works instantly and always and no wind or storm can extinguish it.

* * *

Lektrolite has tempted celebrities in all walks of life. After his fight at Miami, light-heavyweight champion Maxie Rosenblum nonchalantly lit a cigarette with his Lektrolite. Back on Broadway, a week later, Clifton Webb and Betty Worth not only used them in public life but on the stage as well. Roger Q. Williams, noted air pilot, is never without a Lektrolite.

* * *

Lektrolite is sold at the better shops everywhere. If your local dealer cannot supply you, write us directly for the models illustrated, or a complete catalog of Lektrolites. Many models are conceived in smart enamels and fashionable metals including gold, silver and platinum and can be engraved with initials or club insignia at slight additional cost.

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The model illustrated on the right is Model B, chrome satin finish, engine turned Lektrolite complete in gift case with filler kit, $5.00.

LEKTROLITE *The Flameless Mystery Lighter*

PLATINUM PRODUCTS CO., 521 5th Ave., NEW YORK CITY

Man in the Black Hat

Continued from page 148

"You dropped something," he said.

He held out a roll of notes to me.

"Careless of me to drop something I didn't know I had, wasn't it?" I asked.

"Quite," he said.

I took the notes.

"Thanks," I said.

"Don't mention it," he said, "and if I were you I'd play the black, 13 and 9."

All of a sudden he was gone.

I played the black, 13 and 9. I played them heavy and won heavy. I walked away from that table with enough money to last me a year and I don't live in second class hotels.

I didn't think about the old man. I was afraid to. You look at the stars and don't think about them and they're beautiful. You look at them and try and figure out how come they buzz around and never bump into each other and pretty soon they've got you locked up with the other nuts. That's the way I felt about the old man. If I took him for granted, he was just a quiet old fellow with a grey goatee, a black hat and funny eyes. If I started figuring out how come, I'd go crazy.

I took my winnings and went to Paris and got bored. Paris was like a carnival to me. A lot of electric lights and women and noise and life but nothing you can take seriously. Any moment I expected them to pull down the canvas and play the next town, leaving a vacant field behind. I wondered why I'd come.

Then I knew.

It was in what they call the Latin Quarter. A mob was boiling and whirling down the sidewalk, shoving people off into the street. The people'd pick themselves up, join the mob and shove others off into the street. In the middle was a gendarme. He had the old man by the collar. His black hat was mashed and his goatee was mussed but his eyes were expressionless.

"Any of you guys talk English?" I yelled at the mob.

"Sure, what's the matter?" a young fellow with a big black bow tie said.

"What'd that fellow do?" I asked.

It never occurred to me to ask the old man himself.

I caught the young fellow's arm so's the crowd wouldn't separate us.

"Murdered a guy," he said.

A French police patrol drove up and they put the old man inside.

"Did you see it?" I asked the young fellow.

"Sure," he said. "The old guy just walked up to a fellow in a high silk hat, pulled out a gun and let him have it. They say the guy in the silk hat was a government official."

The next day I went to the American consul.

"He's an American," I said. "You've got to do something."

"Yes, and he killed a member of the Chamber of Deputies," the consul told me, "and what would you suggest I do about that?"

"Something," I said, "or strings are liable to be pulled in Washington. One's apt to jerk you right out of this office." I was bluffing.

"I'll make inquiries," he promised.

When I went back the consul told me he couldn't do anything.

"I don't even know that he's an American," he said. "He says he hasn't any nationality. Even if he were an American I couldn't do anything. He admits he killed the deputy."

"Why?" I asked.

The consul shrugged like a Frenchman.

"He says he didn't have a reason," he said. "That's all the police can get out of him except that he didn't know the man he killed, hadn't seen him before and hadn't even heard of him."

The thing didn't surprise me. The old man gave away an automobile to a stranger for no reason whatsoever. Why shouldn't he kill a stranger for the same reason? That added up. It made sense but I couldn't get anyone to see it. They listened to my story and threatened to have me thrown in jail, too. I didn't know what to do. They wouldn't let me see the old man. They said he claimed he didn't know me and didn't want to see me anyway. I don't know if they were telling the truth. I suppose they were. I had to give up.

I hung around Paris for three months and then caught a boat for home. I went down to the bar and ordered a whiskey sour as we left the dock. Just as I finished it the man in the black hat appeared again.

"Have one on me," he said, taking his place alongside me.

If you put your finger in boiling water you'll get scalded. But if you put it in molten metal that's a hundred times hotter you won't feel anything. Surprise is that way. If I had seen anything that was merely terrifying I would have shrieked like a woman. But I saw the man in the black hat and I was calm. Maybe I was too stunned to be frightened or alarmed. Anyway I spoke calmly.

"You were being taken to jail the last time I saw you," I said.

"I escaped," he told me. "What will it be?"

"Whiskey sour," I said. "How did you manage it?"

"Two whiskey sours," he called to the bartender. "Why, I just walked away from there," he said to me.

I took my drink and started to lift it to my lips. Then I set it down carefully so's it wouldn't spill.

"Look here," I said, "this can't go on forever, you know. One of us is crazier'n hell and even if it's a tie I don't like it."

His head was turned half away from me but his grey marble eyes swung around and stared into mine. He shrugged and his eyebrows lifted.

"Something?" he asked.

Something in my brain clicked and I remembered. I drank the whiskey sour.

"My God!" I said. "*Something?* Why, they executed you. They cut your head off with a guillotine."

His eyebrows lifted again.

"So?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "I read it in the papers."

"That's their notion of it," he said. "Have another?"

"Give me the bottle," I said to the bartender.

I took a drink and kept my hand on the bottle. He took it from me and poured himself a drink. He tossed it down without taking his eyes off mine.

"Damn it! They *did* execute you," I said. "They cut your head off and you died. I know they did. Don't tell me they didn't."

"All right," he said, "have it your own way."

I took another drink and thought awhile. Then I gripped the bar with both hands.

"All right," I said, "I'm ready. I've got to know sooner or later, so let's have it. Who are you?"

"Don't you know?" he asked, never taking his eyes off mine.

"I'm asking," I said.

"All right," he said, "I'll tell you."

A drunk came by and lost his balance. He threw his arms around me and almost dragged me down. When I got rid of him the man in the black hat was gone.

I couldn't find him anywheres on the boat.

I'm in the United States now. I keep traveling around but I know it isn't going to do me any good. Someday, someplace, I'm going to meet the man in the black hat again. I know he'll tell me.

And I don't want to be told.

Women—How to Break and Train

Continued from page 31

This detective put on his spectacles and looked to see if the papers were legal and properly certified. "How about that now!" he ejaculated. "They've got to fish."

"Where's a good place?" inquired the bridegroom, beginning to recover his equanimity.

"I know a swell place," volunteered the clerk, "down below the bridge."

So there was nothing else to do. Luckily, however, it all ended happily. For the young couple turned out to be regular old Isaac Waltons.

Let us be systematic and take up the various phases of woman handling.

FEEDING

Don't let her forage for her own meals, particularly if you live in a college town.

It is a mistaken kindness to overfeed her. Also, you may want to count her ribs.

If she seems dull and lacks ambition, try putting a little gin in her drinking water.

Don't let her take meals from outsiders, intruders, and suspicious characters in general. The quickest way to overcome this habit is to live on an island.

Don't allow her to eat a lot of sugar and starches and fats, and then sprawl out for a snooze. There is no pose less becoming than adipose.

If you come home late nights for dinner, there will be plenty of table scraps.

EXERCISE

Take her for a romp every evening. If you don't someone else will.

A fine conditioner is to ride her out in the car and make her hike home. But don't pick a well-traveled thoroughfare. I heard of a trusting old party who pushed one out, twenty miles from town. Then he drove rapidly back to a night club. And when he got his hat checked, there she was on the floor, dancing around with a tall, Spanish-looking fellow.

GROOMING

Give her some clothes. She'll look dressier if she has some clothes. Or, if she won't accept things to wear from a gentleman, give

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 119

pation of the Eighteenth Amendment and where hosts and hostesses made gallant efforts at first to serve their guests properly, the supply could not stand the drain of the years, and toward the end almost no one pretended to serve drinks in their proper sequence. And few would have appreciated it if they did. Gin became the universal potation; it was served before meals, during meals and after meals. And it was not a distilled spirit but a mixture of grain alcohol, juniper extract and water. Prolonged addiction to this abominable fluid and to poisonously cut whiskies has probably so ruined the American palate that a taste for good wines and spirits will be long in developing.

A good start in the education of drinking may be made by reading George Saintsbury's *Notes on a Cellar-Book* (Macmillan, $2.50). The famous English literary critic wrote this book at the age of seventy-five and he lived another ten years, a discriminating lover of wines, whiskies, brandies, beer, gin and cordials, but a despiser of sots. Saintsbury was a stout British Tory with the social prejudices of his class and this book, reissued in this country in celebration of repeal, is flavored with some of his quaint, undemocratic notions; but it is a sound drinking book.

Gin he says got a bad name two hundred years ago when the English legislated against it because of the prevalence of drunkenness among the poorer classes whose drink was gin because it was cheap. Hogarth's drawings added to gin's discredit. But Saintsbury says that real gin, not the adulterated variety, is one of the most wholesome of all drinks and a real specific for some kinds of disease. "There is perhaps no liquor more suitable for hot weather," he says, "than gin and soda with a slice of lemon."

Before prohibition California produced some of the finest wines in the world. In fact, because of the American insistence upon foreign labels, vast quantities of wine were shipped to Europe, there to be bottled and labeled and reshipped as French and German wines for consumption in this country. With the rehabilitation of the wine industry in America the education of drinkers in the kinds and quality of American wines should be part of the propaganda of the wine merchants. It should not be necessary to deceive consumers by putting foreign labels on domestic wines. Saintsbury's book does not deal with American vintage wines; but the loving care he takes in setting forth the mature reflections of his many years of drinking are invaluable to anyone who is thinking of laying down a cellar. It is an entertaining book even for those who have neither the money nor the inclination to lay in a large assortment of drinkables.

There are dozens of books on cocktail mixing but the most exhaustive one I have seen is Patrick Gavin Duffy's *The Official Mixers' Manual* (Long & Smith), which contains 800 recipes and a loose-leaf arrangement whereby the owner can insert other mixtures he hears of. To Duffy's book and Saintsbury should be added *Wining and Dining* (Putnam's $1.50) by D. T. Carlisle and Elizabeth Dunn, which contains the much-needed information on native American wines as well as directions for keeping and serving them. It is an authoritative and interesting book, amusingly illustrated.

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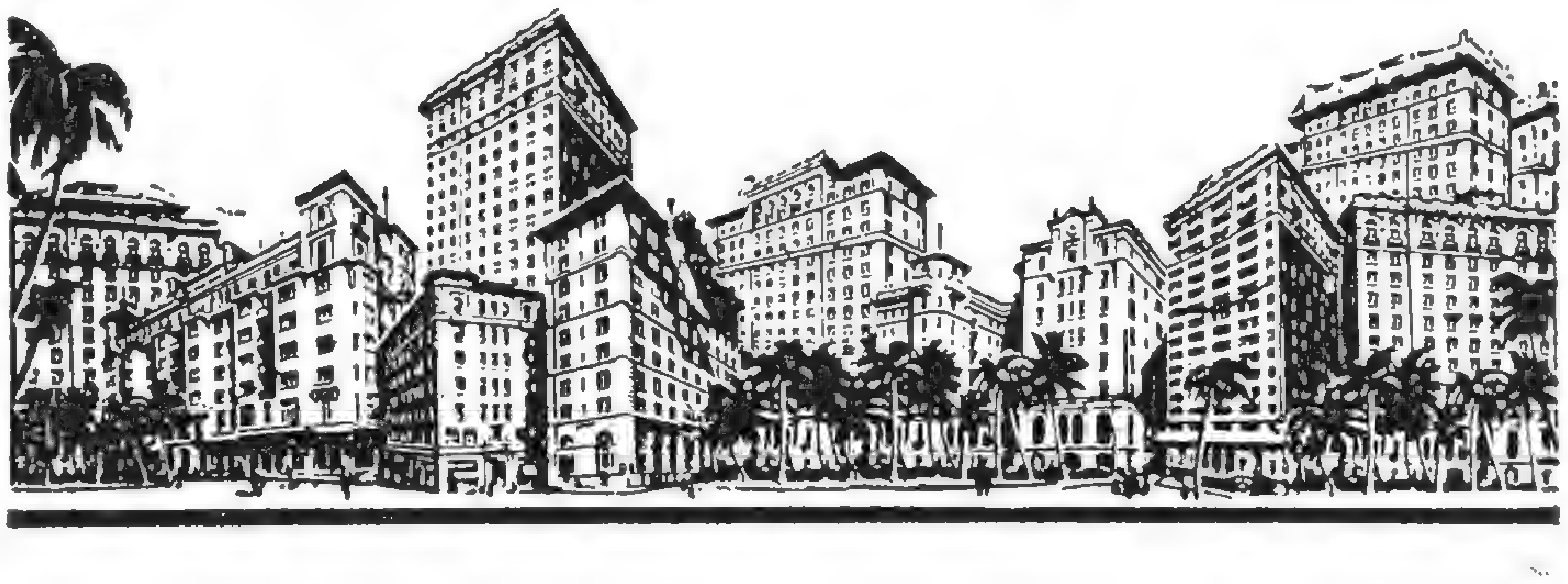

Women—How to Break and Train

Continued from page 152

her a book or some flowers. They often look very cute with only a book and some flowers.

There is nothing that makes a pet more nervous or fidgety or downright miserable than cockleburs. Pluck them out and teach her to keep out of the bushes.

Just a word about bathing:

Saturday night used to be for ablutions. Now it is for libations. See to it, however, that her neck is washed before she starts out.

But cleanliness, of course, is not everything. I know a girl who uses cakes and cakes of Big Boy soap, and still nobody likes her.

BREAKING AND TRAINING

When you agreed to take her on, she probably promised plenty. But what do promises amount to? Love, honor and Oh bologny! Your smart handler simply smiles and starts in working on her.

But don't be rough or mean about it. It is so futile to hit a tender woman with a club. The majority of them respond very readily to a pat or two and a few coaxing whispers.

Or, if you're stuck with one of those stubborn and unfeeling babies, you have two courses of procedure.

1. Whang her one with a folded newspaper or the flat of your hand. Just so she'll know what you think of "ifs," "ands" and "buts."

2. Grow a beard and shove off for a kindlier climate.

In planning the lessons, make them quick and entertaining. You wouldn't want to bore her, would you? When she pleases you, go ahead and pet her. Or toss her a fish.

As soon as you have her housebroken, it will be reasonably safe to take her out. As long as you keep her at heel. But don't forget, our great cities are full of heels.

Do not permit her to jump up on strangers. One way to break her of this untidy habit is to jerk the strangers out from under her.

Chasing automobiles is a mischievous trait that may too readily grow into a vice. Some fanciers reeve a long cord through a pulley and sit back and wait. Soon a sports roadster whisks past. A quick tug on the rope, and there is your pupil on her back. Some experts say, however, that this method merely gives her a new set of complexes.

A saner plan is to chose a good friend, a brother Elk or Phi Beta Kappa, whom you trust as far as you can see him. Have him drive by. As she dashes out after his car, he reaches down and raps her smartly on the nose. A few such rebuffs, and you can take her right up Fifth Avenue without a choker.

The Champagne of Thrills

Continued from page 145

crew lean away from the bank in the sharp turns, to counteract the centrifugal force, being careful not to disturb the balance which the driver has earned on the easement curves, entering or coming off. There is a heretic technique, originating on the circular curves in the Alps, which calls for a position far out from the bob and leaning back—which, though beautiful in performance, more often results in disturbing the steersman's course.

In this sport, as in no other, practice makes perfect, for the tricks of each corner may be virtually mastered. Weight is undoubtedly an important factor, though by no means a determinant of speed. A steady nerve is essential in driving the comets of the ice up the thirty-foot walls of ice at the high rates of racing speeds. The most experienced teams on the best-built runs will reach maximum speeds of more than a mile a minute, and at such speeds as these occasional spills are inevitable. But their likelihood may be minimized by correct engineering design of the run, and by the proper training of licensed bobsled pilots.

This season, January 27 and 28, America's cup defenders will race on the Schreiberhau run for the 1934 world championships at Garmisch, Germany, where the Winter Olympic Games of 1936 will be held. The Americans had no luck on the famed Schreiberhau two seasons ago, for all the American entrants were injured. The two-man championships will be held at Engelberg, Switzerland, February 2 and 3. For the Grand National in Switzerland the Americans must change their running technique to suit the contour of the run at St. Moritz. In Switzerland the curves are all built on level ground, a less hazardous but more intricate turn than at Lake Placid where the curves, highly engineered and of glare ice, involve a precipitate drop.

The Mt. Van Hoevenberg run at Lake Placid is the fastest run in the world. The Adirondack Bobsled Club, functioning like the swanky Bobsleigh Club at St. Moritz, promotes the racing season at Lake Placid, January 1 until March. From all points on the globe the dare-devil drivers come for the North American championships, February 20 and 21. The National A. A. U. championships take place at Lake Placid, February 10 and 11.

The most daring drivers on the American scene each year include Billy Fiske, Eddie Eagan, Jay O'Brien, Hunter Goodrich, Gilbert Colgate, the Stevens brothers of Lake Placid, Paul, Hubert, Curtis and Ray, Count Rossi of Italy, Lieutenant Papana of Roumania, Captain Werner Zahn of Germany, Baron von Mumm.

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 126

is wistful, pretty and almost regal enough, but her air of militant purity did not satisfy me as being the essence of the Queen of Scots; I kept doubting that this nun-like lady would ever have permitted any intimacies even to the husbands allotted her, much less to lovers. All the other roles are cast superbly, with Philip Merivale my nomination for ace romantic hero of the year, supplanting Leslie Howard. The lost-airedale world-sorrow of Mr. Merivale, his vigorous build, the sympathy in his voice and personality (to say nothing of his excellent acting) are particularly relishable by the feminine onlookers. Theresa Helburn has directed so that the piece has a splendid, haughty flow.

A notable expose of American lower depths is "Tobacco Road," adapted by Jack Kirkland from Erskine Caldwell's novel. Uncouth, daring, sometimes revolting, sometimes funny, always pitiful and moving, this probe into depravity and bestiality among the poorest of Georgia's white trash suddenly lifts to nobility when the sleaziest hookworm rises to defend his native mud. The play may not run, but I hope it will, for it is sincere and compelling realism. Henry Hull gives the one good performance of his life—and it is superlative.

Alexander Woollcott and George Kaufman have a murder-play in "The Dark Tower" which I believe you will find highly diverting if you can stand the whoopsing and other pain-inducing posturings of Ernest Milton.

"Roberta" seems like one of those Hollywood fashion shows, all sequins and bad taste. Gaudy and Sixth Avenue and dull. A darling young girl with a pleasant, if mild, voice and good manners seems out of place in the brassy charade—her name is "Tamara." Kern has two good numbers.

If you're looking for something to do of a Sunday, the Barbizon-Plaza has the only regular Sabbath show—a nice little revue called "Sunday Nights at Nine."

Ballet-lovers should be greatly interested in "The Green Table," a bitter choreographic satire on wars and treaties, performed by the Joos (pronounced somewhat as in "Joosn't you to live in Skeneateles") troupe.

LAST MINUTE FLASH—a feast of wisecracks has just arrived in "All Good Americans," starring Hope Williams. It will be reviewed next month if its excruciating nifties can make up for its thin plot, and thus be still visible.

Yokel, Yokel, Little Star

Continued from page 76

by the cash customers because of his delightful accent who after six months in our midst had to be sent back home to re-acquire his original inability to pronounce "th's" and "w's." Unless I watch my fashion experts closely, the first thing I know they will be wearing their dinner jackets with knickers.

And now that we are ready to embark upon my Five Year Fashion Plan, let me issue still another solemn warning to the would-be experts. I would advise them to study the many nasty tricks played by the camera. The photographic lens has a frightful habit of distorting values, all values, be it a set of healthy looking teeth or a well cut dress suit. Nothing is sacred to the photographic lens. It transforms a golden-haired virgin from Iowa into a wrinkled, toothless wench. It makes a $275 dress suit look like a $6.97 outfit sold by a mail-order house. It plays havoc with hearts, faces, figures and fashions. It bows only to superior knowledge.

Does any one of you happen to know of a half dozen fashion experts who are at the same time on speaking terms with that disrespectful instrument, the camera? If so, let me know their names and addresses. Some day they will be sure to receive the S.O.S. call from Hollywood. S.O.S.: Save Our Stars.

Grim-Visaged War

Continued from page 86

three years and a half."

He narrowly escaped court martial. War and Official Papers are a serious business; at least to the harassed individuals called officers. Most of them had a pretty keen feeling of responsibility, whether they used any sense in exercising it or not. Most of them worked a lot harder than the men they commanded. I think a lot of allowances should be made for their various manifestations of frazzled nerves, whether the form of them was hard boiled or soft boiled. The private soldier moved within strictly defined limits of duty. He could keep his sense of humor. And did.

At one time in our training the psychologists descended upon us. They were part of an intelligence test of the whole army. I believe in final result they assessed us as averaging about fourteen years of age: which beat out the movie producer's estimate of the general public by two years. They went at it very intently and solemnly; and were extravagantly pleased to have so much material to work on. Unfortunately for my complete faith in all their results, my tent was at the head of C Battery Street; and through its thin walls I overheard a good deal that was not intended for me. The boys returning from their intelligence tests here encountered outgoing comrades and exchanged views. I regret to report that my section of the United States Army did not seem to be taking this thing with becoming seriousness. Instead of co-operating with these learned men to prove what bright boys they were, they were using their ingenuity to extract some fun out of it without getting caught. The more plausibly moronic most of these scalawags could make themselves out, the better they liked it, and the bigger the laugh. They had no personal pride. To the contrary. They had long since noted the fact that the moment a man showed signs of intelligence of any kind, that moment he was given more work to do.

The taking of these tests was obligatory to the men, but optional to the officers. I cannot speak of them at first hand, for I did not volunteer. I had volunteered for the duration, and that let me out of the volunteering basis. Beside which I did not want to learn the horrid truth. But I heard considerable about them—from the ribald point of view of the men. And my opinion is that these psychologists got a fearful lot of awfully phony dope. They rated that man's army much too low; to the army's vast delight. No great harm in that. The trouble is that they have been using that same dope ever since as a basis for all sorts of theory. My advice is to start over again.

One of the tests, as near as I could make out from my eavesdropping, ran about as follows: The victim was asked to state a number, of two digits. The examiner then wrote it on the blackboard, but with the digits reversed. A stop watch snapped the time it took for the victim to recognize the "mistake" and to expostulate.

Appeared before the board a long, lank, saturnine cowboy sort of person of extreme taciturnity. He was asked to give a number, and mentioned 46. The examiner wrote down 64; the timekeeper snapped the watch, they waited. Nothing happened. Private Smith stared cowlike at the blackboard, apparently quite satisfied. They decided to give him another chance to lift himself from the sub-imbecile category, though one try was all he was supposed to have.

"32," Private Smith placidly acceded to this second request.

23 appeared on the blackboard. Ensued a long period of tense expectancy. These examiners were humane creatures. They wanted desperately to have Private Smith make some kind of a showing; any kind; just so they could give him some other mark than zero. But Private Smith just continued to sit. So they broke all precedent.

"Now, Smith," pleaded the head examiner, "give me another number. And notice me when I write it on the blackboard," which was going pretty far toward connivance, it seems to me, and I should mark that examiner about 35 for conscientiousness; but a full 100 for benevolence. "All right, Smith, give me another number."

"77," said Smith, and added, in the lazy southwestern cowboy drawl, "—and try to change that one hind-end-to."

Our allies, especially the British, never did understand our men's type of humor. Nor did ours ever wholly realize that their solemn fooling could be taken seriously. That is largely how they got their reputation for "brag and bluster."

"Not too bad," was a Tommy's typical reply to a question of his accomplishment.

"Me? Why, buddy, I'm the best little old performer at that who ever stepped. I darn near invented that game! You're looking at a champeen, boy," said the American, and it never crossed his mind that he could be taken literally. That is how this "we won the war" stuff started; though a considerable impetus was given it when the delighted doughboy realized how much it annoyed the other fellow. He knew better, of course. In spite of the verdict of the psychologists, his intelligence averaged high; and especially that phase of it that has to do with the sense of proportion. He took things as they came; and got all he could out of them.

A story was told in France of a horse-drawn wagon in charge of a typical westerner—who might have been one of my own men. It was plodding at the only gait possible to it slowly across a fire-swept open. The driver, his foot on the long brake bar, his hands full of reins, was tooling placidly along, chewing tobacco, apparently quite oblivious to the bursting shells or the fact that at any moment one was likely to blow him and his outfit sky-high. He could not hurry; and he knew it. Someone in a shell hole sang out to him.

"Hi, soldier!" yelled this one with fine satire, "what do you think of the war?"

The driver of the wagon drew in his reins, thrust home the brake, wound the reins about the brake-lever western fashion, swung his feet sidewise over the end of the seat, humped over as though for a sociable chat. He ejected a stream of tobacco juice; wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"She's a bear!" said he.

Then deliberately he swung his feet back, unwound his reins, released the brake, drove on.

This fine sense of the proportions was even better exemplified in a brief conversation after the Armistice. This was a social occasion; all buddies together, officers and men. In the crowd I happened on a small, smart, tough little soldier whose tunic was ablaze with decorations. He was a hard bitten, independent looking person, and his clipped speech, delivered through one corner of his mouth, spoke of New York's East Side. I looked over his ribbons with great interest, for never, outside the general staff, had I seen so many on one man's breast. Evidently this little Bowery tough was quite some soldier.

I recognized them all but one; so I enquired about that.

"What medal is that, soldier?" I asked him.

"Dat?" he replied with fine distinction and some contempt. "Dat ain't no medal. Some king give me dat!"

A Good Bull for Pepe

Continued from page 146

Tilden's tennis. As the faena, this final portion of the encounter, now showed.

A fighting bull is no milk cow. It learns and fast. Jardinero was no exception. It had come to appreciate that its enemy was not so much the big moving bulk of the cape, but the smaller figure beside it, the man. This conclusion on its part was both to be expected and hoped for. For if the bull's charges did not become increasingly smarter, more patterned, it would be impossible for the matador to bring him close enough to sink his sword at the juncture of neck and shoulders where it will pass on down to the animal's heart.

Now the larger danger for Pepe, in that the scrap of red flannel of the muleta has but a portion of the cape's concealing mass. Indeed, it is so light that a breeze may lift it fatally, to reveal the man at the moment the bull is charging. But though the bright swirling grace of the cape is not possible with the muleta, its brevity replaces the aesthetic appreciation of beauty with the more vigorous kick of danger. Pepe drew even more emotion now, maneuvering Jardinero with the bit of flannel, than he had with his cape. Again and again the bull charged, and with an increasing closeness that finally resolved the pair into a solid picture: a brilliant figure straight and motionless as a lance against a background of black charging animal.

Even the Balderas faction now was joining in those great, lunging woofs of appreciation which followed each pass. Back and forth the splendid animal wove—magnificently alive, willing and sincere, fighting on equal terms with the man—winning a place in bull-heaven high above the beasts led dumbly to death in the slaughter house.

Then its energy faltered, and it drew off to consider this nimble, evasive target. Immediately Pepe dropped the muleta downward until the cloth touched the ground. Jardinero's head moved down to watch it. Its front feet were together. Pepe's left hand moved and the flannel jerked redly. The bull's hindquarters tensed for a lunge, and Pepe's right arm drew up his sword for the kill. The man and the animal met in mid-movement. Jardinero dropped as though slugged.

That was all. The little charm might claim to have worked, and Pepe once more had proved why he is the most popular of Mexican bullfighters. The crowd bore him on happy shoulders triumphantly around the ring. And there is a tavern in that town.

Meet in the Circular Lounge

THE SOCIAL EMBASSY OF TWO CONTINENTS

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A Paris Letter

Continued from page 22

not sold a picture by a painter who is supposed to be quite successful, and who is under contract to deliver all his work to that dealer, since 1929.

Montparnasse has been discovered by the French respectable bourgeoisie, just as Montmartre once was. So the big cafes do a pretty steady business. The only foreigners you see are Germans. The Dome is crowded with refugees from the Nazi terror and Nazis spying on the refugees.

There was a very big retrospective exhibition of Renoir. I came away from it with the feeling of having seen many too many Renoirs. There can never be enough Cezanne's or Van Gogh's but I believe there were plenty of Renoirs before the old man died, all very fine, but plenty.

Food is as good as ever and very expensive. Because they could not sell it the vintners have not been bottling much champagne these last few years and there is good still champagne, that is natural champagne wine to which nothing has been added and which has not been processed in bottling to make it sparkle, on draft at the Café Regence for nine francs a wooden pitcher. This is the café where Napoleon used to play chess when he was the First Consul. They have the table that he used to play on in the café. For a while, during the boom, chess players were not encouraged at the Regence because they were not great consumers. But they are glad to see them again now.

Marcel Thil, bald, shuffling, seemingly muscle-bound and very durable, is still middleweight champion of the world to the French. He doesn't want to go to the States to fight and I doubt if anyone could get a decision over him in Paris without knocking him out. He is a good fighter, but slowing up, and is smart to stay in France, where he is a great drawing card, rather than take a chance on what might be handed to him in the way of decisions in America. French fighters have always had bad luck in America.

Carpentier was long past the top of his form when he went over and not big enough for good heavyweights who were at the top of their form. Charles Ledoux was very popular in America and was a great little fighter; one of the best in-fighters that I have ever seen, but his career was interrupted by the war.

Eugene Criqui went out to Australia after the war a big bantamweight, his face horribly mutilated by a wound. He was not a heavy hitter but a good, sound workman. He came back a full-sized featherweight with a terrific punch in his right hand. I believe he could hit nearly as hard for his size as Charley White, the great Chicago left hook artist. Charley White, for me, could hit the hardest for his size of any man I ever saw in the ring.

Criqui knocked out Johnny Kilbane for the featherweight championship but signed a contract to fight Johnny Dundee within forty-five days, I believe, if he won. Dundee broke the metal apparatus that the plastic surgeons had made in Criqui's face instead of a jaw in the first round and Criqui, smashed, cut, bleeding, took a sickening beating for fifteen rounds while he hunted Dundee's jaw with that right hand. No one could ever hit Dundee squarely on the button with a right hand except Willie Jackson and he only did it once. Anyway Criqui lost his title the first time he defended it and before he had made any money from it.

André Routis had much the same style as Ledoux but was never the hitter Ledoux was in his prime. He won the featherweight championship in America from Canzoneri and made money in a number of overweight fights until he lost his title to Bat Battalino who turned out to be managed by the same outfit that was handling Routis. Routis came back from America with a certain amount of money, without his title and with his eyes permanently injured.

Kid Francis, who fought in the States as an Italian, was a French featherweight from Marseilles. As a fighter he ranks with Routis and Ledoux.

Emile Pladner had one great year as flyweight champion but he was too easy to hit. Sparrow Robertson nicknamed him Spider for no good reason. He was a chunky kid, as unspider-like as could be. When he outgrew the flyweight class the heavy hitters in the class above found where the alley was and Pladner was soon finished.

The French have had some great fighters; those mentioned are only a few of the lot who fought in America, but Thil is smart not to go over. He is very smart not to go over. It is a different business over there, a very different business. Europeans are as unsophisticated in what goes on behind the scenes in sport as we once were, and may be still, about what goes on behind the scenes in politics.

What really makes you feel badly here though is not any of the things I mentioned earlier. People must be expected to kill themselves when they lose their money, I suppose, and drunkards get bad livers, and legendary people usually end by writing their memoirs. What makes you feel bad is the perfectly calm way everyone speaks about the next war. It is accepted and taken for granted. All right. Europe has always had wars. But we can keep out of this next one. And the only way to keep out of it is not to go in it; not for any reason. There will be plenty of good reasons. *But we must keep out of it.* If kids want to go to see what war is like, or for the love of any nation, let them go as individuals. Anyone has a right to go who wants to. But we, as a country, have no business in it and we must keep out.

Paris is very beautiful this fall. It was a fine place to be quite young in and it is a necessary part of a man's education. We all loved it once and we lie if we say we didn't. But she is like a mistress who does not grow old and she has other lovers now. She was old to start with but we did not know it then. We thought she was just older than we were, and that was attractive then. So when we did not love her any more we held it against her. But that was wrong because she is always the same age and she always has new lovers.

But me, I now love something else. And if I fight, I fight for something else. That seems to be about all for today.

(This is the third of a series of letters by Ernest Hemingway. The next will be from Africa, but since Mr. Hemingway is on a safari that takes him hundreds of miles from any post-office, may not be received in time for inclusion in the March issue.)

Rich Men's Leisure

Continued from page 150

swimming pool, badminton and squash court, possibly a bowling alley, a lounge, and dressing rooms. Such a building would cost today between $100,000 and $150,000 to construct.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has an expensive and inclusive sports pavilion for winter use, and it is reported that the part of the building most used by the younger members of the family is a model kitchen where they can go and cook their own meals and serve their food themselves.

Racing has been called the sport of kings and it needs the purse of a monarch to keep up a really first class stable. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney with three strings has probably spent a million dollars upon her stables; a sum that of course has not been invested without profit, for some years she has been known to take in over $200,000. Today a decent trainer who knows his business will get $30,000 a year, so that the average owner who goes into racing in a big way must be prepared to spend a small fortune which may or may not come back. Not everyone is as lucky as Frank Curzon, an Englishman who bought Call Boy for a relatively small sum, and developed a record breaking Derby winner which later sold for $300,000. One is apt to recall the winners in horse racing rather than the losers; thus the sporting public is far more likely to remember the example of Man o' War bought by Samuel D. Riddle for $5,000, who brought in $250,000 within two years for his owner, rather than the countless failures of promising horses both here and abroad.

Even a modest stable will cost between $20,000 and $35,000 a year. But one can play polo for much less, and many rich men who enjoy racing like William Ziegler, Jr., and John Hay Whitney, are polo enthusiasts. Since the game was changed from eight to six chukkers, expenses have been cut somewhat, but even so polo is still a sport for a man with a healthy bankroll. What does a pony cost? Anything from $150 to $1,500 or $2,000. On the other hand after an international match the crack mounts will usually sell at auction for prices running into the thousands. Indeed following one of the last England-America contests, the British ponies brought in close to $200,000, and Mr. Stephen Sanford paid $15,000 for Captain Roark's mare, White Slave. In 1928, John Sanford paid what is believed to be a record in buying Lewis Lacey's Jupiter for $22,000.

Today a good pony is about 35% cheaper than in 1928, according to Peter Vischer, editor of Polo. The average price paid at public auctions for ponies that were well known and that had been played by the Hitchcocks, Guests, Hoppings and other stars of the horse world, was about $1,000. To go through a season of polo the average player will need from six to ten mounts, the crack will have twenty to thirty in his stable. Besides he must have in attendance, at least one groom to every five or six ponies, a trainer or supervisor, and someone to assist in the trucking. For unless he keeps his stable at Meadowbrook he will need to send his mounts from tournament to tournament by truck, not an inexpensive proceeding. For the enthusiast, certainly $10,000 a season is necessary if he is to be well mounted and equipped for the game.

A sport less exhausting but no less expensive is that pursued by the late Mr. Arthur Hinds, of Utica, New York, retired manufacturer. One hardly knows whether to classify his passion as a hobby, a sport, or a disease. Stamp collecting partakes of the features of all three.

The stamp collector like the sports follower is a good deal of a nut. He also has something else in common with the man who erects an indoor sports arena for his private use; he must have plenty of money to carry his enthusiasm to its logical end. A stamp collection and a fairly good-sized one, too, can be purchased in any department store today for $25. But your real stamp bug who goes into collecting in a serious way must be prepared to put in lots of time and money if he wishes to get together a really representative selection of the postage stamps of the world.

Stamp collecting in the big way is a pursuit for those with means only. All the best collections have belonged to men with plenty of money. "No stamp collection, large or small, was ever worth anything unless at some time money has been spent upon it," said a prominent New York dealer recently. Among those who have chosen to devote much of their spare cash to philately are Colonel E. H. R. Green, of Philadelphia, King George of England, and former Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey. Mr. Hinds, who made a small fortune manufacturing plush for automobile concerns, practically retired from business toward the end of his life and with his friend and associate, W. C. Kennett, roamed about the earth in search of rare specimens. At the time of his death last March his collection was valued at over a million dollars and generally regarded as the finest owned by any individual.

A stamp, an ordinary, common stamp, costs little. You can buy a thousand for twenty-five depreciated cents. Even some old and rare stamps are not expensive, and the famous one penny black of Great Britain, first postage stamp to be issued, can now be bought in the open market for less than two dollars. A really rare specimen, however, one which is in demand, and of which there are few copies extant, can command as much money as a house, a small sized yacht or a racing stable. It was Mr. Hinds who paid the highest price ever recorded for a stamp when some years ago he bid in at auction the famous one cent magenta of British Guiana at a cost, including tax, of $32,500. This is the only copy of this particular stamp known to exist and from that moment he became famous in the stamp world. Incidentally that same stamp will be placed in auction in New York next spring under the terms of Mr. Hind's will, and the changes in values during these fluctuating times may prove interesting.

Thirty thousands can purchase a first-class, well centered, unused specimen of the best stamp, which means of course the rarest stamp in the world. But thirty thousand is nothing to pay for a really first class example of Monet, Manet, Degas or Renoir. Of all ways in which millionaires spend money, next to playing the market, playing the picture market is the most expensive. If your tastes happen to be cultural you must be prepared to back them up with a check book, and nothing but an indulgent bank account will do when it comes to collecting art, either.

There are, it is true, a few collectors who knew enough to browse about the Latin Quarter forty or fifty years ago and pick up early specimens of those painters for comparatively little money. By the same token, if you have a real flair for painting, you may be able to acquire the beginnings of a picture gallery in much the same way for a mere ten or twenty thousand. But if you want the masters, the real masters, the admitted and acknowledged masters, you must be prepared to pay for them. What the Frick, the Widener, the Ryerson, the Havermayer collections cost is impossible to estimate. In several cases, millions.

Some rich men buy paintings. Others play games and construct sport palaces in which to enjoy themselves. Others collect stamps. Others just give their money away. One morning former President A. Laurence Lowell was sitting in his office when a stranger walked in and offered him three million dollars to change the whole form of the educational plant at Cambridge. His name was Edward S. Harkness of Yale. President Lowell accepted this offer which has since cost Mr. Harkness thirteen, not as he expected, three, millions. Even education is an expensive hobby. When you have the money.

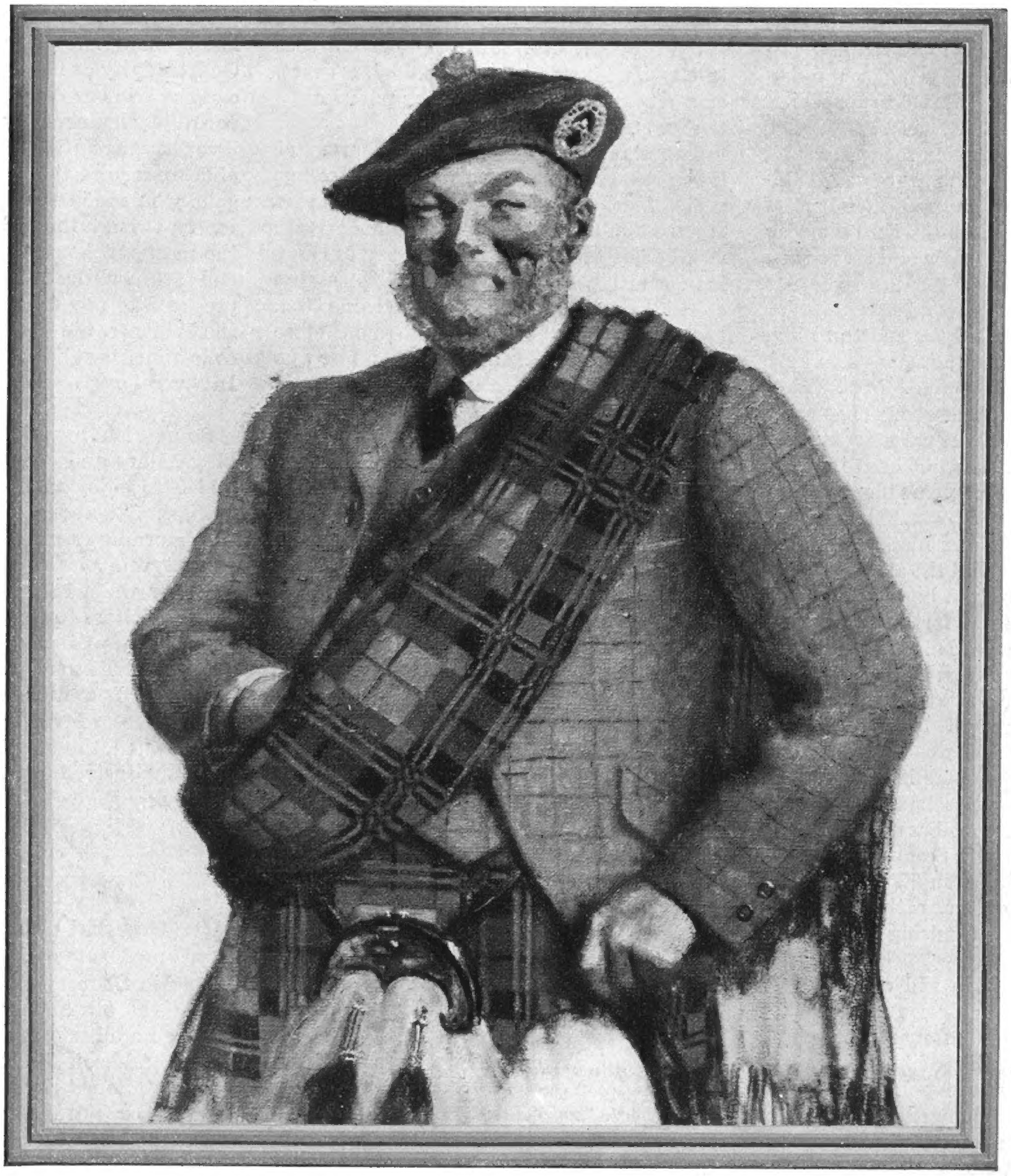
The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 131

Jackie Cooper is starred in "Lone Cowboy," the other Will James tale. But for once an adult steals a picture from a child-actor. Addison Richard's performance as "Dobe" Jones, love-soured cowboy who takes to orphan Jackie, is one of those rarely encountered characterizations that are simple, sincere, utterly unaffected, never tricky or showy. Richards even manages to utter some of the sentimental glub-glubs apportioned him in the script without seeming sappy. There ought to be a trend in this direction.

* * *

. . . Add a flock of lusty cheers for "Convention City," a ribald epic of that great American institution, the annual convention! This picture is a classic. The salesmen and staff of a national rubber goods company assemble for their twenty-first carnival in Atlantic City, and what a week! Badger-game gals, drunks, all the stock bedroom complications and a couple of new ones, sniff-nosed wives, ladies who do "Insect Exterminating, Day and Night," rivals working company politics for the job of sales manager, drunks, parties, drunks: the whole drooling, exuberant, gaga pageant is bounced across the screen with a good-natured zest that gives it an absolutely American flavor. The very fact that the picture is made of stock-situations and type characters adds authenticity to "Convention City." Guy Kibbee, Adolph Menjou, Joan Blondell, and a mob of swell small-part actors keep the convention rolling on its belly, on its behind, on its ear. It's a perfect piece of native satire and a riot of entertainment. It ought to start a stampede.



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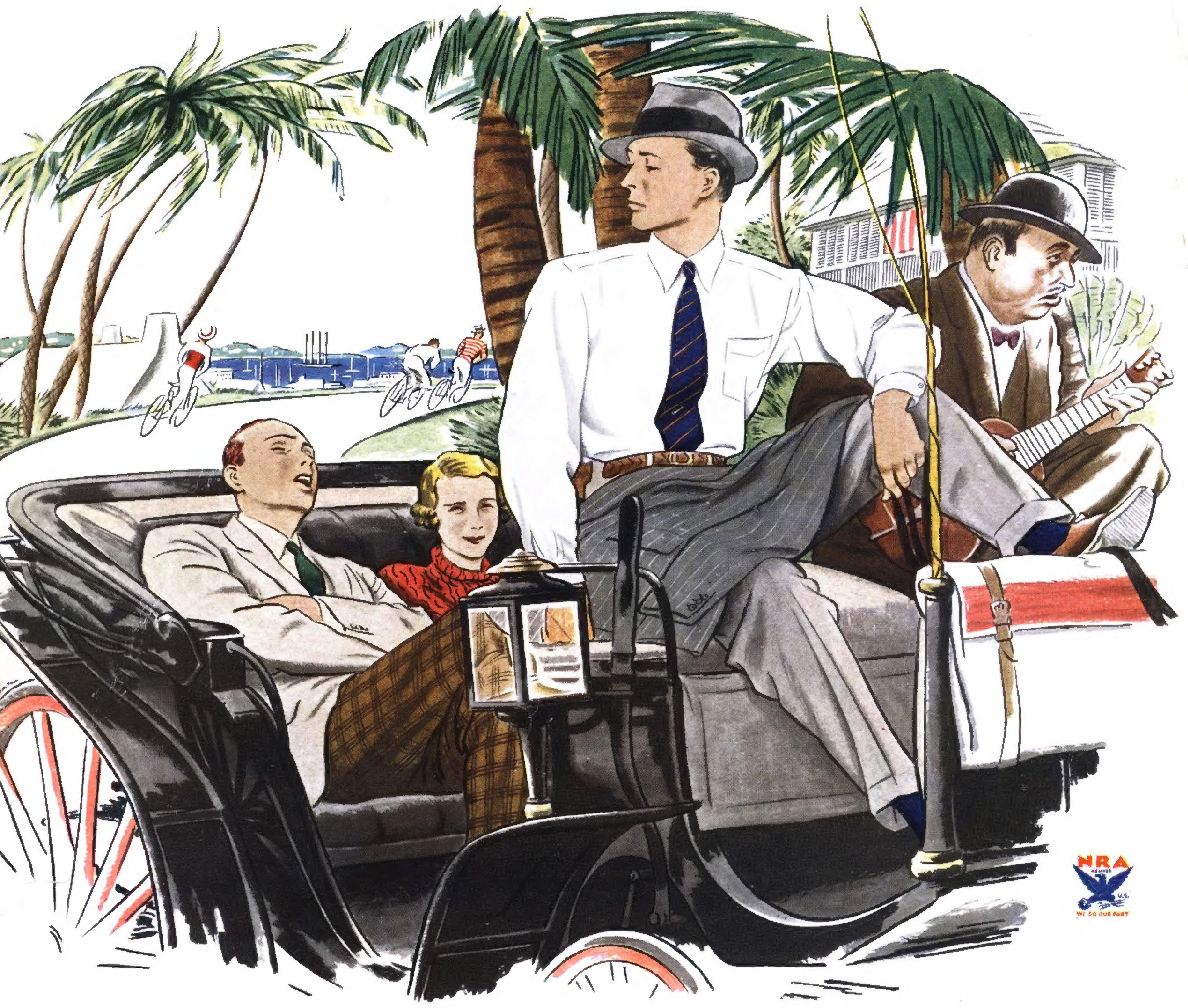

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"I LIKE THE MILDNESS AND FLAVOR OF CAMELS"

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.

■ Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr. deserts New York early in the season to spend her winters on the Carnegie island (Cumberland Island) off the coast of Georgia. Besides being a paradise for her two small sons, it gives Mrs. Carnegie the sandy beach and woods she loves and one of her favorite sports, trap shooting with her husband. In the summer she is at Newport in her lovely house. She loves animals and her favorite fox terrier, Bozo, who was born and raised in Newport, goes everywhere with her. She is a deft and delightful hostess and her shrimp Newburgh, southern style, is excelled only by her Georgian wild turkey with wild rice. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

"I NEVER TIRE OF THEIR FLAVOR"

"They always taste so *good.* They are smooth and rich and certainly prove that a cigarette can be mild without being flat or sweetish," says Mrs. Carnegie. "Camels never make my nerves jumpy or ragged, either. And they're so popular that keeping enough in the house over week-ends is a problem."

That is because steady smokers turn to Camels knowing that they never get on the nerves. People do appreciate this. And they like the smooth flavor of the costlier tobaccos in Camels. For a cool, mild cigarette that you enjoy no matter how many you smoke, try Camels.

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

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Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder